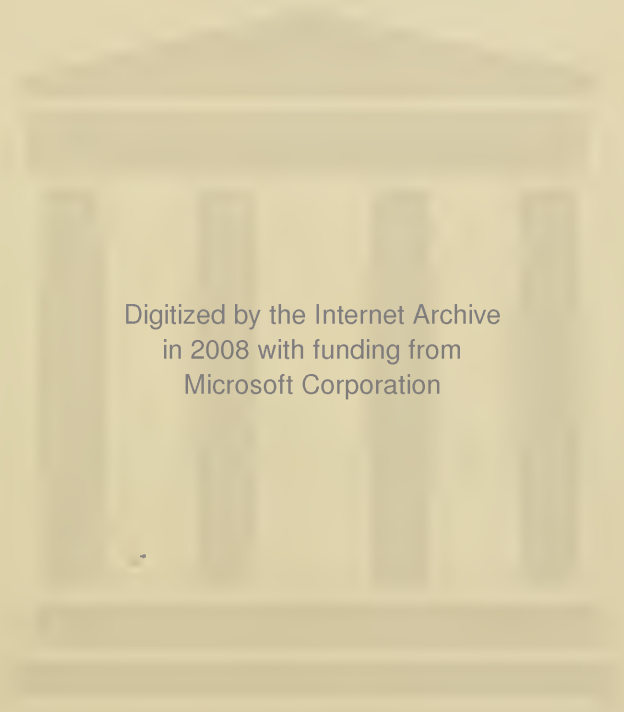


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/mcmasteruniversi20mcmauoft

THE

McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

Vol. XX.

OCTOBER, 1910, to MAY, 1911

12 V-14
3 4 12

TORONTO
The Miln-Bingham Printing Company
1911

Board of Publication.

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

Associate Editors.

V. E. GRAY, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
ADA M. MENHENNICK, '11 . . . . . Women's Department.
A. I. OGILVIE, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. JEFFERY, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. PRICE, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

Consulting Editors.

W. S. W. MCLAY, M.A. | I. G. MATTHEWS, M.A., B.TH.

Reportorial Staff.

A. W. WILSON, '11 | G. H. THOMAS, '12 | J. E. HOWES, '12
MISS A. B. TURNER, '12. | A. E. WHITE, Theol. | F. A. MCGREGOR, '13
A. R. QUIRK, '13.

MARGUERITE COLE, Moulton College.
J. E. ANDERSON, Woodstock College.

Assistant Business Managers.

F. D. WEIR, '13 . . . . . Subscription Department.
H. R. H. SILCOX, '12 . . . . . Advertising Department.

CONTENTS

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
Caprice of Memory, The	386
Chancellor McKay	Insert
Class '11, Arts	356
Class '11, Theology	382
Clovelly in Devonshire, England	24
Faculty of McMaster University	339
Gate of Camelot, The	52
Gradoni Di Chiaia	214
Long Bridge, Bideford, England	21
McDonald, Alexander	291
Pompeii--Foro Civile Col Panorama	215

POETRY

Altars	Bernard F. Trotter, '14	289
At Parting	George Herbert Clarke, '95	103
Grey-Robed Child of the Sea, The	Bernard F. Trotter, '14	241
Life	Amy E. Campbell	158
Ride by the Sea, A	Bernard F. Trotter, '14	210

PROSE

Ascent of Crown Mountain	Walter M. Turnbull, '14	163
Billy (story)	Jessie Kee, 13	207
Biographical Sketches : Arts, '11		356
" " Theology, '11		382
Burr, George William	E. D. C., '12	156
By the Shore at Numana (story)	G. H. C.	106
Charm of Oxford, The	Morden Long, '08	97
Christmas in Sweden	Dr. B. Franzen-Swedelius	193
College Life in India	E. J. Bengough, '03	203
Commencement Exercises		388
Conversion of the Puncher, The (story)	M	305
Education by Contact	Joseph Wearing, '10	145
Edward the Peacemaker	Katie W. Armstrong	1
Garden of Love, The (story)	Bertha Jean Thompson	53
History of Year Eleven (Arts)	Ruth Denovan, '11	345
Kingsley's Country	V. W. Price, '11	18
Little Beaver (story)	Bertha Jean Thompson	242
Making a Match (story)	Jessie Kee, '13	303
Margaret's Letter (story)	Madeline Young, '11	159
McDermid, Edith May	Jessie D. Zavitz, '00	154

PROSE—(Continued)

		PAGE
McGregor, Percy Neill	J. S., Theol.	10
Mohammedan Zenana in Persia, The	A. E. K., Theol	251
McMaster Abroad : In India	J. B. McLaurin, '05	59
McMaster Yell (correspondence)		65
Naples and its Environs	Ruth Denovan, '11	212
On the Lower Congo	Volney A. Ray, '03	110
Pioneer Alexander McDonald	S. S. Bates	290
Prize Poem Competition		61
Prize Poem and Story Competitions		114
Prize Story Competition, Seventh		64
Roll Call of Year '11	H. D. Smith, '11	353
Smith, Lee Wilson	F. A. McG., '13	8
Smith, Lee Wilson	George Herbert Clarke, '95	49
Storm in the North Country	V. Evan Gray, '11	249
Sunset's Afterglow, A	Amy E. Campbell	104
Thumby (story)	Elsie McLaurin, '09	12
Tracks in the Sand	Volney A. Ray, '03	295
Trip to the Land of To-morrow, A	Madeline Young, '11	376
Tropical Hurricane, A	W. L. Kingdon, '12	62
Turkish Miracle Play, A		259
Vision of My Country's Past, A	James D. Morrison, '14	297
Wordsworth at Grasmere	Bessie Arkell, '11	196

EDITORIAL NOTES 26, 68, 115, 166, 218, 261, 311, 387

COLLEGE NEWS :

Around the Hall 28, 70, 117, 168, 220, 263, 312
Women's Department 35, 76, 125, 176, 226, 271, 318
Athletics 41, 81, 129, 182, 231, 278, 323
Moulton College 47, 88, 138, 235, 329
Woodstock College 48, 92, 136, 237, 331

HERE AND THERE 93, 139, 187, 238, 283, 333
OUR GRADUATES 44, 85, 134, 185, 234, 282, 326

The
McMaster University Monthly
Vol. XX. OCTOBER, 1910 No. 1

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD THE PEACEMAKER.

IT was all so sudden and unexpected. It was known that the King was ill and all that day, and especially in the evening, people thronged the gates of Buckingham Palace to read the latest bulletin. Later on, about 10 p.m., the air became chilly and rain began to fall, but the crowds showed no signs of diminution. People going in and out of the palace were closely scanned in the lamplight. Shortly after midnight the Prince and Princess of Wales drove away, which seemed to some a good omen. The officials were courteous and obliging but they knew nothing. Presently three or four figures darted quickly across the palace yard and in a moment were rushing back, and bursting through the crowd, were lost to sight. But they left behind a hint of the news which impelled their eager haste.

No starlight shone on that crowd before the palace gates, and men and women shivered as they paced to and fro uneasily, awaiting they knew not what. Around the palace railings the crowd was silent. You might have stood close to a group of friends and yet heard nothing.

Everywhere there was a heavy silence as if all words were frozen. Serried lines of dumb watchers at the gates looked at each other as if to say, "What is this that has befallen us?" All was done in silence. Only the sound of the wind in the trees and the pattering of the harsh rain on the wet road was heard.

The white star had long ago been hidden, and there seemed little hope in the heart of the expectant crowd.

Soon after midnight there was another hasty exit and "The King is dead," was sounded forth in hushed tones upon the midnight air. The crowd was stunned. In spite of repeated assurances, they were slow to believe the stupendous loss which the nation had suffered. But conviction gained ground, and at 12.30, with a touch of thrilling drama that Englishmen seldom permit, men stood with uncovered, bowed heads, loath to move from the spot. By one o'clock the great gates of the palace were shut, the yard was empty of its last carriage. The window-blinds showed white as a shroud. The rain and wind had ceased. The vault of heaven was spangled with innumerable stars, and across the silent air a church bell tolled. Over the roofs of the silent city the bell gave forth its muffled tones of grief. From high up in the tower of the cathedral the sound was carried through the night. Slow, regular, melancholy, the bell tolled in solemn minute beats that a King of England lay dead.

A Desolate City.

One is apt to think of London as a place of grey walls and grim, dark, outlines; but the next day, Saturday, one began to fully realize the real brightness and gaiety of London from the contrast of the morning. All its vestments of splendor were now changed for robes of woe. Black was draped heavily everywhere. Banners drooped sadly at half-mast and trailed weeping. The passers-by, however poorly clad, showed signs of grief. Shop girls coming into the city, as they heard the news, hastily tore away the gaily tinted flowers from their hats. Just to scan the faces of the crowd was sufficient to convince the stranger that some fearful calamity had befallen the nation, rich and poor alike.

During the morning a storm of sleet and snow was over the city; the heavens were dark and lowering, with only far away a little glimpse of blue remaining. Later on, however, the sky cleared and a warm sun shone forth. But London still grew

darker. At the theatres and music halls they were tearing down posters and putting up in heavy black letters, "This theatre will be closed till further notice." One does not laugh while the king lies dead. People in their sad habits wandered all day, gloomily, about the streets, laughterless and silent.

The Body Conveyed to Westminster Hall.

On Tuesday, May 17th, the body of King Edward was conveyed from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Hall, where it lay in state until Friday morning. The procession was characterized by the most solemn and stately magnificence. Soldiers with bowed heads and arms reversed lined the route. The standard-bearers of the regiments lowered their colors till the folds rested motionless on the ground. The crowds waited silent and uncovered while the regal coffin was borne past. Behind it *walked* the King, followed by two of his sons; and in the long procession that followed there were kings, princes and famous captains of men, on foot. But of all the figures in the sad company, that of the Queen Mother was the most pathetic. Thus, amid a silence which could be felt, and which was broken only by strains of mournful music, the body of Edward the Peacemaker was borne to its solemn resting-place.

The Lying in State and the Queue.

By four o'clock the next afternoon Westminster Hall was opened for the public to pay their last respects to their beloved King. During the first hour, 7,369 people passed through the Hall, so the automatic machine registered, or one hundred and twenty-two every minute. Fifty-three thousand passed through before the Hall closed at 10 p.m. Shortly after midnight people began to assemble and line up for the next day's queue, although the doors would not open till 6 a.m. All through the long watches of the night, hundreds waited resignedly, through rain and storm, for the brief privilege of gazing on the bier containing all that was mortal of King Edward. Just before dawn broke, the waiting queue numbered one thousand at least. It

was then that the most trying period of the night-long vigil began. A few minutes after dawn the first spot of rain fell, followed instantly by a blinding flash of lightning. Then rain came down in torrents. The feeling of good-fellowship that prevailed among the watchers was quickly exemplified by all who had umbrellas, but the queue remained apparently insensible of the downpour.

At 6 a.m. the crowd numbered ten thousand, and was a mile long. As Big Ben proclaimed the hour of six, a sigh of relief went through the patient line. Then the door was flung open and the people began to march in, in orderly procession. One then realized what the passing of the King meant to the people. No one who saw that queue of mourning people, which wended its way, hour after hour, through Westminster streets to pass in hushed reverence by the coffin of Edward the Peacemaker, will ever forget the scene. All ages, all types, all nationalities, all creeds, all social degrees were there in a solemn, never-ending stream, and no one of them but would have counted it sacrilege to do anything that might call for the interference of the police who were drawn up beside them. Between 7 a.m. and 1 p.m., six hundred and forty-one thousand people had passed through the Hall.

What some older people suffered for their impulse to pay their respects to the memory of King Edward they only can tell. Two tall sons brought their aged mother over Westminster bridge, and one asked the policeman: "Which is the best way to the Hall?" "You will have to walk at least six miles yet," was the reply. He evidently thought it kindest to tell the plain truth at once. "Mother, can you do it?" said the son. "I'll try," was the answer, and the sons almost carried their mother in the direction the eager crowd was taking.

Behind them an old negro, with a bit of rusty, black cloth round his bowler hat, walked, leaning heavily on his stick. Worn fathers were leading their young sons to gaze on the catafalque and store up a precious memory. A tall, handsome woman, in black, appeared, accompanied by a footman and lady's maid,

one carrying a stool and the other wraps. Many cheerfully paid the wages of a whole day's work, and sacrificed a whole night's sleep for the privilege of somehow, anyhow, showing their affection for the King. There was pathos in their sombre garb and hushed speech; everything showed the sense of *personal* sorrow. This side of the national character was never so markedly brought into evidence before.

As the people again dispersed in various directions homeward, having at last fulfilled their heart's desire, there came through the palace yard a middle-aged blind man, led by a boy who was probably his son. Both were dressed in respectable black, and the man's mouth was twitching painfully with suppressed emotion as he marched on in the darkness. He had seen nothing; perhaps he had felt the more. The slow and stately march, and the silence, were fitting for the hour. The filling throats and dim eyes spoke aloud in the May sunshine of a deep and national grief.

The King's Funeral.

It was King's weather on the morning of the 20th, when the King went for his last ride. A vast crowd had assembled in the streets the night before. They thronged the line of route and huddled under porticos. They clung to lamp-posts; they sat upon curb-stones. From Pall Mall to Piccadilly this line was unbroken. It was, above all, a seemly crowd. The atmosphere was tense and vibrant with suppressed emotion. It was a long and lonely vigil, patiently kept.

Midnight in London, and the streets were crowded with people from the suburb and the slum, from tiny country villages and teeming centres of industry, who had come to pay their last tribute to their King. As one o'clock struck, half-past, and then two, drowsiness settled on the crowd. Some sought a momentary forgetfulness in sleep. They lay full length along the roadway—a sight to be seen in London only once in a generation. Others kept awake through excitement and expectation. At two the vigil was diversified by a storm. A vivid jag of lightning tore

the sky in pieces, to be followed by a long, continued roll of thunder, muffled as if for a king's funeral. For a few minutes the rain fell in a steady, drenching downpour, then ceased as suddenly as it began, and the aspect of the sky was again untroubled. The moon shone out once more on the encampment of sleeping soldiers, and the people were still waiting for the dawn. It was a pale and dishevelled crowd that herded in the streets as night wore slowly away to morning. When the first streak of dawn appeared there was a movement among the crowd. a confused murmur, "and with one start and cry the royal city woke."

There was a moment when London seemed a dream city, and inhabited by a dream people, but the next moment brought with it a sense of reality. People awoke to life and activity, and to the consciousness of great happenings, and from all quarters the crowd poured in—a never-ending stream. By half-past six the soldiers began to appear and line up on either side of the road. By seven the streets were dangerously full and taxing the utmost efforts of the police to preserve the people from accident to themselves. Women, and men too, fainted, and were with difficulty dragged from their wedged positions crying with disappointment.

A little after 10 a.m., on the silence there broke the rhythm of the march of men, and the procession came in sight. Such was the silence in the roadway that the steps of the soldiers sounded as clearly as if they had been marching in an empty barrack-yard. Slowly they went by, the soldiers whose territorial region stretched from London to Bombay, regiments which man the Northwest of Canada, or have their quarters beneath the Lion's Head of the Cape, followed by the bronzed naval brigade. That was not all, however, of the military and naval display, for the dead King had been colonel of regiments of foreign armies and admiral in European navies, a glittering array this—Europe in arms. Nearer to the coffin and place of honor, rode the great servants of the King, men at whose bidding squadrons rode to death and ships formed in line of battle; and nearer still, those who served him at the Council Table, the men whose brains and hearts were at his command.

But as these approached and passed a new sound—faint at first, but coming nearer—arose on the still air and mingled with the trample of the hoofs. It was the wail of a funeral march. "The Dead March!" people repeated to one another. "The Dead March" . . . and in the ranks of the crowd "Hush—sh—sh," for with the sound of Beethoven's march a new emotion stole into the hearts of men. Up to this moment they had been looking at a great procession, a splendid array of pomp and power. The music struck that impression to the dust. It was the funeral to which our hearts beat time. And of a sudden the pity and pathos of it all came home to us afresh. The faces, that a moment ago were bent attentively on the passing show, were now strained and white in the endeavor to concentrate every sense and fibre of perception on the bier of him who was passing by for the last time. And lo, it passed!—the gun carriage, drawn by strong artillery horses, and on it the coffin that bore all that was mortal of the King. The moment seemed to ring from one all that there was of pity and sorrow.

But there was one thing more that was almost too much for emotion to bear. Behind the coffin, with its emblems of sovereignty, was the sovereign's charger, with empty saddle and boots reversed in the stirrups. Behind that again, a white terrier trotted by the side of a Highlander. It was King Edward's favorite dog. It was not a great thing; but the sight of that dumb mourner made an appeal to which none could be indifferent. It seemed the last touch. Behind the dead King rode his only son, who reigns in his stead, and with him rode a cohort of kings, the embodiment of the greatness of nations. Thronging after them, like an ordered constellation, were princes and envoys from every nation. Honor and sympathy could do no more. Pity had but one more tribute to pay. It was the widowed Queen Alexandra, whose sad face, though shrouded, was seen pale and wan. The people bowed their heads as she passed and there was not a dry eye to be seen. She too bowed in response, and this solemn, silent sympathy was the last memory of the royal procession. Thus with a solemn, majestic precision the splendid and dejected pageant gradually dissolved from view, and the crowd, having

taken their last farewell of their departed sovereign, slowly dispersed.

Streets draped in purple, laurel wreaths entwined,
Half-masted banners drooping in the wind,
A sea of faces white and very still,
A muffled, measured tramp, a silent thrill,
A cavalcade of monarchs passing by,
The stricken whisper of an Empire's sigh;
Thus—through the mourning millions, who have come
To bid their last farewell,—a King goes home.

KATIE W. ARMSTRONG.

LEE WILSON SMITH.

HERE has passed from among us one whose life has left upon us an impress that is deep and will be abiding. McMaster mourns the loss of Lee Smith. The memory of him will linger long with us. His spirit will not die; it must surely outlast the years of memory, for something of its rare fineness has been transfused into our natures, and in them will live.

Though the burden of ill-health rested heavily upon him in his last year at McMaster, he continued his studies and kept up his usual intellectual activity. He had hoped to build up his strength during the vacation, and for a time the Muskoka summer seemed to have the needed effect. Late in August, however, his condition became worse and he was compelled to return to Toronto. Physicians did what they could, but their efforts availed nothing; bravely, even as he had lived, he passed away, Wednesday, September the seventh. Two days later, at the home of his parents, Professor and Mrs. R. Wilson Smith, a quiet, impressive service was conducted by the Rev. John MacNeill, Minister of Walmer Road Baptist Church, and Dr. J. H. Farmer, representing McMaster University. The pall-bearers were Professor Findlay, Professor McLay, Gordon McKay, Alex. McKay, Broadus Farmer and Harold Bates.

Lee Wilson Smith was born in Aylmer, Ontario, in May, 1891. With the exception of a few years spent in Woodstock and Chicago, his boyhood was lived in Toronto. In this city he attended Harbord Collegiate, his work in that institution giving marked evidence of genuine literary talent.

His summers were spent in the Muskoka district. That land of lakes and trees seemed to provide fit nourishment for his keen native sense of appreciation of the beauties of nature. In that freedom of the out-of-doors, his early boyhood, to judge from our later knowledge of him, must have been just such another as that pictured in Wordsworth's "Boy of Winander." He was a creature of the outdoor world, a lover of nature.

What he has written, in poetry and in prose, reflects the Muskoka life, and at the same time reveals something of the deep under-current of his nature. Readers of the McMaster Monthly will not soon forget his sonnet, so exquisite in feeling and literary quality, "Twilight," which appeared two years ago. Some of his other writings have been published from time to time, and in them the same high standard of literary excellence has been maintained.

His life in McMaster has meant much to the students of the University. While young in years, Lee Smith was mature in mind and spirit beyond many who were by far his senior. No one thought more generously of his fellow-students; none saw so clearly the good underneath the veneer of carelessness. Quietly, and with a self-repression that was born of no false modesty, he moved amongst us. All who came into touch with him knew him as a student, unquestionably clever, painstaking almost in the extreme; evidence of this we see, too, in the brilliant record he made in the two years of his college course. But he was more than an intellect. To those of us who shared the high privilege of his friendship, his intellectuality seemed to merge itself with the spiritual in him, his whole self yielding rich promise of well-balanced and useful manhood. McMaster students have lost in Lee Smith a brave friend; McMaster, a brilliant student. Who may say how much wider the sphere his passing may affect?

F. A. McG., '13.

PERCY NEILL McGREGOR.

N Monday, September 5, of this year, Percy Neill McGregor was drowned. The circumstances surrounding the death of our friend are singularly painful, and yet they are such as to revive within humanity hopes and aspirations of the noblest kind.

Mr. McGregor was engaged in his chosen vocation. Having left McMaster in the spring, he became associated with the Y.M.C.A. of Winnipeg in conducting a summer camp at Kenora. On Labor Day, in company with several other young people, he intended enjoying the day in canoeing. His canoe was upset, and it was in striving to rescue one of his companions that Mr. McGregor lost his life.

For those who knew our friend Percy the above brief, bald statement is sufficient. Every man in McMaster has erected, at least in his own life, a monument to his memory—a monument based upon love and enshrouded in the highest esteem. Therefore it does not seem that an attempt at an appreciation in cold type is at all necessary, for all that may be said cannot alter the memory that each fellow-student has within his own affection. But for those who knew him not, and who have not been touched by his beautiful life and splendid character, we would say that humanity has lost one of its choicest souls. Though but twenty-seven years of age, some of his life's great battles had been fought—among them perhaps its greatest, for he had reached the place of surrender and had given his life directly to the uplifting of his fellow-men. All else, even his long-cherished ambition to devote his life to music, had to stand to one side when he made up his mind to give his life to the people of India through Y.M.C.A. work.

In our University he took a very prominent and helpful place. Utterly unselfish and supremely self-sacrificing, he gave

himself and his time unstintingly to the various activities of college life. He officiated with much acceptance as pianist at our chapel services. He was a member of the Student Volunteer Band, had been elected secretary of the McMaster Y.M.C.A. for this year, and was a member of the McMaster Monthly Board. While with us he took his place, too, in the athletic life of the institution, playing both hockey and soccer.

Mr. McGregor's early education was secured in the Ottawa public schools, and in Brandon College. While living in his native city, Ottawa, he held the position of assistant-secretary of the Y.M.C.A., giving himself especially to the work among boys.

Percy lived the beautiful life of a healthy, normal, Christian young man. Though in but his Sophomore year, he exercised a great influence among his fellows. Ever ready to listen, to advise and to help, sympathetic, hopeful, quiet and strong, he filled a large place in McMaster's life.

The funeral took place in Ottawa and was largely attended. Professor Gilmour represented the University, and Dr. Cameron, Rev. W. F. Parker and Secretary Nelles, of the Ottawa Y.M.C.A., each took a part in the funeral service.

One day Percy stood still in life's rush and saw God's finger pointing out humanity's greatest need. He heard the "Go ye" of the Master, and he too laid down his life and trod the way of sacrifice. Life to him was the eternal life, all one, here and in that larger life. But God had a task for him on the other side of the Dark Valley, and in calling him home compassed the ambition of our friend's life within one great final deed—the giving of himself for another.

To the broken-hearted ones we offer our sincere sympathy. Percy is not dead; he lives in our lives, making them better, and he lives with God.

J. S., Theol.

THUMBY.

First Prize Story—Graduate Competition.

MONG the tea-plantations of those mountains of South India that raise their blue shoulders so abruptly from the broad level of the plains, there lived, once upon a time, a plump little lassie in brief frocks and a sun-topi. Having no playmates, she spent the long, sunny days roaming the wooded hill behind the house, or the hill guava plantation in the steep slope below. Many a stirring battle was fought in the eucalyptus grove, with one breathless youngster as daring scouts, charging armies, wounded heroes, baggage mules, and all in bewildering succession. Many an hour of trembling delights was spent in the hill guava plantation, where the little girl was merely a little girl, whom the round green fruit, hanging so ripe and warm in the sun, tempted farther and farther away down the hillside into the very stronghold of those fantastic terrors with which every *terra incognita* is peopled for a child. So the little girl played alone, but did not know loneliness until she came to know Thumby, that liquid-eyed philosopher of the East.

Thumby also lived among the tea-plantations of these hills. Indeed, he was a descendant of the original inhabitants of the place. His ancestors had roamed the unbroken forests long centuries before the Englishman came to set out his endless rows of tea and coffee bushes in the shorn hillsides. Though he was young, much younger even than the little girl, he had the wrinkled face, the high forehead, and the sad, deep-set eyes of a Hindu ascetic—or a baby monkey. And, indeed, he was no gloomy recluse, but a frisky young member of the Bandai-Log, one of a large and lively family who lived in and about a box chained in the low branches of a mango-tree. Like the little girl, he spent his long, Indian days entirely in the pursuit of happiness, and on one golden afternoon their paths met, and she saw

him under the mango-tree as he sat investigating an empty peanut shell with an air of profound gravity on his quizzical little face. Her heart went out to him at once—so small, so grey, so wise, so cunning; such a cheerful length of tail, such tiny, curling hands and feet! Thumby himself felt no such heart-stirrings. He dropped the shell, and favoring the little girl with one of his most frightful faces, swung himself, all agility and tail, to the highest branch of the tree.

But the authorities who ruled the destiny of little maid and monkey, and who had been taking afternoon tea during this fateful meeting, decided that he should be hers. That night the little girl was called to the back verandah, where the lamplight gleamed eerily on the ivory teeth and white turban of a native servant, and on the long, glittering chain that trailed from his arms. With a broad grin and voluble explanations he transferred to the timid arms of the little girl a tiny, homesick, whimpering baby monkey, who clutched her dress with its cold little hands, and whom she comforted with tears of sympathy and the choicest of bananas.

From that time Thumby and the little girl were the closest of comrades. They were quite on a footing. The little girl could rap the monkey over the head to show her displeasure, but he could frighten her much more by raising his eyebrows to the top of his head and grimacing and chattering at her. She had the advantage of weight and size, but he had ten times her quickness and cunning. Their aims and tastes were one. Thumby was as fond of hill guavas as his little mistress, and his utter indifference to any dangers, real or imaginary, of the hillside plantation, greatly fortified the heart of his little mistress. He made, too, an excellent invading army to chase with fierce shouts to the refuge of some tall tree, or, indeed, to chase the little girl, with even shriller screams on her part, over the leaves and rocks. Grimms' Fairy Tales and the "Pansy Books" lost their charm, and even Foxe's Book of Martyrs, illustrated, was tame, compared with Thumby.

Under the two great cedar trees that stood on the brink of the hill was a pleasant shade on the hottest day, and among the twisted roots they would play house with one or two battered

dolls, tiny clay pottery, and a few bits of broken china and glass. Of this household Thumby was rather an unruly member, and as often as not the game would end with hard words on the part of the little girl and squeaking rage on that of Thumby, who would fly up the tree like a miniature whirlwind, and, hanging from the boughs, with fearful grimaces, would drop down twigs and bark on the indignant head of his playmate. The little girl would walk off in high dudgeon, but by-and-by Thumby would come slyly along to find her, and would sit down with such droll solemnity, and scratch his head and look at her with such mild and thoughtful gravity, that in spite of herself she would laugh aloud, and good-nature would be restored.

A closer bond was in the disgraces they shared, as when on one direful night when there were guests to dinner and the little girl felt herself unequal to the achievements of the cook in the way of dessert, she tried to imitate a trick of Thumby's whose possibilities had made a profound impression upon her, that of stowing away in his wrinkled little cheeks reserve funds of bananas. But forgetting, alas! that unlike monkeys, little girls must be prepared to speak when they are spoken to, the attempt was a dismal failure. The little girl was banished from the table in tears and deep disgrace, and Thumby narrowly escaped banishment.

But it was not in their frolics nor even in their mutual sorrows that the two drew nearest together. It was under the spell of the wonderful Indian evenings, when the great, warm sun had dropped behind the coach-house roof, and the little stars stood so aloof in the sky. Then the dark shadows came boldly out from all the corners, and closed in upon the little girl and Thumby as they crouched together on the verandah steps, just where the light of the lamp streamed protectingly over them from the open door. Off in the servants' quarters was the red flicker of a fire, and the dark figures of the servants gathered around it for an evening gossip and smoke. Away on the road to the village some lad was singing a native song as he went home through the dusk, one of those quavering minor improvisations that brought all that was superstitious and pagan in the little girl up into her throat, and

made her hug Thumby closer. Thumby would be very quiet in her arms, and she would have thought him asleep were it not for the gleam of the distant fire now and again in his round eyes as he gazed steadfastly out into the dark night. His eyes were not full of wonder, like the little girl's, but sad and patient with the fatalism of the East, and she felt that somehow he understood, because he was different from her and part of it all.

But to every paradise its fall! The occasion in this case came from North India in the form of a little visitor who must be called Eva and kissed at stated intervals, and who was marvellous in the little girl's eyes. She unpacked a neat little trunk and put her neat little things most tidily away. She produced, too, a bottle of sweets and a silk handkerchief for the little girl, but in spite of these advances shyness reigned until night-gown time. Then when they had said their prayers together and had been tucked into the same big bed, when the light was low and the mosquito-netting down, they thawed mutually, and confidences were exchanged in tones that grew gradually drowsy and drowsier. The tide of dreams had risen fairly to the little girl's eyelids when something brought her wide awake with a start; a whimpering wail, the scrape of some violently resisting body being dragged over the brick floor of the verandah, a last scream of rage with the hollow banging of the go-down door, and then silence.

"Thumby!" The cry of anguish broke from the little girl as remembrance and remorse rushed over her. It was Thumby, forlorn, neglected, and, dreadful thought! perhaps hungry, being dragged unfeelingly to his dark store-room with no good-night embrace from his faithless mistress, who had forgotten him that day for a stranger.

Eva, half-frightened by the strange sound from the verandah and the grief of the little girl beside her, asked in an awed tone, "What's that?"

"My monkey!" What pain and love in the two words! They surely would have melted the heart of even an outraged monkey could he have heard them.

"Your monkey! Have you a *monkey?* Oh," in a tone of

deepest disgust, "my mamma wouldn't *let* me have a monkey. She says monkeys are dirty, disagreeable little beasts."

"My monkey's not a d-dirty, disagreeable little beast at a-all," wailed the little girl, and, convulsed with sobs, she buried her head in her pillow and refused to speak again. She lay awake, a prey to remorse, long after the placid Eva, who had withdrawn to the other side of the bed in expression of disapproval of monkeys and all who had dealings with them, was once more asleep.

The days that followed, alas! only widened this break in a loyal friendship. Eva could not, would not play with monkeys. The little girl must play with Eva. Thumby, therefore, must be banished. Chained to a tree in the regions beyond the cook-house, he spent his days running back and forth and around and around, whimpering and chattering and wearing the ground hard and dusty within the radius of his chain. He would sit for hours picking at the cold links of steel with his cunning fingers, or biting them with his sharp teeth; or again, in a perfect rage of impatience and despair, he would rush the length of his chain and launch wildly out in an effort to free himself, only to be dragged back by the relentless chain. Ragged and dirty, with his grotesque look heightened by the fact that in his ceaseless struggles the leather band about his body had long since chafed off the hair, with a ferocious temper acquired partly because of his durance vile, but chiefly during the evenings, when he provided sport for the gatherings by the cook-house fire, Thumby presented a miserable spectacle.

So one day his mistress saw him. There was a good-bye party to Eva, and the little girl at her mother's suggestion brought her guests to see "her monkey." Something like horror seized her at the sight of what had once been her jolly companion. The little girls, when they saw that the chain was stout and strong, took the fearful joy of the timid in throwing stones to see the monkey's impotent rage, and in reviling the "nasty monkey."

"*She* likes him," said Eva, pointing an accusing finger at the motionless little girl. "She cried when her mamma wouldn't let her play with him." The little girl turned a deep red under the

gaze of her little playmates. "I don't like him," she denied, "he's a dirty, dis'greeable little beast," and she too picked up a stone and threw it at Thumby. It seemed to fall on her own sore little heart, so heavy and hard did it become.

But it must have melted again that night, when the late train taking Eva far into the north had gone away into the night, and the little girl lay cuddled up on one side of the big bed with her round eyes fixed on the dim light of the night-lamp, for by-and-by the tears came trickling down to the pillow, and she felt very sorry. Her mother had told her a little prayer to say for Eva, and now she said it over again softly for her dear Thumby, and so felt better and fell asleep.

The next morning the little girl sat at breakfast with a face so happy that her mother looked curiously at her and said: "I thought I should see a very gloomy little girl this morning. Don't you miss Eva very much, dear?"

The little girl, who was carefully choosing the three biggest bananas from the dish in front of her, looked rather confused and answered an uncertain "Yes."

"What are the bananas for?" asked mamma with rising suspicion.

"Thumby," breathed the little girl, ashamed and defiant.

"Indeed! The cook says that yesterday you and the little girls were throwing stones at Thumby, and I decided it was quite time he was sent away. Indeed, dear," she added kindly as she saw the tears brimming in the little girl's eyes, "he should have gone long ago, he had grown quite savage, and was frightfully dirty besides. Run now and make a feast for your dolls with the fruit; they are better than a monkey," and she kissed the little girl and smilingly patted her head.

So the little girl went to play house under the cedar-trees. But there was no Eva, and there was no Thumby. She was alone again, but this time she knew that she was lonely.

Elsie McLaurin, '09.

KINGSLEY'S COUNTRY.

TRAVELLING over our great Western prairies for the first time, one realizes how varied are the gifts which the bountiful hand of Nature lavishes upon different spots of the earth. The scene rapidly passing before him is contrasted with one which rises in his imagination. Stretching away to the distant horizon in unbroken monotony is the land, hiding within itself magic possibilities. Large areas, still undisturbed, lie waiting to respond with abundant harvests to the touch of man. Here and there in the moving picture are dotted bare and unfinished houses, most of which have been erected by the present inhabitants.

In the memory now appears a striking contrast to this scene. The country is rolling, and in places hilly. Nestled in the hollows are low, whitewashed farm-houses; while farther apart, and settled snugly among weather-beaten oaks, lie the old-fashioned, ivy-covered homes of families whose ancestors have occupied them for many generations. The land, which for centuries has been supplying the needs of man, is divided into small fields by picturesque hedges, composed of masses of ferns, intermingled with the variegated tints of multitudinous wild-flowers. Such is the appearance of rural Devonshire—the country with which the name of Charles Kingsley will ever be associated.

Among the many counties of the Motherland, Devonshire, by virtue of its past history, is especially worthy of note. In mentioning Devon we write of a county which is all but the largest in the kingdom, and one which has given us the earliest traces of the existence of man in those islands; a county which has never occupied a secondary place in the national life, and which again and again in the hour of England's need has produced the men who have saved the situation. She has contributed to the nation men who can claim a place in the first rank in every department of life. The courage and skill of these men, together with the

staunchness of her common people, have more than once made Devon "the pivot on which the destinies of the State have hung." Perhaps the choicest part of this county, together with some of the noblest men it has produced. furnished Kingsley with the plot of his thrilling romance, "Westward Ho!"

"Kingsley's Country" may be roughly described as the country lying south and southwest of Bideford, in the north of Devon. "The winding Torridge stream, with its wide and sandy estuary, the beautiful combes of Bideford Bay, circling round to quaint Clovelly, the rugged heights of Harty Point, and the wild 'West Countree' "—these form the boundaries of the country over which Kingsley has cast the fascinating spell of his imagination. Other parts of North Devon are famous for their scenery, but Kingsley's country excels them all. Even if it had no intrinsic beauty, the district would be endeared to all Britishers as the training ground of the great Sir Richard Grenville, the Spaniards' terror, and of those brave youths who formed the immortal Brotherhood of the Rose; as the home of stately Lady Mary Grenville. and the gentle Mrs. Leigh, of Borrough and the ill-fated Rose Salterne.

Bideford, a town of over nine thousand inhabitants, is naturally the centre of the Kingsley Country, for it is to-day, as it was three centuries ago, the market town for that district, and the port of the entire "West Countree." This town is very ancient, its origin being lost in the mists of tradition. The name, a contraction of By-the-Ford, is derived from its position by the ford across the Torridge. From earliest times this place has been much frequented by travellers between Cornwall and the North. In the winter especially, when the river is liable to sudden flooding, people must often have been delayed in crossing for days together; and thus it is more than probable that this "little white town on the hill" has entertained many strangers.

By the days of King John, Bideford had grown sufficiently to require a market, and a charter was granted to a Sir Richard Granvill, ancestor of the great Sir Richard Grenville, to hold a market and fair. In the reign of Elizabeth the town blossomed into splendor, mainly through the enterprise of Sir Richard

and his famous "Men of Bideford in Devon," whom Tennyson has immortalized in his poem, "The Revenge." During this adventurous period much wealth was brought back to the borough by the operation of privateers, which went half trading, half fighting into the Spanish Main and to the newly founded colonies of North America. The tradition still lingers that the first consignment of tobacco which ever reached England was stored in a house on the banks of the Torridge. The town reached the height of its prosperity in the seventeenth century, when it ranked as third port in the kingdom.

Readers of "Westward Ho!" will remember a reference to an American Indian taken to England by Sir Richard Grenville. This is an historical fact. An entry in the Bideford Parish Register dated the twenty-seventh of March, 1588, records the baptism of "Christenynge Raleigh, a Wynganditoran." On April the fourth of the same year is an entry of his death.

The most striking object which visitors to Bideford see, when rounding the last bend of the railroad, is the Long Bridge. The bridge has a history quite as long as itself, and as deeply interesting. It has twenty-five arches and a total length of six hundred and seventy-seven feet. The exact year in which it was built is problematical, but tradition fixes it between 1330 and 1350; so that it is at least five hundred years old. The most singular feature of the bridge is the difference in the span of the arches. Current explanation attributes this to the fact that the small arches were built by the poor people and those of the wider span by the richer folk. An old book on Devon describes the bridge in precise, old-world style: "The famous bridge of Bytheford for length and number of arches equalleth, if not excelleth, any other in England. A very stately piece, and remarkable in many respects; to name a few: Firstly, it standeth out of and far from any public road, in a corner of the county, and so intended chiefly for the conveniency of that town. Secondly, it is very long, consisting of twenty-four piers; and yet one William Alford, of that place (another Milo), carried on his back for a wager four bushels, salt and water measure, all the length thereof. Thirdly, the foundation is very firmly fixed (although, as tradition saith,

laid upon wool); and yet it doth, or at least seems to, shake at the slightest step of an horse."

Bideford is noted for its broad quay, which, however, is of more recent date. The house of the great Sir Richard was situated close to the river bank, and it needs no stretch of imagination to picture that noble seaman, strolling through his long garden and on to the then narrow quay, to watch his fleet of ships fitting out for some new project against the Spaniards.

It is an interesting fact that Bideford is connected with the last execution for witchcraft in the West of England—the last

but one in the kingdom. Three decrepit old women, after being convicted, on their own testimony, of dealings with the evil spirits, were hanged in 1682. But, strange to tell, the popular belief in witchcraft remained much later. Many curious stories, the truth of which was never for a moment doubted, have been told in this connection. It is related concerning an old Bideford woman that she was able to turn herself at will into a hare. People believed that she really availed herself of this power and often deceived the huntsmen, leading them a long, wild chase to no purpose. One man, disappointed in the chase, vowed vengeance on the old witch. He watched her house and one day "saw a hare spring out of the key-hole." Firing, he hit the animal, which thereupon disappeared. Search was at once made and the aged woman was found within her house, but it was noticed that she had suddenly became lame. To the day of her death it was believed that she had been shot when she was in the form of a

hare, and in the act of jumping through the key-hole. It is belief in such preternatural knowledge and power, which, in the rural districts of Devon, until comparatively recent years, has lead to the cremation of multitudes of miserable toads who are looked upon as "emissaries of the evil one."

But while Bideford is full of interesting spots, which tell of the eventful past, the whole country around is no less inviting to those who are attracted by romantic beauty. Not more than two miles up the river from the bridge is the quaint little village of Wear Gifford. This has become historic as the birthplace of that famous lawyer, Sir John Fortescue, who embraced the cause of the Red Rose, and being attainted of high treason in the reign of Edward the Sixth, escaped to Scotland and afterwards to France, where he became tutor to the young Prince Edward. For the Prince's instruction he wrote his great work, "De Laudibus Legum Angliae."

Journeying about the same distance down the Torridge, the little ship-building town of Appledore, at the mouth of the river, is reached. The houses rising tier upon tier, painted and washed in a variety of colors; the ultimate background of trees; the quay with its quaint collection of anchors and chains; boats, brown sails, nets and fisher-women; the weather-beaten, tide-washed front, and the shipping in the dock; all these combine to make a charming perspective. But the scene on entering the ancient part of the village is very different. We find narrow cobbled streets, low-walled houses, interminable alleys, tiny courts and "a general odor of brine." Here and there, standing with arms akimbo, or with aprons round their heads, are women chatting on their doorsteps, while their children, "brown as berries," play in the gutters Men in "blue jerseys, pilot coats and peaked caps" walk about with that peculiar gait which betrays a seafaring life, or prop up the wall "whilst listening to the missus gossiping."

Within three miles of Bideford is the popular seaside resort, Westward Ho! which owes its name and prominence to Kingsley's great romance. When his book was published, this place was immediately named after it and began to be developed as a

holiday resort. That Kingsley himself regretted the spoiling of the natural beauty by the erection of hotels and villas is seen in a letter he wrote about this time to a friend. He says in part: "I suppose it must be—if there is a demand let it be supplied—but you will frighten away all the sea-pies and defile the Pebble Ridge with chicken bones and sandwich scraps. The universe is growing cockney, and men like me must look out for a new planet to live in, without fear of railways and villa projections."

The village of Northam overlooking Westward Ho! can claim historic importance as being the home of two of Devon's sea-dogs —Stephen and William Burrough. Stephen, born in 1525, was master of the largest ship, the "Edward Bonaventure," in an expedition to the Arctic seas, planned by John Cabot. The success of the exploration was due largely to the determination of Burrough, who pressed on, and finally entered the White Sea. This was the first ship that ever floated in those waters, and it is claimed that the expedition discovered Russia. Close to Northam is the famous Bloody Corner and the Hubbastone, which marks the spot where King Hubba and his Danes in their attack on Kenilworth Castle met disaster at the hands of Alfred the Great.

The heroes of "Westward Ho!" knew well the "West Countree." The most picturesque of all the places in this district is Clovelly. Words cannot describe the approach to Clovelly through the far-famed Hobby Drive. On either side are romantic dells and "banks where huge ferns riot luxuriantly." Here and there we pass large groves of oaks and cross old moss-grown bridges. Occasionally between the dense masses of trees we get peeps of the glittering sea, dotted with brown sails, and gaze down hundreds of feet upon a little white cluster of houses terminating in a tiny pier. Clovelly itself consists of a steep, narrow, pebble street of broad stairs leading down to the pier. On either side are cottages, built so that the bedroom of one is on a level with the front door of that above it. No horses or wagons ever pass through the village street—such a thing would be practically impossible. All burdens are carried by donkeys, without which no picture of Clovelly would be complete. The village, built just in the cleft of the rock, is embowered in trees, and from the sea looks like a

"broad, white streak drawn uncertainly across the woodland." Here was the home of the rollicking Will Cary of "Westward Ho!" while for many years Charles Kingsley's father was rector of this village.

Going farther into the West Country, we reach the largest and

wildest parish of the whole district. The most interesting place in Hartland is the ancient church, which contains a "rood screen," with superb ornate carvings, and which remains at present unmutilated. That this district was very much isolated in earlier times is shown by the fact that this church was evi-

dently overlooked by the commissioners of Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth, when they made their "visitations" to the county in the interests of religion. If they had thought of Hartland, this beautiful screen would have suffered the same fate as many others did at this time. One of the quaintest features of this place is an old, weather-beaten tombstone, bearing the following epitaph:—

> "Here I lie, outside the chancel door;
> Here I lie, because I'm poor,
> The farther in, the more they pay;
> But here I lie as warm as they."

A description of Kingsley's country would not be complete without mentioning that lonely, rugged island, Lundy, which stands midway across the Bristol Channel. To one gazing upon it from the mainland, it looks mysterious, and it has a history which entirely bears out its appearance. At first in the hands of the royal family, Lundy passed to a band of freebooters, who made of it a nest of pirates. Later it was captured by a Turkish squadron and used as a base of attack against ports in the Channel. Then Spanish privateers plundered the island, and they were followed by French pirates, who played havoc with the shipping until finally expelled by British merchants.

The island at the present time has a population of only sixty people. To relate the thrilling adventures connected with Lundy would require a whole volume. But it is interesting to note that Kingsley used is as the scene of a chapter in "Westward Ho!"

V. W. Price, '11

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to F. D. Weir. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

V. E. Gray, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
A. M. Menhennick, '11 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. I. Ogilvie, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. Jeffery, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. Price, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLay, M.A. | I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

A. W. Wilson, '11. G. H. Thomas, '12. J. E. Howes, '12. Miss A. B. Turner, '12.
A. E. White, Theol. F. A. McGregor, 13. A. R. Quirk, '13.
——— ———, Moulton College.
——— ———, Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

F. D. Weir, '13, Subscription Department. | H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Advertising Department.

Vol. XX. October, 1910. No. 1

Editorial Notes.

In entering upon the work of publishing The Monthly throughout the academic year, 1910-11, we, as a new Board of Publication, have set for ourselves two aims: to endeavor earnestly to maintain the high standard set for us by our predecessors in this position, and to make the magazine serve the highest interests of the University. Although commonplace, it is true, we feel our unfitness for the task. But with this feeling of unfitness and the anxiety that accompanies it, and more than balancing it, there mingles a feeling of pleasure that comes from the thought of the enjoyableness of such work, and of the fact that we may be rendering our fellow-students and our Alma Mater some small service thereby.

But the success of The Monthly depends to a large degree upon the support that it receives from graduates and undergraduates of the University, upon whom we are dependent for

articles for the magazine. We therefore solicit from all members of the University, not only their hearty, but also their practical support. Help us to realize our aim. We hope next month to be able to announce, as well as a prize story competition, a prize poem contest. We just throw out this little hint that our readers may be preparing to co-operate with us in seeking to stir up the muse of poetry in our midst, particularly in our undergraduates.

In another part of this issue a short tribute is paid to the Year 'Ten that last spring graduated from these halls. Especially are they to be commended for their last and supreme endeavor, the Graduation Monthly, which indeed gives true expression to the sterling quality of that year. A graduate in writing to a friend of the University said of it: "I was particularly pleased with the Graduation Number. With all my loyalty to my own class, I must confess that I consider it the 'best ever,' and I think that is one of the surest signs of the progress the University is making."

How little we thought, when we separated last spring, that before another term began our ranks would be broken into and four of our number taken from us. Yet McMaster University suffered such a loss in the death of two of her graduates and two of her undergraduates during the past summer. To Miss E. M. McDermid, B.A., '97, and Mr. Lee W. Smith, '12, death came as a close to a period of illness; while Mr. H. F. Rolker, M.A., '08, and Mr. Percy N. McGregor, '12, met death by drowning, the former through being thrown into the water from a launch, the latter in an attempt to rescue a young woman. The Monthly desires to take this, its first opportunity, to convey to the sorrowing relatives the sincerest sympathy of every member of the University.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

Editor: V. Evan Gray, '11.

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When summer gathers up her robes of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away."
—Sarah Helen Whitman.

ONCE again the reveille has been sounded in the vine-clad halls of McMaster, and from remote or forgotten nooks have come trooping back the glad members of our company. When the Commencement Exercises of the spring dropped a curtain before the familiar scenes of our college experience, there came to many of us a feeling of relief that presaged nothing of the eagerness with which we should await its ringing up when vacation had run its course. Summer came and sped. We watched her deck the hills with the splendor of her verdure, brighten the evergreen and clothe the birch; rouse from their sloth the animals of the forest, the birds and the brooks that filled the woods with their chatter. We felt the vague, intoxicating perfume of her presence in the air and saw her—woman ever—vainly admire her own beauty in the dark depths of some mountain-guarded lake. But, in time, her glory palled upon us. Our errant thoughts recurred more often to the time of our return. We stopped to dream of rugby or hockey championships, of debates and scholarships won—or sought. We even welcomed the rains that marked the changing season, the first frosts that quickened the pulse, made the lakes to smoke in the still, morning air, and stained the velvet of the woods with fantastic blotches of red, yellow and gold. Nightly the radiant, ephemeral streamers of the Aurora danced elfishly across the sky, ever fading, ever brightening, moving through the whole range of colors, now red, now green—for this was Autumn—Autumn, whose riotous colors flame from the hill, glow in the valley and are reflected in the bosom of lake and sky. It was then the summons from afar reached us, and, lo! the charm of nature was broken, like a spell unsaid, and we hastened to our places in the old Hall. Thus

the curtain rises again on our comedy to reveal, who knows what struggles, triumphs or defeats! At least it shall show our best endeavors and—joy be the consequence.

"We're here because we're here."

With this issue a new staff takes charge of this department of College News. There may be within our hearts dire misgivings as to our efficiency, or our ability to preserve the high standard of our predecessors in office, but of this no hint must be given. In these columns we hope to mirror the student life and as much of the College spirit as possible, but to do this we must have the co-operation of all the students. Contributions hereto are not, by any means, limited to members of the reportorial staff, and any news items of school interest will be gladly received for publication by the Editor.

New Reporters.—Owing to the resignation of Mr. James Strachan, reporter for Theology, a vacancy has been left on the reportorial staff of this department. Mr. A. E. White, '07, has been appointed to this position and a new reporter, in the person of Mr. F. A. McGregor, '13, has been added to the list.

Professor (to class in Industrial Combinations)—"Can you give us an instance of a company employing 'watered stock?'" Brilliant Student—"In 1887 a company was formed for the importation of wild asses from South America."

First Chapel Service.—On the afternoon of Tuesday, September 27, the first chapel service of the year was held in Castle Memorial Hall with a large attendance of the Faculty, students and graduates. Chancellor McKay conducted the usual devotional exercises and announced the McMaster Hymn. As a tender tribute to the loss of Mr. P. N. McGregor who had so faithfully assisted at the piano the preceding year, the well-known hymn was sung without accompaniment.

The Chancellor in his address of welcome invited the members of Year Fourteen to enter whole-heartedly into all phases of college life and wished for them a bright and happy career. He sketched briefly the rapid growth of the University since the graduation of the first class from McMaster halls, which was surely indicative of a brilliant future yet in store for the school.

The tone of the meeting was inexpressibly saddened by the realization of the loss sustained by the school in the death of two members of Year '12 during the summer vacation. Never will

those present forget the appreciative references of the Chancellor to these two, universally respected and beloved members of the student body. One, Lee W. Smith, the son of our Professor of Biology, died after an illness of some three months; the other, Percy N. McGregor, gave his own life in an attempt to save a friend.

Mention was made of the regrettable lack of an athletic field for immediate use; but the prospect of obtaining one in the near future was bright.

Our new lecturer in French, Dr. Franzen-Swedelius, was then introduced and with a few well-chosen remarks replied to the enthusiastic welcome of the students.

Thus McMaster begins another year of work, sport and Christian influence.

Convocation.—Friday, October 7, will for some time be remembered by McMaster students as the night of convocations. The first of these was held in the evening in Castle Memorial Hall, and was attended by most of the students and many of the friends of the University. Dr. Gilmour conducted the opening exercises.

The Chancellor's opening message was fraught with interesting facts of present achievement and future policy. Briefly he indicated the features in the growth of McMaster, leading up to the crisis which the University authorities are now being called upon to face. Other buildings are urgently needed; the necessary funds are in hand: but the whereupon to build is not available within the immediate vicinity of the present McMaster buildings. In view of these conditions the Chancellor stated that the University was prepared to dispose of the present group of buildings and to remove to the northern suburbs of the city, where would be ample space to erect commodious buildings, including the new Rockefeller gymnasium for which the funds have already been subscribed. The formal procedure of initiating the new lecturer in French was then conducted, the Chancellor himself calling upon Dr. Swedelius to make a speech, such as is required on like occasions. Announcement was made of the gift from the members of Year '12 of a scholarship to be known as the McGregor-Smith Memorial Scholarship in English and History, for competition among students of the second year in Arts. This scholarship has been established in memory of two members of that year whose deaths occurred during the past summer vacation, Percy N. McGregor and Lee Wilson Smith.

After the presentation of the scholarships and prizes, Dr. Farmer delivered an illustrated address on "The Authorized

Version of the Bible.'' He outlined the history of the different translations from Wyclif's to the King James' version, and the subsequent revisions of the latter. The interest of the lecture was enhanced by the showing of stereoptican views of pages from some of the various editions, and portraits of some of the noble men who gave their lives to the arduous task of producing a work of value in respect both of accurate scholarship and of literary excellence.

Later, the *convocatio noviciorum* also happened. Let knowledge unabashed speak elsewhere in these columns.

The Prof. in French whose dreams are all of peace,
Awoke one night amazed—to say the least,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Looking around as if he sought a boon,
A student standing with an air so bold,—
'Twas gained when Kakiak, so we are told.
Then to this man the French Professor said,
''Que voulez-vous?'' The prowler raised his head,
And with a blush suffusing all his face,
Made answer thus,—''A table for my place.''
''Est-ce ma chambre, où tu dors cette nuit?
Il vaudrait mieux si vous sortiez d'ici.''
He turned and went, as boys wont to go,
Who have received a strapping, whence their woe.

Upper Ten.—Once more The Monthly pays its tribute to a year that is gone. The year Nineteen-Ten, McMaster, has left the hall and cloister of the University for the wider field of world-work. We miss its members around the hall, in the dining-room and on the campus. As seniors they were our leaders in all student activities, and now on the younger generation have devolved the duties which they were accustomed to shoulder. Without their support and advice we feel as fledglings, ousted from their nest to shift for themselves in devious and unknown ways. Year 'Ten has always merited the respect of the lower years for her scholarship, her athletic strength—which the other years have often rued—her conservatism and her even temperament. The undergraduates wish for the youngest children of McMaster true success in their life work and may there be added to the honor they have reflected on their Alma Mater in undergraduate days a large distinction of her Alumni.

Junior's Picnic.—It was a perfect autumn day when the jolly juniors began their annual round of festivities with a picnic on Saturday, October 8, at Lambton Mills. The party, duly chaperoned, set out at three o'clock. After some delays—not at all annoying under the circumstances—the park was reached. A

short time was then spent exploring the environs; later the groups returned to disport themselves at baseball, and thus the afternoon wore pleasantly away. When the shadows began to lengthen, the contents of the well-filled lunch-baskets were spread out and duly negotiated. At dusk a bonfire was kindled and around it marshmallows were toasted and college songs sung. The day was pleasantly brought to a close by the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

When giving his testimony in the dining hall the other day, a recent recruit to the ranks of the benedicts put it thus: "During the summer a line of Virgil kept recurring to my mind. '*Dux femina facti.*' I said to myself, 'That's me after September 24' —and I was right, gentlemen, I was right."

The Debating Society held its opening meeting Saturday afternoon, October 8, with Vice-President E. D. Campbell in the chair. The question under discussion was, "Resolved, that Free Trade between Canada and the United States would be detrimental to the best interests of the Dominion." Mr. A. A. Affleck, '11, led the affirmative and Mr. V. W. Price, '11, the negative. The judges were Mr. A. L. Tedford, '11, and Mr. W. A. Tilley, B.A., who awarded the decision to the affirmative. Prof. G. H. Campbell was present as critic and spoke of the lack of enthusiasm which characterized the meeting. He called attention to some of the heated discussions which are held on the floors of our Parliaments and suggested that in these Saturday afternoon debates touches of sarcasm might even be indulged in to stimulate interest and add warmth to the discussions. Elections followed for the offices of President and Secretary, resulting in the appointment of Mr. W. A. Tilley, B.A., and Mr. F. A. McGregor, '13, respectively.

The evil of misrepresentation cannot be too strongly reprehended. A subscriber to this sentiment is the graduate who purchased—at a price we shall not name—a picture in a supposedly real, hand-carved butternut frame and found later, when a corner of the frame chipped off, that it was merely plaster-of-paris.

The Freshmen.—The advent of the class of Onety-Four to the halls of McMaster has taken place under most favorable auspices. In due time its members registered, attended chapel service and handed in their first mathematical exercises, professing to find in each of these duties a real delight. This should indicate that as a year they possess those admirable qualities known as courage, morality, genius and optimism. Add to a

consideration of these qualities the fact, that in numbers they break all previous records with a registration to date of fifty-four, and the sincerity of their welcome is guaranteed. Year Fourteen's prospects of becoming a strong and worthy class are of the brightest, and the working out of her destiny will be watched with interest.

The business of their first class-meeting, which was held despite the worrying of the Sophomores, was expedited by the able assistance of the regular freshman organizer and resulted in the election of the following officers of the year: Honorary President, Dr. Swedelius; President, B. F. Trotter; Vice-President, Miss M. Iveson; Secretary-Treasurer, W. W. Smith; Representatives to Literary Society, Miss I. Stillwell; to Athletic Association, J. G. Ryrie; to Student Body Executive, N. Davies; to Y.M.C.A. Executive, J. D. Jamieson.

NOTE.—It is not known whether the suggestion that Chauncey's shoulder should serve as a step-ladder in making the exit by way of the window originated with the freshettes or Chauncey.

THE SENIOR PICNIC, Saturday, Oct. 8.—While the weatherman was gloomily hanging out storm signs, Year '11 met and decided to celebrate their seniority by holding a picnic. With an eye to beauty and an ear for alliteration they had chosen Scarboro Bluffs, and there they assembled, twenty-one strong, on Saturday afternoon. Their faith was rewarded by a glorious, October day which put even summer days to shame. After their first exclamations of wonder and delight at the beauty of Scarboro, the Seniors decided to make their way down a perilous, narrow path to the lake shore below. They found that to descend is human, and easy, to ascend sublime, and very difficult. So, ask me not why the Seniorettes walk lame.

Later, a gipsy fire blazed merrily at the edge of a bluff, a kettle of coffee with its precious burden of pork and beans boiled —I pause lest further fragrant smells make you hungry. The fire burned low and red, and in its glow figures were seen with long, slender sticks on which something was toasted—and it was good. The fire died out and in the gathering dusk the picnickers tripped over rooty paths up the steep slope to the land of electric cars and dignity once more.

The policeman at the corner of Yonge and King Streets lost his composure at the sight of some eight or ten Seniors—to say nothing of a frying-pan, a corn popper and a coffee pot—alighting from a car. He watched them go up Yonge Street, gazing wist-

fully into the windows of shoe-shine parlors, but failing to muster up courage to present their ten pair of very muddy boots for polish. Thus ended 'Eleven's first social undertaking as Seniors. Many happy returns, 'Eleven.

Our New Professor.—The position of lecturer in French, left vacant by the resignation of Mr. A. W. Pratt, has been filled —to the very evident satisfaction of all—by our new professor. Dr. Franzen-Swedelius. Dr. Swedelius, who is a native of Sweden, came to America about six years ago to attend the University of Columbia, New York. Here he obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. He brings to McMaster a wide experience as a teacher. Dr. Swedelius has taken up his residence for the present in McMaster Hall, where he is rapidly becoming a prime favorite.

Registration.—The registration this year, up to the time of going to press, shows a distinct advance over that of last year. Last year's registration, as shown by the October Monthly, was 199. This year the enrolment is as follows: First year, fifty-four; second year, fifty-three; third year, thirty-four; fourth year, thirty-two; Theology, thirty; partial, seventeen; graduate courses courses in M.A. and B.D., twenty-two; making a total of two hundred and forty-two. It is hoped that by the time registration is complete a new record attendance will have been established.

A House-Warming.—History repeats itself. At an early hour of the morning of October 8, Castle Memorial Hall saw a line of students file into its sacred precincts very differently attired from those who had trooped out but a few hours before. The aggregation, which resembled a clandestine rally of the Klu-Klux-Klan, prepared to extend an invitation to the latest increment of the student body to a house-warming party in the Science Hall.

The usual procedure at such functions was abandoned, and the guests were permitted to entertain their hosts. This they did very creditably. In fact, the whole affair was a howling success of high order. The color scheme of pedal decoration was green and black, with water effects. Songs and speeches added variety and flavor to the programme, and the enthusiasm with which these latter efforts were received attested their excellence. Before departing, each guest expressed the pleasure he had experienced in being thus allowed to give as well as to receive.

It has been impossible to obtain definite information regarding the subsequent events of the morning. However, it appears that the freshmen's beds were *pulled*, that they attempted to retaliate by reciprocating the attention; and that, in consequence, the ingrates were compelled to remake the beds of their recent hosts.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ADA M. MENHENNICK, '11.

"With bold words breaking the horrid silence."

THE plunge has been taken at last. For five months we have shivered and chattered our teeth on the end of the diving-board, waiting for courage to say the "one, two, three—go!" At present nothing is to be seen except the splash, but if our readers will exercise patience something should come up. If it does not, we humbly beseech them to investigate.

The task of innovating a new department is light compared with that of taking up the work where another has laid it down. In the interval, the threads have become tangled and the pattern lost. But the past master-workwomen set a standard which must be lived up to, at all costs. We bow in humility and respectful admiration in the direction of a little hamlet in Saskatchewan where the editress of last year is bringing her richly-endowed nature and her artistic accomplishments to bear upon the youth (and maturity) of that rapidly-developing country. Miss Jackson is gaining a wealth of material for her literary work which, it may be predicted, will evolve itself in some form in the future. To follow in the footsteps of our honored predecessor is a privilege, though a climb. Someone changed the gloomy attitude towards such a goal by informing the new editors that they must collect the subscriptions from the Ladies' Room. Like the little boy who helped to open the church envelopes, the sentiment now is, "I like the job, there is money in it."

After the enthusiastic welcome extended to you, the new girls (especially those of the first and second years), mere pen flourishes seem cold. Not only the outward life of the University, social and educational, claims you, but the gates of deeper inter-

course, the avenues to a culture breathed out with the words of instruction, the doors of an educational home-life, are open to you. We beg of you to waste no time on the threshold, but to enter in and partake of the joy of college life in its highest, best sense. No one has time to watch for you and draw you in ever so gently, as mother did when you came home late from your first party; but the door is ajar, the lamp ever lit, and your sisters are waiting "to hear all about it." We are grateful to you who bring us fresh inspiration from other institutions—a whiff of brine from the Pacific, a flavor of the nearer West. Can we give higher praise than to say that no more beautiful spirit has ever yet attended the opening weeks of the fall term?

We regret that expansion has necessitated a change in the future plans of our University. If this is due to our increasing numbers or to the new styles in hats, let us sacrifice ourselves by remaining at home or at least leaving there the head-gear dear to feminine hearts, rather than that the ivy-covered walls should prove too narrow.

And lastly, we conclude by inviting you to mount in the near future to—a vantage-point from which may be taken an outlook over the year just begun?—no, the roof of the Science building, before the leaves in the Park have fallen. Truly, "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places."

FRIENDSHIP'S PORT.

It's queer in this old giddy world of ours,
  Of all our friends, the good ones are despised,
And all the wicked ones are held so charming,
  Though of this truth we hate to be apprised.

We bother not with those we can depend on,
  But set them by, marked "Old Reliables,"
And hurry after those who would elude us,
  Because they are the "Dear Deniables."

We put the good ones down as "dear, old fogies,"
  And of the others say—"Oh, they're good sport!"
But when disaster comes all of a sudden,
  We find the "Old Reliables"—at port.

—Amy E. Campbell.

Calendar for 1910-11, of events as heard discussed in the Ladies' Rooms:

Sept. 27—2 p.m.—What greetings may these walls have seen! 'Tis well to have at least a screen.

3 p.m.—The Chancellor's advice, "Do not undertake too much," creates a profound impression.

Sept. 28.—Lectures begin. Marked change in programme—professors (instead of girls) skip lectures! Would that this might continue!

Sept. 30.—Greatest asset, arrives from West. First Senior—"Why is our new chaperon like a wedding ring?" Second Senior—"Always on hand, of course."

Oct. 3.—Noticeable assiduity at southern table in library is tending to lessen.

The W.L.S. decides to set up house-keeping. Call and see its display of china. A prize will be given to the one who first sends in the missing word in the following sentence, accompanied by an article of not more than ten and a half words on, "How to secure the desired ——."

"Old Mother Hubbard
Went to her ———."

What is unseen influence exercised by City Hall on unfortunate passersby, magnetic, soporific, or (in)-judicial? Certainly an *upsetting* force, as judged by eye-witnesses to downfall of sturdy sophomore.

Oct. 5.—Recently-discovered science of eating demonstrated by new girls. One freshette when called upon to smile in five different ways, electrified the audience by producing a sixth. Cleverest performance of afternoon given by M— F—— of '14. When commanded to instruct by bowing in five different ways, she gravely curtsied towards the north, south, east, west, and northwest. The rest of us have been called original, but O you freshettes!

Oct. 6.—Toronto Discordant Orchestra, organized under efficient leadership of our past wielder of the baton, Miss M— Y——. It is rumored that the first performance of the season will be given at the W. L. S. on an early date. Watch "Music and Drama" columns.

Oct. 7.—Scene on crowded Yonge car. A Senior, a Junior and a Sophete put in pink tickets. Conductor (ignoring small Soph. and indignantly addressing Stately Sen. in loud voice)—"These tickets are for students, not teachers." S.S.—"I am not a teacher; (indicating Junior) we are students." "Con. (unbelievingly, with anger)—"These tickets are for students under twenty-one." S.S. (with all possible dignity and pleasantness)—"I am under twenty-one." Con.—"You would not want anyone else to call you kids." Unwilling exit, little Soph. gasping, people highly amused.

Oct. 8.—Juniors' Picnic. Stolen fruits may be the sweetest, but it is hoped that this was a case of sour grapes. Water is twenty cents per barrel in a certain Saskatchewan town. You pay sixty cents per pail at Lambton (if you have the sixty cents).

Oct. 11.—This afternoon the Women's Literary Society of Victoria University gave a reception. The representative from McMaster was asked to come prepared to give the speech of welcome to freshettes. We are proud that the standard of our college in public-speaking was nobly upheld by Miss Gertrude Pratt.

Oct. 12.—Fie on the society that does not rely implicitly on its president's discretion! Some of the members of the Y.W.C.A. are shaking their heads over the motion "That the president, and one whom she shall choose, shall be our delegates to the Dominion Convention in Ottawa next month."

Y.W.C.A.—Work has begun again with the following officers: Honorary President, Mrs. Ten Broeke; President, Gertrude Steinhoff; Vice-President, Alice Turner; Secretary, Jessie Kee; Treasurer, Bessie Farmer; Pianiste, Hazel Hooper. The opening session took the form of a Muskoka Echo meeting and autumn reception for the new girls on Thursday, October 6. The attendance was good and the reports of the Y.W.C.A. Conference held at Elgin House, Muskoka, during the summer were interesting and contained suggestions which should prove valuable to our Association. These reports emphasized the serious aspect of the Conference, and the accompanying pictures illustrate the social side, which was also very delightful.

At the close of the Echo meeting refreshments were served in the Ladies' Room, which looked inviting with its tasteful festoons of autumn leaves and bouquets of glowing salvia. The Muskoka exhibit occupied a prominent position and aroused much interest. Everybody seemed happy as they chatted in little groups, while the fragrant aroma of coffee filled the air. Class '14 very thoughtfully expressed their thanks for the honor done them and thus appropriately closed a pleasant afternoon.

The Y. W. has now settled down to a sober existence. Several readings describing Moslem life were given at the second meeting and formed a suitable introduction to the study of the Moslem world which will be begun immediately in the Mission Study classes.

Freshette (on occasion of dreaded first visit to dentist)—"Which would you sooner take, gas or chloroform?" Sen.—"I would take either." Soph.—"I wouldn't take ether."

W.L.S.—The first regular meeting was held in the chapel on Friday, September 30. A business programme had been prepared, introduced by words of welcome from the President to the new members. The minutes of the closing meeting last spring were read, at which the old girls exchanged smiles, remembering the more than animated discussions. The officers for this year are: Honorary President, Mrs. I. G. Matthews; President, Evelyn

Kellock; Vice-President, Enid McGregor; Secretary, Minnie Currie; Treasurer, May Iveson; Pianiste, Ada Menhennick. The girls had decided to form a closer union this fall, known as the Women's Student Body, with a representative chosen from the fourth year. It was thought that in this way they could act as a unit in all matters, for with increasing numbers, the need of a new institution was felt. The qualifications and duties of the representative were then outlined and election followed. This step is held to be a very important one. A precedent has been established, although it will require probably a year to adjust matters in such a manner that its influence may be felt and a

basis reached on the same plane with the other dignified institutions of an old-established University. It is as if the bud had just appeared. We shall speak of it more fully as the flower unfolds.

A discussion of the date of the annual pienic followed. A motion was carried to undertake inter-year debates, the Executive to draw up a schedule and subjects to present at next meeting. The society also decided that a paper on current events should be given at every meeting, and that Mrs. Arnton decide on the best paper next April. Mrs. Arnton spoke a few words of congratulation on the attendance, the businesslike manner, and the marked tendency to frank and open discussion which, she said, was a sign of the life and health of the society.

Oct. 5.—For several days an air of mystery had been settling down on the faces of the energetic spirits, far different from that which many of them wore a year ago. It culminated in feverish whispers and rushing back and forth to guide the unsuspecting flock safely into the desired fold. Miss Young's rendering of

the "Garden of Roses" to Miss Montgomery's accompaniment produced exclamations of surprise and rounds of applause. The varied and interesting programme came to a close with the whistling of "God Save the King" and the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

We have made our début. Be critical but charitable. For good luck we have used

> "Something old and something new,
> Something borrowed; *but nothing blue.*"

ATHLETICS.

Editor: V. W. Price, '11.

"Everything comes if a man will only wait."

AST spring we lost our campus. The news came as a surprise to all and naturally we commenced to turn our thoughts towards the fall when we should need a new field on which to embrace the pigskin. We scattered for the summer without knowing where this place would be. However, we had been told not to worry, that everything possible would be done to secure accommodation, and that at the commencement of the autumn term we should not be disappointed.

With the turning of the leaves, many faces also turned in the direction of the old Hall. As our stalwarts came in one by one, looking in the pink of condition, and as we noticed the lusty throng of freshmen stealthily getting their bearings around the halls, our hopes for the championship began to soar. But alas! it was a castle in the air and a thunderbolt had struck it—we had no campus. The Chancellor informed us that negotiations were under way and that he hoped soon to be able to announce that a field had been secured. But meantime we were to have patience. We waited and waited, while those of the men who were "in shape" for rugby rapidly got soft, and those who were not got softer. It was a somewhat melancholy spectacle to see groups of one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounders whiling away the recreation hours of the afternoon by propping up the walls of the lecture rooms. A few of the fel-

lows spent their time meandering aimlessly down Yonge Street humming that expressive Scotch melody whose refrain runs "We're landless, landless, landless."

As the editor of this department recalled previous commencements, with the early twisting of the pigskin, and the uproarious enthusiasm of the Intercollege games of other years; when he thought of the veteran players of our College, who worked so energetically to introduce the game, and of the magnificent showing McMaster had made against much greater odds; then two lines only permitted themselves to be set down in black and white:—

> "Discomfort guides my tongue
> And bids me speak of nothing but despair."

But, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

On the tenth day it came! We all were glad to hear that Aura Lee field had been secured for us. But it was too late for the Intercollege games.

Our first practice was held on October 7th, and our first game was scheduled to be played, and against Varsity too, on October 8th. Postponement of the game was suggested, but even if that could have been arranged it would have given our boys only a week's practice. Moreover, there were only six of the old team back. It would not have been fair to our worthy captain, Leon McCrimmon, to expect him, in six practices, to select a new team and get it in shape for a game with Varsity II., who have been hard at work for three or four weeks. Our hopes and expectations built up during the summer months cannot be realized, and we feel sorely disappointed.

We have heard much concerning a gymnasium. We would not for one moment discountenance the importance and necessity of a gymnasium in any university. But we feel convinced that everyone is well aware that a gymnasium cannot take the place of a campus. McMaster needs a campus and she needs to keep a team in the Intercollege Rugby Football Unoin. The game aids much in bringing our College into closer and friendlier relations with the other colleges, and plays its part in the development of the all-round man. As long as there is a Rugby Union among the various colleges of Ontario and Quebec McMaster should certainly be represented.

We are out of the Intercollege games this year, but let everyone remember we are not out of the Union. There is at least one thing we must be sure not to do. Remembering the heroes of the past, who so nobly struggled to drape the silverware with the green and black, and looking forward toward the future, when

we are assured of much more commodious accommodation and hence greater athletic opportunities, we must not allow rugby to die out in Old McMaster. Let everyone be filled with enthusiasm and the McMaster *esprit de corps.* Turn out regularly and do your share in preparing our teams for some exhibition games which the Athletic Association is endeavoring to arrange. But please remember that enthusiasm without the two-dollar athletic fee is useless. "Enthusiasm will not cash at the bank," a former President of the Association has said.

If Freshmen, Theologues and everybody come to the campus for either rugby or soccer, or both, we can make the inter-year games the best and keenest in the history of the Matthews' Cup contests. With conditions as they are at present this will prove to be the most successful means of keeping football in the College.

The Student Body was delightfully surprised a few days ago when the Chancellor announced that the Senate had decided to furnish every student of the University with a full membership ticket to the Central Y. M. C. A. Every fellow should take advantage of this splendid opportunity for regular physical development during the fall, winter and spring months. McMaster students have long felt the need of such accommodation.

Soccer.—That we have this year an especially good aggregation of soccer players, was made manifest on October 13, when our boys won a practice game from the Faculty of Education at the Aura Lee field. From the kick off our team had the game in its own hands and dropped the goals in at regular intervals, thus making things interesting throughout. The final score was 8—0 in favor of McMaster. Our energetic captain, Fred Poole, is rounding into shape a team that will undoubtedly give a good account of itself in the Inter-Faculty series which commences shortly.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: F. H. Jeffery, '11.

"O, Friend! I know not which way I must look."

LITTLE did we realize last spring, when appointed to this department, that the responsibility of recording the wanderings and achievements of our graduates was so great. The membership of the Alumni and Alumnae Associations is rapidly expanding, and its impact upon the world is indeed felt. Those interested in McMaster University now feel, with a considerable degree of satisfaction, that McMaster has long ago passed from the embryo stage and is now quite capable of taking its place among universities of acknowledged rank. The truth of this is substantiated in the graduates both of Arts and Theology, and it is not necessary to stay near Toronto to hear commendable mentions of our University. McMaster is appreciated because of the splendid material it is contributing to the different branches of world activity.

It is the purpose this year, as always, to record in this department facts of interest concerning "Our Graduates"; not to boast of, but simply to appreciate their successes. To allow us to have complete records we desire the co-operation of all our readers and shall be pleased to receive, from time to time, any news items fitting to this department.

At times it seems hard to grasp the fact that Year '10 has passed from the College halls into the stirring world. They may be gone, but they are not forgotten, for occasionally we hear the echo of their "Brekety-Kek." What a record they have established for themselves already! Actually they have not stopped at anything. Marriage, teaching, ordinations, civil service, pedagogy, and theology seemingly have no obstacles too great for them. The "Grads." in Theology of last year have been no less daring than those in Arts, and have, too, been equally successful.

Here we record the "doings" of some of last year's graduates in Arts and Theology:

W. L. Blackadar, B.A., is at Toronto University preparing himself for actuarial work and at the same time is taking M.A. mathematics at McMaster.

J. T. Cowan, B.A., and C. N. Curtis, B.A., have migrated to Rochester, N.Y., and are unravelling theological knots at Rochester Theological Seminary.

R. C. Crowe, B.A., is employed in a law office at Vancouver, B.C.

W. J. A. Donald, B.A., and S. R. Weaver, B.A., are at Chicago University delving in Political Science.

W. H. Firstbrook, B.A., is employed in The Firstbrook Box Company, Limited, of this city.

W. L. Iveson, B.A., and W. C. Ronson, B.A., are in the civil service at Ottawa.

H. H. McGregor, B.A., is assistant in chemistry in the Medical Department of the University at Louisville, Kentucky.

Gordon P. McKay, B.A., who started the year at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, is for the present at home recovering from injuries received while playing rugby.

L. C. Whitelaw, B.A., is still in the immigration work at Quebec city. He is expected back to McMaster to study Theology.

C. W. Perkins, B.A., has undertaken to instruct the youth at Woodstock College.

J. Wearing, B.A., spent the summer out West in the interests of the Reading Camp Association. Although he had some perilous adventures, he managed to find his way back to Toronto, and has registered at Osgoode Hall.

K. A. Clark, B.A., is expected back soon to take M.A. work in Chemistry.

L. S. Haverstock, B.A., has accepted the pastorate of the Pape Avenue Baptist Church.

The folowing members of Year '10 Arts have returned for Theology: H. M. Hainer, B.A.; A. E. Kelly, B.A.; J. B. McKendry, B.A.; G. A. McLean, B.A.; T. E. Richards, B.A.; E. E. Sayles, B.A.; W. A. Tilley, B.A., and H. F. Veals, B.A.

Of the ladies, Misses L. J. Craig, B.A.; V. I. Dickens, B.A.; A. I. Grierson, B.A.; E. L. Morton, B.A., are registered at the Faculty of Education, Toronto University.

Miss M. A. Fitch, B.A., who has been teaching at Bridgeburg, has been offered a place on the teaching staff of Moulton College. We are not able to say whether she will accept or not.

Several members of last year's graduation classes were ordained into the Baptist ministry. We have been informed of the following: W. E. Hodgson, B.A., at Toronto, Jones Avenue; A. Ward, B.A., at Brampton, Ont.; N. S. McKechnie, B.A., at Fonthill, Ont.; W. M. Raithby, M.A., B.Th., at St. Mary's, Ont.; F. G. Burrell, B.A., at Acton, Ont.; G. S. Brodie, at Toronto,

Wychwood; N. McCausland, at Thornbury, Ont.; W. Arthurs, at Sunderland, Ont.; B. J. Davies, at Maxville, Ont.; A. L. Brown, B.A., B.Th., at Paris, Ont.; J. M. Telford, B.A., B.Th., and H. S. Mullowney, B.A., B.Th., were ordained in Toronto. Mr. Telford is now in Roland, Man., and Mr. Mullowney is at Pittsfield, Mass.

> "His days had not been passed in singleness,
> His Helpmate was a comely matron."

On September 24, at Coaticook, Quebec, Mr. Thomas Wearing, B.A., was married to Miss S. A. Parker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Parker. For two years Mr. Wearing very efficiently acted as Managing Editor of the McMaster Monthly and therefore we take great pleasure in offering our heartiest congratulations.

Messrs. W. C. McKendry, B.A.; A. F. Mercer, B.A., and J. A. Moe, B.A., all of Arts '10; also H. S. Mullowney, B.A., B.Th., and G. S. Brodie, of Theology '10, were married during the summer. Congratulations.

Miss Edith McDermid, B.A. (McMaster University, '97), who was a member of the teaching staff of Moulton College for five years, died very unexpectedly in Atlanta, Georgia, on September 30. She left her home in London, Ont., only recently to teach in the Agnes Scott College near Atlanta. Miss McDermid had retired from Moulton about two years ago, on account of her health, but felt that she had sufficiently regained her vigor to accept this position in the South. Just as she was about to enter upon her duties she was stricken with hemorrhage of the stomach and after a short illness passed away. To her relatives we extend our deepest sympathy.

Mr. H. F. Rolker, B.A. (Johns Hopkins University, '07), M.A., (McMaster University, '08) was drowned in the Delaware River at Chester, Pa., on July 25. At the time of his death Mr. Rolker was employed in the laboratory of the RePauno Chemical Company, Gibbstown, N.J., and was returning to Chester, where he resided, in a launch with three of his fellow-workers. A wave struck the launch causing it to lurch and Mr. Rolker was thrown out. His companions were not able to rescue him. Mr. Rolker received the degree of M.A. from McMaster after a year's work in the Chemical Laboratory under the direction of Dr. Tingle. To his mother, a brother and a sister, who survive Mr. Rolker, we extend our sympathy.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

SCHOOL reopened on September the seventh, and, notwithstanding the early date and the fact that many had not yet returned to the city from their summer homes, about eighty students appeared on the first day. Since then the registration has increased daily and new students are still coming in. The prospects are that this year's school will be one of the largest in our history. A spirit of enthusiasm prevails which promises well for the future. We are glad to welcome back nearly all of last year's Third Year as expectant graduates.

This year we miss several familiar faces from the Faculty, though Misses Gray, Tapscott and Dunnett are doing their best to fill the gaps in the circle. To them we extend a hearty welcome, while our good wishes follow Miss Iler and Miss Pugsley in their new careers. To Miss Edy, now Mrs. Marshall, we offer congratulations upon her marriage.

By the teachers and students of Moulton College who knew Miss McDermid, the news of her sudden death in Decatur, Georgia, was received with profound sorrow. In the six years that she taught at Moulton, she endeared herself in a marked degree to both teachers and pupils. Her influence among the students was strong and helpful and to many among them her passing away will mean a distinct personal loss. On the day of her funeral (which took place in London) Dr. Farmer, of McMaster University, took our chapel service, and paid a high tribute to her work and influence in the school.

We have had this term the pleasure of three visits from Mrs. McMaster, who is staying in the city. Her last visit was paid on Wednesday, October the twelfth, the day of the school sports. This is the second year that we have held sports and as there was a large increase in the entries this year, we presume that they are even more popular now than they were last year. Despite the cold weather enthusiasm ran high, and many friends of the school joined the ranks of the shivering, though cheering, spectators. A prize was presented to the Fourth Year, who won the largest number of events. May they go on as they have begun and continue to win honor for their school!

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

Editor: J. E. Anderson.

ITH a record attendance and all the auspices favorable, Woodstock College is once again off to a good start, the principal and the science master being still unmarried.

On the evening of Friday, September 16, a formal and hearty reception was given to the new master and the new boys. Supper was served in the College dining-room to the faculty and the entire student body, and was followed by a happy intermingling of wit and wisdom. Mr. Anderson, on behalf of the faculty, and Mr. Albert Judd, speaking for the students, extended a warm welcome to our new Moderns master, Mr. Perkins, who replied briefly in a very feeling and jocular manner. Mr. McKechnie and Mr. Ziemann spoke the works of welcome to the new boys; Mr. Salmon, on behalf of the uninitiated, responded in most witty and expectant tones. The dining-hall programme having been concluded, the meeting adjourned to the abysmal vaults of darkness, where the most awful and terrifying deeds were fiendishly prepetrated. There were no new, strange boys the following morning.

The Annual Field Day was held on September 28. The weather conditions were ideal; the occasion was thoroughly enjoyed by the students and many visiting friends. Charlie Pirie won the College Challenge Cup and the Senior Championship Medal. Stanley Murray won the Sykes Silver Medal, and Fred Morden won the Junior Championship Medal. Just one week later our track team, composed of Messrs. Whitehead, Pirie, Pipher, Murray, Schutt, Stewart and Wilson, journeyed to Toronto and succeeded in lifting the championship inter-collegiate trophy, leading the new University High School by eleven points. Bev. Whitehead won the individual championship and broke the record in the half-mile run. The noise the students made on Monday morning, when the victors returned, beggars description; the triumphal procession was gorgeous and grotesque and will long be remembered by the sedate citizens of this burg.

Some of our masters are said to be in trouble. One is rumored to be striving his utmost to demonstrate the possibility of forcing water to run up hill, while another is much perplexed in regard to the whereabouts of part of his jewelry.

The
McMaster University Monthly
Vol. XX. NOVEMBER, 1910 No. 2

LEE WILSON SMITH.

"Your young men shall see visions."

IN our more pedestrian moments we tend to think of youth and death as incompatible terms, but there is a higher wisdom, out of which have come such noble word-births as Shelley's *Adonais*, Emerson's *Threnody*, Cosmo Monkhouse's *Love and Death*, Browning's *La Saisiaz*, and Whitman's *Whispers of Heavenly Death*.

The sadness is that so often young life must cease before it understands what these seers have uttered in the name of art and God; must cease, sometimes, before it has means to understand. Then pain has its full opportunity.

But Lee, young and active as he was, and buoyant with hope of the future, understood. Himself a poet, he wrote only a few days before his death these quiet, striking lines:*

"A sombre, shrouded figure it appeared,
Swathed with the clammy vapors of the tomb,
Whose very presence chilled and made afeared,
So heavy was it with approaching doom.
Beneath the cowl grim gloom had made its lair
That hid much, yet left many things to see;
Silence and desolation kennelled there,
And with them cryptic, unsolved mystery.
It neared, and, shuddering, I turned away
Lest I should find more horrors in that hood;
Its hand fell on me, and in some strange way
Its touch gave comfort to my heated blood.
I looked: the eyes were full of ruth; and I,
Though caring yet to live, feared not to die."

* These lines are appropriately entitled by his father, "The Shadow Feared of Man." They are the last words he wrote.

Himself a poet, I have said, for Lee had a real gift, which, under the training of experience and the discipline of time, would almost certainly have come to empower his work with the authentic insight of the artist. His spirit was eagerly receptive to the great inspirations of nature and of literature. Many times I have seen his eyes light with very joy when reviewing some of these with a friend. And he strove constantly with pen and pencil (for he was remarkably gifted with the pictorial sense also) to express his high moments.

Lee's cheerfulness in the face of pain and stress was wonderful and beautiful. What momentary irritations came were quickly banished. He did not care to brood upon his own condition, but was concerned for the happiness of his friends, entering readily, whenever he might, into their programmes of pleasure and entertainment, or of quiet talk. There is a Stevensonian ring in the last words he wrote his mother: "Be cheery!"

There lies in his Muskoka home (carefully housed for the winter, at his instance) a fine, graceful canoe, given him by his father in appreciation of Lee's student record. That little craft was the apple of his eye, and there seemed, indeed, in his days of health and strength, a bond between the two. Each somehow suggested the other, and all the zest and daring and simplicity of the woods-and-water life of which the canoe was so attractive a symbol, seemed to focus themselves upon the pair as they darted about the lake. During the boy's last illness it was hard to see the canoe lying in the boathouse idle and inert. His father and others sometimes used it, but, I think, always sadly. It spoke too eloquently of its young owner, whose affection for it amounted almost to a passion.

Lee's enthusiasms, however, were the more real and constant in that he did not allow them to quarrel with his duties. He was an earnest, progressive, successful student, with mind alert to truth and undeterred by the drudging side of education, for here, too, he knew a secret,—that one must "grind" in order not to "grind." The *adjustment* of the boy to his life-processes and responsibilities was remarkably ready and intelligent. He did

not waste time. Where he experimented, he remembered. And he worked with a smile.

His father and mother have lost their firstborn child and only son; his little sister alone remains; before their grief we are silent. Our University has lost one of its most promising students, of the type that any college must be glad and proud to nurture. And his friends have lost the welcome and well-remembered

> " . . .touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE, '95.

THE GATE OF CAMELOT.

In the October MONTHLY, Mr. Fred McGregor, '14, writing on behalf of his fellow students. paid a fine tribute to the worth of Lee Smith. To that we are glad to add the foregoing beautiful and penetrating appreciation from the pen of Professor George Herbert Clarke, a distinguished graduate of this University, now on the staff of Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee. Professor Clarke's mention of Lee's pictorial sense leads us to reproduce a pen and ink sketch of the Gate of Camelot as it appeared to his imagination after reading the following lines from Tennyson:

> And there was no gate like it under heaven.
> For barefoot on the keystone, which was lined
> And rippled like an ever-fleeting wave,
> The Lady of the Lake stood; all her dress
> Wept from her sides as water flowing away;
> But like the cross her great and goodly arms
> Stretch'd under all the cornice and upheld.
> And drops of water fell from either hand;
> And down from one a sword was hung, from one
> A censer, either worn with wind and storm;
> And o'er her breast floated the sacred fish;

And in the space to left of her, and right,
Were Arthur's wars in weird devices done,
New things and old co-twisted, as if Time
Were nothing, so inveterately that men
Were giddy gazing there; and over all
High on the top were those three queens, the friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need.

Idylls of the King.
GARETH AND LYNETTE.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

Second Prize Story—Graduate Competition.

THEY walked together into the garden—the old, old garden. Men and women had walked there before and had gone away and returned. Others had gone away and had not returned, but had not forgotten.

"Oh!" she breathed luxuriously.

"You like it?" the man asked, gently.

"Like it!" she repeated reproachfully. How could he say "like" it? To her the spirit of peace stole from the cool of the syringas, the lilac bushes and the climbing roses. And to-day the sky was blue and deep—deep as that wonderful Italian sky she had seen but once and had never forgotten.

"Oh!" she said, passionately, again.

The man said nothing, but walked with her, his hands clasped behind him. He looked up, but only to see that her eyes were deeper than the sky above them.

"John," the woman asked, "why are you like this? We are in the garden to-day."

"It is like us," he said, listlessly, "it is always the same."

"The dear, dear old garden!" she murmured. "Do you know, John, it is the most beautiful spot on earth to me—the garden of my dreams?"

"Then why—why—" he began. His hands fell to his sides and his eyes glowed.

She turned and looked full and pityingly at him.

"John," she said, "dear John, it cannot be. It can never be, and, do you know, you hurt me."

"Yes, yes," he answered, "always the same. You have loved me just enough for fifteen years, Helen, to make me hope and cry for more."

He had lost the patient expression that seemed so much a part

of him. The woman looked at him and wondered. She had never dreamed of a volcano underneath—only a sweet, abiding tenderness.

"Yes," he continued, "for fifteen years. And it is always the same. You love me too much and not enough: too much to send me away where I could try to forget, and not enough to let me draw you to my hungry heart for just a moment—only a moment. I stay here, and every day I care for the garden you love—because you love it. For fifteen years I have waited and hoped, and for what? Oh, I am mad, I know. You will always be the same, tall and beautiful and good, and coming to walk with me in my garden and loving me just the same easy way. Dear God! such a sane, easy way!"

"John, John!" she broke in, with a sob, "do not. I would come to you if I could—if I loved you the right way. But I cannot, and my little hospital children need me. I do not know how I could leave them."

"No, no!" he said, vehemently, "you do not know how you could leave them—other people's children—for me. Helen," he spoke almost roughly—"do you know what I would leave for you? I would leave this garden, I would leave this house and my mother in it, a heartbroken woman. God help me! I would leave the hope of heaven and follow you down the blackest road to hell— to *hell*—only to keep looking at you and thinking that sometime, maybe, you would lie in my arms. But no!" His lip curled and he laughed harshly. "You would not take me down to hell, would you? You would walk slowly on, right up to the gates of heaven, and send me alone down to the gates of hell. Yes, and you would smile peacefully and turn to see if some other woman's child were walking in with just the right saint-like expression. And you might even say in your smooth, low voice: 'Where is John?' Yes, and you would wonder vaguely why he was not there holding the gate open for you and the other people's children to pass through. Faugh! When will you women understand that you make heaven or hell for us men? And you, Helen, with your firm hands and your beautiful

body, and your passionless 'John, Johns!' make hell and not heaven for me."

He stopped abruptly. What had he said? He hardly knew, but he trembled, and the woman looked white and stricken. Yet as he watched her she stooped and picked up a wounded bird from the grass at her feet, bending her head to examine its wing with pitying tenderness.

"You—you perfect woman!" he said at last, hoarsely, "I could almost forget. It was the mother in you, the tender, yearning mother, that made me first fall at your feet." The old, patient look came back to his face. "Why is it, I wonder, that a man would die to save the mother in a woman?"

"John, she said slowly, "I can not come to walk in your garden again. I did not know," her voice catching, "how I had wronged you. Since my father and mother died and left me alone your home, your garden and your mother have been the only home I knew, but I would have wronged you more than I have if I had married you for your home. You must forget. John, my old friend, you must try to forget. I shall go back to my little sick children. They will be waiting for me."

He turned wearily. "No," he said, "you will not come again. I could not expect that now. But you will give me a little while, Helen, just a little longer?"

"Yes," she said, and in some subtle way he knew he was forgiven.

"We have three new little patients in the baby ward to-day," she went on, but the man wineed.

"Will you never weary of your hospital work?" he asked. "If you do, Helen, remember—to come—home."

He looked patiently at the old, gray garden wall. "The wall," he said, "is my love for you. It has always been there, and it will stay, shielding what is within through every change of wind or fortune."

"Then I," she said, "must be the garden. No, John, that will not do. The wall is our span of life. We are both inside. These gravel walks diverging are our paths—yours is the one we are on, mine braneches off at the corner here——."

"Yes, but see," he said, with his old smile, "yours goes round the garden and comes back to mine."

"Poor John!" she murmured, resting the back of her hand against his for a fleeting moment. It was like a kiss from the petal of a velvet rose, blown to him only to evade him and flutter on. "And this liveforever," she continued, "running all over its bed of rocks! I cannot think of anything but your love for me. I must be the bed of rocks."

"No," he said, "the liveforever is your devotion poured out to the hospital children. They are the rocks. They are unconscious of what is lavished on them, therefore indifferent to it."

"My hospital children, John!" she cried reproachfully. "They love me."

"Oh, yes," he answered, "but with the love they would give to anyone else—any beautiful lady who came a day after you had gone from them. Will you not make a comparison?"

She did not answer him, but went on: "This grass spreading all over, so lovely and soft and fresh, is our duty. If we love it and tend it, it rewards us by giving us always a beautiful place to look upon. Here we can gain peace when the gorgeous poppies and nasturtiums, which are the passionate pleasures of life, have withered and left us. But if we do not watch our grass with care it grows ugly and seared and brown. We want to run further and further away from it."

"And these velvet pansies," he asked, "the bed I keep for you?"

"Ah, these," she answered, "these are our thoughts, pansies for thoughts."

"Love lies bleeding," he went on stolidly.

"No, no, you must not." She looked at him, and her eyes dawned a look of pain. She wondered how she could hurt him so. He was such a friend to her. And she must not come again. Well, she would drink to the full the beauty of the garden to-day.

"This," she said, moving on to a bed of mignonette, "is your spirit, John. It is fragrant and sweet and good. It does not

flaunt itself before the world, but seems to breathe out a richness of blessing to all who come to it. Oh, the sweetness of it! How I love it!''

''Helen,'' he cried sharply, ''do you know what you are saying?''

''John,'' she cried, ''dear John, forgive me. We are such old, old friends.''

She took his hand. ''Come,'' she said, almost as she would have spoken to a suffering child, ''we will go to the bed of ferns. Oh, they are beautiful. John, they were never so large or so beautiful before. What have you been doing?''

''It is the spring,'' he answered, ''I have trained it a little differently.''

''Ah!'' she breathed, ''down here it is the loveliest in the whole garden. This whole corner of great, cool, graceful ferns! And those large, smooth rocks you have arranged at the little sparkling spring, and those thick, ragged pieces of moss you have scattered over the wet stones! Oh, it is lovely! lovely! I do not want to talk.''

''Are you going to leave the ferns out of our web of life, then?''

''No, no.'' She thought a moment. ''Yes,'' she said. ''Now I know what they are. They are peace. They grow beautiful only in the shade—the shadows of life. The crystal spring is the prayer we send up to water our peace and keep it always fresh and strong. The cool stones training the spring are cultivated words and thoughts. Sometimes they are not there, and the spring goes up just as pure, but the greatest good is not accomplished.''

''Sometimes,'' he said, ''we pray and pray and receive nothing.''

''Maybe,'' she answered, ''you pray for the ferns to become oaks.''

''I pray for the only thing that will bring me peace, and I have arranged the stones.''

"You will not let yourself think of anything else that would bring you peace," she said, "and so you will not pray for it."

"I have prayed for the peace or its substitute for fifteen years," he answered, "and have received parched husks."

"Maybe it is not time yet." She did not know how to help this man. She thought she knew him so well.

"So I have said for fifteen years." The voice was shadeless, but she caught that unleashed something underneath—that something she had thought until to-day his nature did not know.

"John," she said a little faintly, "you have been so unlike yourself to-day. I do not know what to say."

He laughed, but there was no mirth in his tones. "Ah, well," he said, "the peace only comes in the shadows of life, you say. That is it. Strange we did not think of it before, isn't it? I have been in the sunshine—the glorious, heaven-sent sunshine—these fifteen years." And he laughed again.

Her lip trembled. He saw it, but did not seem to heed. She looked at him and turned away.

"The oak," she said. "Look at it, John. It is the love of God." She laid her hand on his arm and went on reverently, trying to soothe him. "It is in our garden. It is looking down on us. It is standing strong and everlasting, and sees our whole span of life and above and beyond and around it. Ah, John, it is the greatest of all."

"But the bird?" he asked in a strained voice.

"Oh, my wounded bird!" She looked contritely at it nestled in her palm. "I had forgotten it. It is your heart, John."

"And it fell from the love of God." He looked dumbly at her now. "I cannot see the love of God," he said.

"See the bird, John."

"It is my heart," he answered, "you hold it in your hand."

"The bird, John. I can heal the wound. The love of God gave it to me to heal."

"My heart," he said again. He stood gazing at her—at the bird, peaceful in the tender pink palm. His face grew sharp, and his eyes seemed like glowing coals as they burned into her own.

She looked at him, but she did not understand the suffering lines between the eyes, or the firm, set lips. She only knew that he was in pain, and that she could not help him. To her he was a weeping child, and a great, surging tenderness swept over her. Something seemed to break in her throat, but her eyes did not grow wide and frightened with the coming of the pain of love.

"John, John!" she cried, "forgive me for what I have done. I did not know—I did not know."

She raised his hand to her lips with the pitying love of a tender woman, then turned and walked away. He watched her pass from his sight through the garden gate. "It is the last," he said, as though he did not fully comprehend.

But the wounded bird was nestled, asleep, in the hand of the weeping woman, for above and around and beneath was the everlasting love of God.

BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON.

McMASTER ABROAD: IN INDIA.*

HE whole country here is indeed interesting, one might almost say fascinating. Apart from the hot season, when everything is dead and stagnant, the scenery is beautiful, and has a rare charm of its own. In this section the ground during the rainy and cool seasons is covered with verdure, and the groves of palm, mango, palymyra and other strange trees make a picture with a distinction all its own. I remember a ride on the Mendapet canal not long ago on Mr. Stillwell's towing house-boat. It was an experience to be thankful for. At night the scene was one of especial beauty. The high banks on either side were crowned with two long avenues of trees—on the left, the tall, straight pillars of the palms, clear against the starlit sky, and on the right, the massive gloom of the wide-spreading banyans and rain-trees. The stars shone in

* From a letter to a friend.

all their splendor above, and we glided over another sky below, as their images quivered in the faint ripple of the broad canal. Everything was very quiet and very beautiful. One hated to turn in and miss it all, and yet it was so soul-filling that it almost hurt to try and take it all in. So at last we did shut ourselves in, and woke next morning to find the morning sun pouring its light down the canal beneath the leafy avenues. What it reminded me of, strangely enough, was the music at Westminster Cathedral, when I was standing at the end of the nave and the organ-tones came down between the rows of pillars.

And all this is a fit setting for the brilliant life that overflows this land. Our Cocanada compound is full of birds—homely brown ones, and brilliant red-headed woodpeckers with bright yellow gridirons on their backs; blue-jays and humming-birds; parrots and swallows, and flocks of others. Butterflies are everywhere, and, of course, bugs and beetles beyond counting. The proverbial snakes have not bothered us as yet, but India is full of mosquitoes, fleas, ants of various kinds, and other vermin. The ants are of various kinds—little sour ones that get into the milk or jelly, big black ones that make you hop when they bite, white ones that destroy your books, and red ones, which are not at home in the house, but meet you when you go outside. We also have occasional fights with large rats in Mr. Craig's bath-room (a favorite resort of theirs), but we take this in the way of sport as we hunt with rattans, and, protected by trunks and other baggage, the bandicoot defends itself with some spirit.

The people are, naturally, the most interesting of all that we see here. Their government, their style of life, educational system, and the general waking-up of to-day, all invite study and reflection—a life-time of it. Besides this there is, of course, their literature and religious belief and practice, which in themselves contain material for a hundred different courses of study for a whole life-time. Our special study is, of course, the Christian community. I must say I was favorably surprised at the contrast they present to the classes from whom they came out—one can see it in their very faces. They have not the keenness and thoughtfulness in their eyes which centuries of privilege and

education have given the Brahmans; but there is a light there which familiarity with high and pure thoughts has stamped on their faces, which even the best educated Brahmans have not, and which lifts them immeasurably above the classes from which most of them have come. J. B. McLaurin, '05.

PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

THE six Prize Story Competitions that The Monthly has conducted have been the means of greatly improving both the number and the quality of its short stories. The Publication Board is desirous of accomplishing the same result for poetry, and has therefore decided to open a Prize Poem Contest among its undergraduate readers. Most of the poetry published in The Monthly has been the production of graduates, and we feel that many of our undergraduates are capable of doing good work in this sphere of literary activity. To stimulate such to a use of their powers we open the contest. Although unable to open a similar contest among the graduates, The Monthly trusts that, as they have always done in the past, so they will continue to remember the magazine when the muse of poetry stirs within them.

The contest is open to undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts now registered in Theology): 1st prize, five dollars; 2nd prize, three dollars; 3rd prize, two dollars.

Rules

1. All poems must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than December 31st, 1910.

2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

3. Prizes will not be given in any case unless the poems submitted are deemed worthy of publication, and unless there is a competition.

4. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the poems submitted.

A TROPICAL HURRICANE.

THOSE who live in the tropics are more or less familiar with violent phenomena of nature: earthquakes, cyclones, hurricanes, typhoons, tidal-waves. But familiarity can never rob them of their terrifying elements: they are always dreaded, and justly so, for destruction and death follow in their wake.

In the summer of nineteen hundred and three I had the experience of passing through a hurricane in the Island of Jamaica, West Indies. One morning there was an unusual stillness in the air, the sun had a peculiar appearance, and the sky instead of being a bright blue was of a dark, smudgy color. As the morning wore on the breeze began to blow in fitful puffs, and away on the eastern horizon were forming banks of strange-looking clouds that boded no good. By noon the puffs had increased considerably in force and in duration, and might be characterized as gusts. The sky was completely overcast with dark clouds, and the rain began to fall in heavy showers.

By this time those who live where such occurrences take place recognized the signs and did what they could to prepare for the storm which they knew was coming. Boats that were anchored in the open harbor were removed to more sheltered positions; the larger vessels put out to sea; shutters were dropped and battened down, and windows securely fastened; those whose business took them abroad hastened to secure shelter.

During the afternoon the wind increased in violence. How anxiously everyone anticipated the night! Such catastrophes are sufficiently dreadful during the day, when one can see what is happening, but during the night they are fifty times worse. In this instance the full force of the hurricane was not reached till about midnight, and it continued to rage with unabated fury for nearly ten hours. The household retired about the

usual time, but by twelve o'clock everyone was up, except the babies. The wind had grown terrible in its intensity, and was shrieking about the house and among the branches of the trees like the voice of a lost soul. Those who could use hammer and nails immediately hastened to put supports to the windows, which were in danger of being blown in. Two or three panes of glass were smashed before precautions could be taken. Along the front of the house was a verandah covered by a heavy tiled roof. This roof was picked up by the wind, carried over the house, and deposited about one hundred yards in the rear. The front of the house was now more exposed, and considerable anxiety was felt for the safety of the main roof, which showed signs of giving way. Once a door was opened for a moment to try to catch a glimpse of what was taking place outside, but the one who opened it found that he could not close it without assistance. The trees groaned and snapped; large branches being torn off by the wind in its mad rush.

The hours moved slowly on, how slowly to those who were anxiously waiting for the daylight! The momentary glimpses obtained by the flashes of lightning showed that a work of devastation was going on, and all longed for definite knowledge of what was happening.

At last the long-looked-for dawn began to appear, and with it came a noticeable abatement of the storm. Those who had passed through similar experiences knew, however, that this was only a lull, not a break-up. This lull made it possible for us to get some idea of what had taken place. What a scene of desolation we looked out upon! Many huge trees lay, uprooted, on the ground; others, though still standing, were stripped and broken; what was usually a trickling stream was now a rushing torrent carrying everything in its path along with it; away in the distance could be seen a large banana plantation with every sucker broken about three feet from the ground, totally ruined.

The respite was of short duration. In a little while the wind began to rise again, and the second half of the storm was soon in full progress. It was probably as violent as the first half, but

owing, first to the daylight, and secondly to the fact that so much damage had already been done, it did not seem so severe. Gradually it spent itself: the wind dropped, the rain ceased, the sun shone out, and the birds sang as if there were no ruined fields and wrecked homes. W. L. KINGDON, '12.

SEVENTH PRIZE STORY COMPETITION.

HIS month the Board of Publication announces its Seventh Prize Story Competition. The fact that some of the stories, which have won prizes in these competitions, have been recognized by other college magazines as "worth while," as may be seen by referring to the "Here and There" department of this issue, ought surely to be a strong inducement to our graduate and undergraduate readers to enter this contest and make the competition as keen as possible this year. Two contests will be held, as in previous years, one for graduates and one for undergraduates, as follows:

FIRST CONTEST.—For graduates in Arts and Theology, of a year not earlier than 1897: 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars.

SECOND CONTEST.—For undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts now registered in Theology): 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars; 3rd prize, three dollars.

RULES

1. All stories must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than January 15th, 1911.

2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

3. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. Competitors must certify that their stories satisfy this condition.

4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

Correspondence.

THE McMASTER YELL.*

To the Editor of The Monthly.

Sir:—

Two men sat talking of the East, of their college days, of McMaster. They were in one of the cities of the West, far removed from the university life of which they were speaking in reminiscent strain.

"Have you heard," asked one, "that they are now talking of changing the yell? The old one is too long. They are talking of having a new pin. The old one does not please some of them. And they are thinking of doing away with old 'Boom on Mac.' They say it does not belong to McMaster."

And the two immediately formed themselves into an indignation meeting.

The old yell is too long? Ask the Alumni of McMaster if it is. How quickly there flashes to my mind a scene in Massey Music Hall some six or seven years ago. It was the occasion of a mass meeting to hear Sir Wilfrid Laurier speak. The hall was thronged with people. The top gallery was given over to the students of the city. It was a night of triumph for McMaster. We headed the line of students that marched to the hall. And none found the McMaster yell too long that night. Among all the college yells that were given none sounded so well as "Rah, rah, rah, Ski you mah."

A copy of the March number of the Monthly lies before me. "Enthusiastic feeling is not best vented in prolonged declamation, but in short and crisp ejaculations," declares the "knocker," as he styles himself. In the old days students of McMaster found that the yell was too short to express all their enthusiasm. We repeated it a score of times and on every

* This letter reached The Monthly last spring, but too late for publication.

possible occasion. Surely the present students must be deficient in lung power.

Then we are told in the same number of the MONTHLY that old "Boom on Mac" is not our own. It is. No matter where it came from in the first place, it is now most assuredly our own.

Let me say a few words for the old students of McMaster. To us any thought of change seems like sacrilege. We cannot imagine McMaster without her "Boom on Mac" and the old yell and pin. In talking of the necessity of a new college song, it is pointed out that McMaster cannot expect to have songs like "Dulce Domum" of Winchester, or "Forty Years On" of Harrow, or "All Hail to Thee, Toronto" of Toronto. McMaster cannot expect to have such songs as these, but remember that what makes these songs so precious to the colleges they belong to, is the fact that they are associated with the history of the school. McMaster is young yet, and that is the only reason that it seems as though she did not possess a real McMaster song.

The school owes something to its graduates. It is the traditions around a place that make it precious to those who spent some years of their life there. When a number of McMaster old boys and girls gather in some distant city or country, they sing "Boom on Mac," and give the old and beloved yell. Imagine the cold water that would be thrown on their enthusiasm if some undergraduate told them that they were wrong, that something entirely different was the song and the yell.

Don't change college songs and yells. Add new ones if you will, but still keep the old ones as "the" McMaster songs and yells. Remember that when we old boys and girls go back to McMaster, the only things that can possibly be the same as when we were students, are the building, some of the professors, and the old song and yell. We haven't much. Leave us the little that we have.

Listen to what a present Senior says in a letter to me: "Some of them do not like our crest and are trying to get a new one. They say that the McMaster song is not our own, and they hope to discard it in favor of a new one that has absolutely no 'go'

in it, at all. And above all things they want a new yell, as they say the old one is too long and barbarous. I'm glad I'm leaving McMaster.''

Surely when reformations and changes tend to make present, usually loyal students feel this way, they are not right. And the feeling that comes over an old boy is that there will not be very much ''McMaster'' left about his Alma Mater.

Keep the old spirit alive. And keep the old songs and yells that helped so materially to foster this spirit.

I am, yours fraternally,

GRADUATE.

Edmonton, April, 1910.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to F. D. Weir. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

V. E. Gray, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
A. M. Menhennick, '11 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. I. Ogilvie, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. Jeffery, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. Price, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLay, M.A. | I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

A. W. Wilson, '11. G. H. Thomas, '12. J. E. Howes, '12. Miss A. B. Turner, '12
A. E. White, Theol. F. A. McGregor, 13'. A. R. Quirk, '13.
——— ———, Moulton College.
J. E. Anderson, Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

F. D. Weir, '13, Subscription Department. | H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Advertising Department

Vol. XX. November, 1910. No. 2

Editorial Notes.

Educational Day of the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, held in Bloor Street Baptist Church on October 24th, will go down as a landmark in the history of McMaster University. Two matters dealt with in the report of the Senate and Board of Governors, which was read by the Chancellor, showed that since a year ago McMaster has grown and has planned, as well, for still larger growth. The first of these was the fact that on May 10th, 1910, the Senate adopted a plan of affiliation with Brandon College which, in its essential points, is the same as that by which Toronto University and its federated colleges are united. The report also stated that the Board of Governors had faced the problem of providing larger accommodation for the work of the University, and had, accordingly, definitely agreed upon a large scheme of expansion, which would include selling the present buildings and site and moving to some more

commodious site within five miles of McMaster Hall. The affiliation scheme will aid much in extending McMaster's influence, her spirit and high ideals as expressed in her motto, "In Christ all things consist." The expansion policy will do even more for this end. We believe that McMaster University has a unique contribution to make to the country, that she has contributed and is contributing this unique thing through the influence of her graduates and her undergraduates, and that in the larger work which she is planning she will continue to increasingly serve her country and humanity in this regard. Let us be loyal to our Alma Mater and her ideals, and seek to extend that influence even before she endeavors to do so by material means.

In memory of their late classmates, Year '12 has offered for annual competition in McMaster a prize, the conditions of which read as follows: "The McGregor-Smith Memorial Prize. Established in 1910 by the class of 1912 in Arts, in memory of their late classmates, Percy N. McGregor and Lee W. Smith. To be awarded to that student of the Second Year, if worthy, who obtains the highest rank in the Special English and History Course. Of the annual value of $25." By their action, Year '12 has both erected a lasting tribute to the memory of their former esteemed classmates, and has rendered to the University a valuable service. Other years might do well to follow the example set by this year, when seeking a means of leaving with their Alma Mater some expression of their loyalty and their indebtedness to her.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. EVAN GRAY, '11.

"No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no birds, no leaves,
November!

HOOD—NOVEMBER.

DREARY prospect, indeed, is this which opens before us. Gone is all the glory of hill and vale. The trees, naked and shivering, vainly stretch imploring arms to a dull grey, merciless sky that seems to have closed down menacingly over them. Their erstwhile braveries are whirled in murmuring crowds through the grove, down the hill, or into the cold, dark water that, chameleon-like, has taken on the dull sheen of the sky. Already, there is stealing over all, the sluggish lethargy of temper that shall soon bind all nature in long hibernal quietus. The first harbingers of the approaching season have already reached us—frail, feathersome things that faded as they fell. Nightly from the shore of lake and stream have crept those crystal films which the ardor of the morning sun has only temporarily dissipated.

Thus comes November, the hyphen of the seasons. To us, it should bring no languor or abatement of activity; rather an acceleration of the pulse of mind and heart. Surely there is need for it. Consciously, the students' interests are changing. Now essays, rather than rugby practices, are the essentials of daily life, and attendance on lectures has assumed a new importance.

TO THE FRESHMEN.—The McMaster *Esprit de Corps* has long been the tender care, as it has been the pride, of McMaster students, and it is ours to see that in successive years it receives new impetus—not diminution. This is of special importance to Year Fourteen. Know then, oh ye Freshmen, that the McMaster Spirit demands your unselfish loyalty to the various societies,

which are its real guardians. This implies a loyalty by way of subscription, as well as by your presence at the meetings and functions of the societies. These fees should come before those of your class. Year Fourteen has not, as yet, done its duty in this regard. Of the fifty-six enrolled members of that year, only twenty-one are pledged subscribers for The Monthly, only fourteen have joined the Athletic Association, and only twenty-four are members of the Literary Society. These figures are startling when compared with the statistics of former freshman years. Where are the other members? Those who have been placed in the lead, as the executive of the year, should see to it that a more lively spirit of loyalty to the school and its institutions is engendered in the ranks of their class.

The Literary Society—The initial meeting of the Literary Society under its new Executive was held on Friday evening, October 14th. It was a most enjoyable affair, and its success reflects much credit upon those who had the various details of the program under their care. It is gratifying also to note that the attendance was large and fairly representative of all the years, including the freshmen,—for whom, indeed, the form of the evening's pleasure was chiefly designed. The President, Mr. E. D. Gray, '11, outlined the policy of the Executive for the coming year. A violin solo by Mr. F. A. McGregor, '13, was enthusiastically received. Mr. C. B. Crowe, '13, gave a humorous reading, entitled, "The Ballad of Hard-luck Henry,"—a tale of a Klondike miner, a "storied" egg, and the blighting of love's young dream. An intermission, during which refreshments were served, was followed by promenades. A vocal solo, delightfully rendered by Miss E. Kellock, '11, brought to a close the splendid evening's entertainment.

To those who have experienced other "first nights" in Lit. history, there was in this a spirit of good-fellowship that was distinctive. This spirit dominated everyone, even the newcomers, and broke up the groups of the bashful and the diffident. Perhaps it was also responsible for the following incident. A recent graduate,—an ex-president of his year, one of the Powers-that-used-to-be on the Monthly Board, and a shield-winner in intercollege debate, to boot—went promenading with a pretty freshette, and was taken for a classmate! He was made to explain in detail how he liked college, whether going to college was what he expected it to be, and,—"haven't we just the dandiest year?" *et cetera.*

The Freshman Picnic—On Saturday, October 15th, the freshman class assembled *au pique-nique* in High Park, and proceeded to get acquainted. The afternoon was spent at base-ball—in which even the ladies were found to excel—and such other amusements as are indulged in on like occasions. Lacking information to the contrary, we presume that autographs were preserved on the table-napkins: it is certain that the kodak-owners brought home no unused films. After a delightful lunch, prepared by the freshettes, year songs were practised, and the new yell perfected (?).

Inter-College Debate—Great was the rejoicing in the Hall on the evening of November 9th when, by defeating University College, McMaster won her thirteenth consecutive victory in the field of inter-college debate. The subject of the debate was, Resolved: "That the Hudson Bay Route is impracticable." Mr. J. D. Mackenzie-Naughton and Mr. S. C. S. Kerr of University College upheld the affirmative, and Mr. F. W. Waters and Mr. James Strachan, of McMaster, the negative. Mr. Mackenzie-Naughton, in an excellent speech, with regard both to substance and manner of presentation, dealt with the necessity of caution in an undertaking of such magnitude, and maintained that the financial difficulties involved in construction and maintenance, in excessive freight and insurance rates, and in developing unknown country, proved the scheme impracticable. Mr. Waters presented, in splendid debating style, the reply to certain arguments of the previous speaker, established the fact that there would be sufficient both of outward and inward traffic to make the road a financial success, and pointed out the strategic advantages and great need of the route. Mr. Kerr dealt chiefly with the natural difficulties connected with the short season for navigation, the dangerous winds, ice and currents, and the lack of accessible harbors. Mr. Strachan, in reply, pointed out the inconsistencies in the arguments of the affirmative, showed that the difficulties were not unsurmountable, as proved by engineers' reports, and explained to the affirmative that their statements were not as reliable as government data. Mr. Strachan presented his case in a remarkably forceful and eloquent manner, which had much to do with the decision of the debate. The leader of the affirmative then made excellent use of the five minutes allowed for a reply. The judges, Mr. N. W. Hoyles, K.C., Rev. G. R. Fasken, B.A., and Mr. G. S. Brett, M.A., after a lengthy deliberation, returned the verdict that McMaster had won.

The enjoyment of the evening was materially enhanced by

a violin solo rendered by Mr. B. B. Farmer, and a humorous reading by Miss M. Gillman, of the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression, of which the audience showed its appreciation by demanding encores. The singing of college songs and parodies by the McMaster students, under the leadership of Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, was also a feature of the evening.

A Lit. Appointment—At a general meeting of the Literary Society, Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, was elected by acclamation to the chair of Recording Secretary, left vacant by the non-return of Mr. R. J. Gould.

Theology—Theology has organized! Since 1.30 p.m. of November 1st the class in Theology boasts a brand-new president, a secretary-treasurer and representatives to the other organizations in connection with the University life. The following members of the staff constitute the executive: President, H. F. Veals, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, A. E. Kelly, B.A.; Representatives: to the Student Body Executive, A. E. White, B.A.; to the Athletic Executive, E. E. Sayles, B.A.; to the Debating Society Executive, T. Pink; to the Literary Society Executive, T. E. Richards, B.A.; and to the Y.M.C.A. Executive, A. E. White, B.A.

The Debating Society—Resolved: "That higher education does not unfit a girl for home making." This was the subject of an animated debate in the regular meeting of the Society on October 15th. Mr. F. Poole, '12, advocated the cause of the University girl, and Mr. R. L. Knight, '12, held a brief for the negative. Needless to say, the wordy war was warmly waged. Mr. H. F. Veals and Mr. A. E. White acted as judges and decided in favor of the affirmative. A very helpful criticism was given by Dr. Swedelius.

Sophomore Picnic—About 30 members of Year '13 were entertained at the summer hotel at Long Branch during the afternoon of Saturday, Oct. 22. The hotel had been closed some weeks before, but was reopened for the day by some of the more enterprising Sophs. Fortunately, however, the presence of the Honorary President of the year was effectual in restraining the guests from taking advantage of all the hotel privileges. The Sophomore was always burdened with a sense of the seriousness of living; alike in his work and in his play, the spirit of jocundity has but small part. This truth established, it is no far step to imagine the ball games of the afternoon marked by the intensity of a National League contest, and the rounds of French tag

and other such games by a like keenness. Such was nearly the fact. Thus, and in divers other manners, the afternoon slipped away, some finding enjoyment at the water's edge in the study of wave phenomena, others enjoying themselves in more subjective experiences. In its own unique fashion, the Sophomore Year made merry.

The Evangelistic Band.—At a general meeting of the Y.M.C.A. held in the chapel on Friday, October 28, the McMaster Evangelistic Band was organized for the session of 1910-11. Mr. F. H. Jeffery, '11, was chosen Leader; Mr. M. R. Hartley, '13, Secretary-Treasurer; and Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, Leader of the Quartette. Under the able leadership of these gentlemen and with the hearty co-operation of the student body, the band should go forth to a most successful season.

[*WITH APOLOGIES TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE FAERIE QUEENE."*]

A youthful freshman, hiking down ye hall,
Within ye precinct of Room Three espied
A maid on whom he oft was wont to call—
His Faerie Queene yclept. It seemed she sied—
Small wonder that at once himself he hied
To join her at the window. To the door
Full soon a crowd came surging like a tide.
They gibed him, asked him out: it made him soar,
Till came the Kakiak and drove him out before.

The Freshman Yell.—The earliest effusion of Year Fourteen's bard is published herewith. We are glad to note that what it lacks in originality is compensated for by brevity. Con over Toyky-Oik (S.P.S.), if you are in doubt as to the metre. It smacks strongly of the stone age of civilization.

Zocabarac Zocabaroc
Oso co loso co ay
Fourteen Fourteen
Hurray, Hurray, Hurray.

On October 17, Mr. J. Lovell Murray, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, favored us with a visit, and addressed a meeting of the students in the chapel at 1.15 p.m. that day. Mr. Murray's message to McMaster men drew their attention to the fact that the laymen, challenged by the students to accomplish the evangelization of the world in this generation, had passed the same challenge back to the university. The speaker pointed out that there is sufficient life

among the college men of America, to accomplish this colossal enterprise. He also alluded to the significance of the wide-reaching movements which are, in our day, sweeping across the non-Christian countries of the world; of the marvellous acceptance of Christianity in Korea where, in very truth, a nation has been born in a day; of the fact that Buddhism has selected portions of the Christian Bible and appropriated them as her own teachings; and of the fact that prayers are even now being sent up by the people of India for "Our dear India."

In the course of his remarks Mr. Murray mentioned the new book entitled "The Decisive Hour in Christian Missions," written by John R. Mott. This is a work rich in information and one of dynamic force. It is the biggest thing Mr. Mott has yet accomplished; and it is written for students. Mr. Murray suggets that McMaster men study it. The speaker closed his remarks by saying that to enter heartily into this great enterprise we must get the Lord's view-point, and that to know anything of His compassion for the heathen we must know something of the suffering Saviour.

Mr. Z. Hymie Rothschild is in our midst. His incog. was pierced by our eagle-eyed sleuth, the Secretary of the McM.A.A.A. when young Crœsus, in payment of his athletic fee, presented a cheque numbered 1-5-0-7-5.

Freshman Banquet.

There are three stages in the early training of the Freshman. Tradition gives it as a sophomoric duty soon after the commencement of the school year to impress upon the mind of the newcomer the fact that he is under authority: the means used, the initiation ceremony. Next it is the Sophomore's business to reveal to him, by means of the Field Day rush, that he is possessed of certain animal instincts which ought to be developed. The third degree is in the nature of a banquet tendered the freshmen by their censors, for the purpose of teaching the novice that he may, even though a Freshman, have some share in the social life of the University.

Year Fourteen is now fully initiated. On Wednesday evening, October 26, its members met with their erstwhile foemen—this time in no belligerent spirit—to enjoy the rich festal bounties provided and to listen to such words of wisdom as to Professor and Sophomore might seem appropriate. Mr. H. C. Cline, President of Year '13, unstopped the well-springs of oratory by proposing the toast to King George V. The members of the Fresh-

man Year were moderately eulogized and freely admonished by A. Haddow; B. F. Trotter, Year Fourteen's President, made graceful acknowledgement. F. A. McGregor and M. R. Hartley worked off something of the effervescence of their enthusiasm for the faculty and Alma Mater respectively; Dr. Swedelius and Prof. G. H. Campbell replying. The ladies were apostrophized by W. E. Morrow, in serio-comic fashion, as the manner of some is, to which Miss Hooper, Vice-President of the Sophomore Year, made neat and fitting response. The enjoyment of the evening was considerably enhanced by a piano solo by Miss B. Carey, '13, and a vocal solo by Miss Kortum, '13.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ADA M. MENHENNICK, '11.

"And in this poynte I meane not to be mine owne carver, least I should seeme either to picke a thanke with men, or a quarel with women."

IT IS SAID that Thanksgiving Day is not only the happiest, but the most lasting memory of the Puritans. Be that as it may, it came as a welcome summons home to many of us and the fact that Hallowe'en coincided with it, only served to give a mystic something to the occasion. We found the great city depot, crowded with wanderers turning homeward, their faces bright with the anticipated joy of the meetings close at hand; and later, as we stood at some bleak country station, we saw October's foliage, yellow with his cold, floating drearily from the half-bare branches. Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and bright, and the cross-country drives and the many fireside games were favorite diversions. The most universally-honored object of the day seemed to be the famous turkey, for as the poet says:

> "From the low peasant to the lord,
> The Turkey smokes on every board."

There he was, noble-looking and grand, and the mischievous smiles on the little faces told of the brave chase he had given his pursuers.

But alas! the holidays are soon over, or should we be glad of that since "when they seldom come they wished for come?"

Here we are treading the familiar halls again, soothed no longer by happy dreams of Thanksgiving Day, but haunted by a nightmare of neglected work.

The Girls are grateful to whomever it is due for the change in the library hours. There has been dissatisfaction this term over the hour of opening in the morning. Those who live in the Hall have easy access to the stack-room in the evenings but the time for outsiders is very limited. Besides, some find the library a more suitable place for studying, with the books of reference at hand, than the boarding-house, particularly toward the end of the term. Therefore the change should facilitate work.

W. L. S.—A short meeting was held on October 14, with the President, Miss Kellock, in the chair. It was announced that fate had named the first and third years as participants in the opening debate. '13 and '11 for the second, the winners to contest for the championship. Miss Gertrude Carey played on the mandolin, and Miss Josephine Murray sang. It is of interest to note, that the cultivation of the æsthetic is not wholly dispensed with as an impediment in the race after learning. A number of the girls are always ready to provide on any occasion the music which is an essential factor of college life. Their willing services are much appreciated. The Women's Student Body appointed Miss McLaurin post-mistress and three girls under-curators. Miss Montgomery's paper on Current Events was listened to with great interest, especially the pages devoted to the Double-Eye. The programme ended with a selection from the T.D. Orchestra and a solo by Miss Kellock with orchestral accompaniment.

At the next meeting the hustling Juniors entertained the assembling members with their latest repertoire of songs. The interesting new feature, a debate, drew an unusually gratifying attendance. Miss Edith Pratt and Miss McIntosh of Year '14, supported the resolution, "That Shylock received justice in the 'Merchant of Venice,' " against Miss Adams and Miss McGregor of Year '12. In speaking for the judges, Dr. Farmer expressed pleasure at the excellent material and manner, and particularly praised the leaders for their treatment of the subject. The negative won by a narrow margin. Miss Pratt and Miss Adams moved a vote of thanks to Dr. Farmer and Prof. McLay. The Current Events were given by Miss McLaurin, who startled some of the audience by her local items. Mrs. Arnton gave her usual helpful criticism.

CALENDAR FOR 1910-11 (Continued).

Events as heard discussed in the Ladies' Rooms.

Oct. 13.—A W.L.S. picnic! O what fun! All the little folks were in the wildest excitement, and nothing short of a downpour would keep them at home because, had they not been excused from lessons to go to it? How much nicer than having it on Saturday! They were told, "You have been good girls, so run along and have a nice time, only don't go on the water." Lambton proved just the spot for their childish games and like lambs they gambolled in the sunshine on the green sward by the river. Huge appetites soon made away with sandwiches and cake, and by eight o'clock each tousled head was sweetly reposing in its little cot.

Oct. 14.—If the lady who asked this morning if this were the Home for Incurables, could have looked in this evening on the processions of animated couples in the halls, she would have needed no verbal answer.

Small attendance of freshmen at opening meeting of Lit. very noticeable. It would have been better if they had made their début there instead of waiting two weeks later. Suggestions have been heard that the Senior men next fall hold a class for the instruction of new-comers, not only in social duties but in the observances of the University.

The T. D. Orchestra gave its first public performance this afternoon. Needless to say, those who heard it, or rather saw it, easily ranked it on a level with other well-known musical organizations of Toronto; and possibly acknowledged not even the McMaster Band as superior. Although there was a slight woodenness of tone in the bass viol and a force too striking in the second violin, the whole volume was as well-balanced, and showed such delicate shading in the solo accompaniment, that the leader, Miss Y——, is to be congratulated on producing such efficiency. The prima donna was presented with a handsome sheaf of green and scarlet. Musical journals please copy.

Oct. 19.—When a gentleman in speaking to assembled students at chapel service persists in addressing the ladies' section, and in fixing on them a piercing eye, the latter cannot be

blamed for allowing their guilty consciences to make them restless and fidgety.

Oct. 20.—Fine, with unexpected squalls during day. An event too horrible to discuss in detail—a man was seen in the Ladies' Reading Room. Where are our ancient rights? Where, our native protection? O ye gods, is there no spot on earth where we can be free from the oppressor? Shall it be necessary that we guard our privileges by affixing a sign to the door-post of our habitation, "Let no man enter here on pain of death?"

Oct. 21.—"This is the limit!" This remark was pronounced in emphatic tones by a disgusted Senior who turned back at the library door because a man (undoubtedly a Freshman) was comfortably ensconced at a certain table. Perhaps the Reference Library would lend us a sign. We hope that no more remarks on this subject will be necessary.

Cloudy and mild with showers at night.

Miss Denovan represented the W. L. S. at a reception given by the Women's Lit. and the Union Lit of Victoria College.

Oct. 24.—Report of McMaster University,—??!!?!; !!! ???!! ?,—!.:.

Oct. 25.—Usual gaiety of Field Day drives away lethargy of the morning. The Juniors purchased part of their banner at the undertaker's this year.

Oct. 26.—Oh, wad some power the giftie gie them, To ask the lass where none can see them.

The soph'mores made a banquet, on a rainy autumn night,
And all the giddy freshmen they did cordially invite.
Each man must take a maiden—and herein lies the tale,
For at the tho't of asking her, each freshman turned him pale.
Yet bravely to the Ladies' Room to seek his fair unknown,
Each quaking youngster did repair—and few there were turned down;
Some two or three, they tell me, and the telling grieved me sore,
Were cheated of their prizes by the grasping sophomore.
Armed with their umb(e)rellas, and scarce knowing aught to say,
They, marshalling their ladies, hiked for Williamses' café;
But alas! when rude conductors soon their fare boxes presented,
They paid upon compulsion, tho' they secretly resented.
They quite consumed the banquet from the soup to the ice-cream,
Stood all the toasts right royally—perhaps this was extreme;
And since those tho'tless girls had made "no other preparation,"
The gallant freshmen saw them home before their separation.

E. M., '12

Will the dignified graduate who forgot the name of the lady he wished to see after he had knocked at the door, kindly put it down in a note-book next time?

Oct. 27.—"How are the mighty fallen!" "They shall tremble at every moment, every man for his won life in the day of thy fall." "For a just man falleth seven times and riseth up again." Propped up against the wall of the Reading Room, we found the débris of two well-known and oft-studied pictures which adorned the wall only the night before. It cannot truthfully be said that any tears were shed, despite the admiration we have for our predecessors.

The Y.M.C.A. has held some interesting meetings this month. On October 17, Mr. J. Lovell Murray, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave an inspiring address on the Decisive Hour. He emphasized the wonderful possibilities for Christian work in every heathen country at the present day. Mrs. Stott, a returned missionary from China, spoke at a subsequent session on individual responsibility.

Miss Blodgett, of Detroit, has been holding Bible study classes on the women characters of the Bible in Castle Memorial Hall every evening and the girls who attend these classes find it a very profitable course. The members are now enrolled for Bible study, and Mission study has been started with Dr. Zwemer's "Islam" as the text-book.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: V. W. PRICE, '11.

"Now, by St. Paul, the work goes bravely on."

SOCCER.—McMaster 2, Victoria 0. Those who failed to witness this contest on Saturday morning, October 22nd, at the Varsity Rear Campus missed seeing a good game of soccer. Both teams spurned the leathern sphere in creditable style. Our boys were out to win, and every fellow showed up well. The truth was, that just wherever a pair of the green and black stockings was wanted it was there. The forwards played a steady combination game throughout. Our goal was in danger only three or four times. "Shakespeare" made a splendid stop on a penalty kick.

We have won from last year's champions, but let no one imagine that that settles things for us. Our men must do continued hard work until the time-whistle of the last game blows, if we are to be Intermediate Inter-Faculty Champions for 1910. The team needs the support of every student of the University. McMaster line-up: Goal, Wilson; backs, Hisey, McEnteer; halves, Kelly, Browne, T. Wilson; forwards, Fairchild, Ashmore, Chapman, B. McCrimmon, Poole (captain).

"NEWS OF BATTLE."

FIELD DAY.—October 25th dawned cold, damp and dull. But as the hour of the many-sided conflict approached, the weather man heeded our desire and soon old Sol was busy drying off the Varsity oval. By noon the track was in almost perfect condition and a steady, cool breeze blew from the north. As is customary, the various classes assembled in the Hall shortly after 2 p.m., donned their respective colors, and, headed by the college band, marched *en masse* to the field. It was just a few minutes after 2.30 p.m. when the starter's pistol let loose the first batch in the hundred yards' dash.

Field Day this year was phenomenal on account of four features. First, seven of the College records were broken. Second, the entry list was the largest in the history of the Association. Third, one new event—the half-mile walk—was added to the list. Fourth, the pallid banner of the Theologues was conspicuous

by its absence. Herewith we give the list of events and winners:

(1) Hundred Yards Dash: 1, Halbhaus; 2, Goodfellow; 3, Ryrie. Time, 10 1-5 seconds. Mr. Halbhaus broke the previous college record of 10 3-5 seconds.

(2) Half-mile Run: 1, Waters; 2, Sanderson; 3, Weir. Time, 2 minutes, 12 seconds.

(3) Pole Vault: 1, Browne; 2, Wilson; 3, Jamieson. Height, 7 feet, 4 1-2 inches.

(4) Broad Jump: 1, Halbhaus; 2, Goodfellow; 3, Browne. Distance, 20 feet, 9 inches. Mr. Halbhaus broke the college record. Old record for this event, 19 feet, 4 1-2 inches.

(5) 220 Yards Dash: 1, Halbhaus; 2, Goodfellow; 3, McGregor. Time, 22 4-5 seconds. Mr. Halbhaus lowered the old college record of 24 seconds.

(6) Throwing 16-pound Hammer: 1, Veals; 2, Graham, H. H.; 3, Newton. Distance, 82 feet, 3 inches. Mr. Veals broke the previous college record of 79 feet 7 1-2 inches which was made by himself in 1907.

(7) One Mile Run: 1, Waters; 2, Sanderson; 3, Weir. Time, 5 minutes, 2 2-5 seconds.

(8) Putting 16-pound Shot: 1, Graham, H.H.; 2, Veals; 3, Ryrie. Distance, 30 feet 3 inches.

(9) High Jump: 1, Parry; 2, Browne; 3, Goodfellow. Height, 5 feet 1-2 inch.

(10) 120 Yards Hurdle: 1, Ryrie; 2, Richardson; 3, Goodfellow. Time.

(11) Half-mile Walk: 1, Richardson; 2, Turnbull, J.R.; 3, Hyde.

(12) 440 Yards Run: 1, Halbhaus; 2, Goodfellow; 3, McGregor. Time, 52 3-5 seconds. The old record of 56 2-5 seconds was lowered in this event.

(13) Throwing the Discus: 1, Graham, H. H.; 2, Hisey; 3, Tedford. Distance, 88 feet 7 inches. Mr. Graham broke the college record. Old record, 88 feet 4 inches.

(14) Team Race: 1, Year '13; 2, Year '12; 3, Year '11. Time, 4 minutes 3-5 second. This breaks the previous record of 4 minutes 8 3-5 seconds.

In the individual championship F. J. Halbhaus, '11, won the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal with a total of 20 points; G. M. Goodfellow, '13, by making 14 points becomes the possessor of the First Association Medal, while the Second Association Medal goes to H. H. Graham, '14, who earned 12 points. In the year competition for the Track Championship and points

towards the Matthews Cup, the seniors and freshmen tied for first place, each notching 36 points. Year '13 came second with 30 points; Year '12 third with 16 counters, while Theology's lone representative secured 8 points for the "Hallelujah Hall" throng.

The Field Day Rowen.—The "irrepressible conflict between opposing forces" came. The opponents were the yellow and the green. No sign of a struggle was apparent until after all the events were concluded, when the sophomores marched on to the field with something which Year '14 thought represented a freshman. Immediately they were upon the foe. But the sophs were "armed to the teeth." A cloud of green and black for a moment hid everything, but when it vanished, both Years appeared as "Two in One." The decorated bag of excelsior (the first year's mistaken freshman) proved to be the centre of the contest. After the second year had, in spite of several *coups de main* of the freshmen, propelled the aforesaid bag down the campus and back to the grand stand all was at an end. Almost the last to leave the field was a forlorn little group of faithful freshettes who huddled protectingly around the verdant emblem—their one lasting token of the 1910 Field Day.

The arrival of Moulton College, whom we were pleased to have with us, was the cause of much excitement and animation on the part of the freshmen. We understand that the fair ones of Moulton wish individually and collectively to express their deep appreciation of the services of the member of the first year who labored so strenuously to assist them up the first step of the grand stand.

What would Field Day be like without a band? Last year we lost almost the whole of our band and, at first, prospects for reorganization looked poor. But several new musicians were discovered, "Bow-wow" happened on the scene and under the leadership of Mr W. L. Blackadar, B.A., the band rendered excellent service. Constable "Chauncey Depew," who personally conducted the procession *en route,* looked a charming hobble-te-hoy gowned in a bath-robe of "assorted tints."

We are glad to welcome to our University Mr. Frank J. Halbhaus, who comes to us from Varsity. Mr. Halbhaus leaves the large sister institution with the enviable reputation of being a good student, a champion sprinter and a sportsman in the true sense of the word. Besides winning the McNaught Cup and the Chancellor's Medal, Frank set four new College records for us. McMaster Athletic Association feels justly proud of having

Frank Halbhaus, who is registered in Year '11, as one of its members.

Owing to the many styles of pedestrianism, and the endeavor of the contestants to walk according to rules, the innovation in the list of events proved to be artistic as well as interesting and exciting.

SOCCER.

"Neither the praise nor the blame is our own."

On October 27 McMaster lined up on the Varsity Rear Campus and scored once in the goal which should have been defended by the Dents, who defaulted, thus giving the game to our team. Watch, now, boys! McMaster is in the semi-finals of this series.

Meds 1, McMaster 1.—This game was played on November 3rd. After considerable delay caused by the failure of the Meds to put in an appearance until past 5 p.m., the teams finally started on the first of twenty-minute halves. For some time our men did not get going and, before any one realized it, the Meds had secured a goal. This roused the green and black to action and for the rest of the half the playing honors were about evenly distributed. But our forwards could not drop one in. After half-time the game belonged to anyone. In vain did our men search in the darkness for the Meds' goal posts. The time was going, going fast and the score stood 1-0 against us. Three minutes more to play! Now we had a corner kick. As the ball came sailing down on to the Meds' goal Browne fouled it. Alas! a free kick for the Meds! The whistle blew, Ashmore rushed in, got the ball, and we had scored.

McMaster line-up: Goal, Wilson; backs, Hisey, Howes; halves, Kelly, Browne, T. Wilson; forwards, Fairchild, Ashmore, Chapman, B. McCrimmon, Poole (captain).

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: F. H. Jeffery, '11.

N enthusiastic Alumni banquet was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday, October 21, at which a goodly number of alumni and alumnæ, attending the Convention, gathered to show continued confidence in their Alma Mater. After the preliminary enjoyments had been indulged in and the tables relieved of their burden, Rev. A. L. Huddleston, President of the Alumni, arose to restore order. Chancellor McKay was called upon to address the gathering. The popular applause with which he was greeted indicated the confidence of the graduates in the head of their University and an appreciation of his work. The Chancellor spoke of his pleasant relations with the student body and also referred to the burden of responsibility involved in the Chancellorship. Such burdens had been too much for some of his predecessors and he had been warned that these burdens would also overpower him. He felt, however, that the stress of recent years would soon be lessened. The committee appointed to establish an English lectureship reported through Mr. Fox, that nothing would be done for the present. Messrs. W. E. Robertson and A. J. Thomson, and Revs. G. R. MacFaul, H. H. Bingham, A. P. McDonald and T. M. Dadson gave short addresses of appreciation for what McMaster had done for them. Messrs. Volney Ray, of the Congo, and C. N. Mitchell, of Bolivia, were eagerly listened to as they gave some of their missionary experiences. When the meeting adjourned each alumnus and alumna felt more closely bound to Alma Mater.

A Class Re-Union of "Nought-Seven" was held last May at the home of Mrs Cranston, in Rosedale. Several members of the class were present and elected Mrs. Cranston as president and Mr. S. J. Bates as secretary. It was arranged to get out a circular to be sent to every member of the Year. This circular, a copy of which we have received, contains a brief note concerning all of the "Nought-Seven" graduates.

Mr. S. R. Tarr, M.A. (McMaster, '97), who for some time was with "The Chronicle" of Montreal, has lately moved to

Winnipeg to act in the capacity of managing editor of a new journal, "Canadian Finance."

Rev. H. H. Bingham, B.A., '04, lately of Paris, Ont., now pastor of the Talbot Street Baptist Church, London, Ont., was elected vice-president of the B.Y.P.U.A. at Saratoga convention in July last.

Rev. A. G. Baker, B.A., '96, sailed, with his family, from New York, July 23, for South America. Mr. Baker returns as missionary to continue the work at LaPaz, the capital of Bolivia.

Mr. A. J. Madill, B.A., '02, science master at Orillia Collegiate Institute for the past four and a half years, has accepted a similar position in the Collegiate Institute at Niagara Falls, Ont.

Rev. Nelson A. Harkness, B.A., '04, and Mr. Norman J. Ware, B.A., '08, have received the degree of Bachelor of Divinity from the University of Chicago.

Mr. T. H. Peine, B.A., '05, has completed his course at the law school and has been called to the Bar. Mr. Peine is at present with the firm of Holman and Bisset of this city. "Teddy," as he was familiarly called, was McMaster's famous full back in rugby while attending here. Success, "Teddy."

Rev. H. C. Priest, B.A., '94, of Strathroy, Ont., has accepted the position of Canadian Secretary of the Young People's Missionary Movement.

Rev. C. E. Scott, B.A., '96, for some time pastor of the Baptist Church of Parry Sound, has removed to West Fort William, Ont., where he has become pastor of the new and growing church.

Rev. Dr. Hughson, formerly of Windsor, Ont., began his ministry at Stratford, Ont., on September 1st.

Rev. Llewellyn Brown, M.A., '96, B.Th., '98, who has held pastorates in Cleveland, Ohio, and South Bend, Indiana, has returned to Canada to succeed Rev. S. J. Farmer in the First Baptist Church, Brantford.

Rev. C. R. Duncan, B.A., B.Th., has taken up his residence in Port Huron, Mich., where he has become pastor of the First Baptist Church.

Mr. R. D. MacLaurin, M.A. (McMaster '03), Ph.D. (Harvard '06), has accepted the Professorship of Chemistry in the University of Saskatchewan.

Mr. W. S. Fox, M.A., '06, of Brandon College, has been honored by the Johns Hopkins University with a Fellowship for this year in Classical Archæology.

Mr. H. L. MacNeill, B.A., '94, of Brandon College, has received the degree of Ph.D. from Chicago University. His major subject was New Testament Greek and Classical Greek his minor.

Miss H. A. Gray, B.A. '09, and Miss L. M. Tapscott, B.A., '09, were among the additions to the teaching staff of Moulton College this fall.

Mr. J. H. Cranston, B.A., '05, of the Toronto Daily Star, was in May last promoted to the position of Assistant Managing Editor of that paper. He has also been elected as Secretary of the Canadian Press Association.

Mr. H. S. Arkell, B.A., '02, M.A., '04, who for some time was a member of the staff of the Agricultural College at Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec, moved to Ottawa last May. Mr. Arkell has been appointed by the Dominion Government to the position of Deputy Commissioner of Live Stock in the Agricultural Department.

In the last issue of The Monthly we reported the marriage of several of last year's graduates in Arts and Theology. This month we give a list of some of the older graduates who have done the very same thing. Here is the honor roll: Miss M. B. Edy, B.A., '08; Messrs. Norman McNaughton, B.A., '07, B.D., '10; C. R. Duncan, M.A., '10, B.Th., '10; C. A. Grant, B.A., '02; E. W. Clarke, B.A., '05; E. A. Miller, M.A., '08; E. C. Fox, B.A., '06, and O. K. Edmison, B.A., '09. The Monthly congratulates them most heartily.

MOULTON COLLEGE ALUMNÆ.

Alumnae Day, 1910.

MAGINE a clear June morning, the sun shining hotly down, and you have Alumnæ Day, 1910. Out of the sunshine into the cool of the chapel, they streamed, girls of all sizes and kinds, from the matron, proud of her old school, to the young graduate, rather timid at this her first entrance into the awe-inspiring Alumnæ Society, about fifty in all. The President, Helen Burke, being away, Norah Shenstone, the Vice-President, took the chair with all due dignity. After singing "Our College Days Will Soon be O'er," and, by the way, nothing brings back our schooldays so forcibly as that, we had a few words from Miss Thrall, an ever-welcome visitor, and then the regular business of the Society was looked into. Two new plans for the coming year were suggested, plans which should interest every Moulton girl, young or old. As to the first one—surely our Society is big enough and rich enough to undertake some definite work, our members are many, and our treasury is not always empty. So Settlement work, in all its many phases, was eagerly discussed by the girls, with the outcome that we should form a Chapter in Evangelia House, the largest Settlement in Toronto, and that we should pay $25 yearly, which would entitle us to have one of our members in residence there for a fortnight each year, in order to see what is being done and to help with the work. Her report, given at the annual meeting of the Alumnæ, will be a revelation to most of us, who hardly realize what the inside working of a busy Settlement is, and an inspiration for bigger things in the future. A committee composed of May Davies and Ethel Thomson Long was appointed to look into the matter, and see in what way we could best help along this splendid work. The second plan formed was that of having an Alumnæ Column in the McMaster Monthly, where all news obtainable of the Old Girls might be found. Here might the struggling editor mildly suggest that sometimes it is very difficult to get news, however hard she may try.

The following officers were then elected for the coming year: President, Elsie McLaurin; Vice-Presidents, Kate McLaurin, Jessie Dryden Zavitz, Helen Burke, Helen Drummond; Secre-

tary, Rennie Cringan; Treasurer, Mabel Hall; Editor, Helen Drummond; Executive Committee, Margaret Bailey Cohoe, Edith Johnson Moss, May Davies, Effie Graham.

The business of the day being concluded, the Alumnæ settled themselves to listen to a most spirited and "heated" debate on the following subject: "Resolved, That Canada would be benefitted by Women's Suffrage." The affirmative was stoutly upheld by Ethel Thomson Long and Florence Davis, '98, while Josephine Davis, '05, and Helen Drummond, '05, battled nobly for the negative. The arguments on both sides were many and forcible. At times the audience felt itself consumed by a yearning desire to join the female Suffrage Society, and then again, as the negative held eloquently forth, the feeling grew warm against the New Woman and nothing was more to be desired than the quiet home, where politics was not. However, in the final summing up of the judges, Mrs. Hardy, Eva Wilkins Cranston and Miss Norton, the decision was given in favor of the affirmative.

More members having turned up, everyone adjourned to the dining-room, where the pretty luncheon tables, bright with flowers, welcomed us after the strenuous morning. Great was the disappointment when it was learned that dear Mrs. McMaster could not be with us, but we toasted her heartily to the enthusiastic tune of "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow," and Mrs. Arnton said a few words in reply. Norah Shenstone, the Vice-President, acted as toastmistress, and "To the King" was patriotically drunk in weak lemonade. "The Incoming Class" brought forth a pleasant response from Effie Graham, '10, and then we all settled back to listen to a fascinating address given by Miss Elwood, the head of Evangelia House. She gave a splendid picture of Settlement life, and as she told of the joy and interest in working among her hundreds of girls, it made us, too, long to do something to help the world along. "Auld Lang Syne," laughingly sung with clasped hands, around the big dining-room, brought the luncheon to a close, and everyone streamed out on to the lawn, some to take part in, but most of us to watch, the tennis tournament. To say the least those were hotly contested games, in which, finally, Olive Wilkins and Winnifred Freeland were the winners.

In the evening a reception, given by the Faculty, brought a goodly number of Moulton's friends to the College. Everyone was glad to welcome Mrs. McMaster. Indeed, no Moulton festivity is complete without her.

And so Alumnæ Day 1910 ended. May our next one be as pleasant.

Aftermath.

Anna Cornell, '96, is teaching in the Winnipeg public schools. She came East this summer and enjoyed seeing some of her old Moulton friends . . Mrs. Kenneth McArthur (Sadie Rosser, '96) has a pleasant home in Ailsa Craig, enlivened by two lively children. . . Mrs. Lever (Mabel Wallace, '96), after living for a number of years in Cleveland, Ohio, has settled near her old home in Simcoe, where her husband has a flourishing drug business. . . Mrs. Zavitz (Jessie Dryden, '96) is still living in Guelph, and very much occupied in the interesting task of rearing two stirring boys. . . Mrs. P. G. Mode (Mabel Frances Wolverton, '93), after living in the West for some years as the wife of a professor in Brandon College, has moved to Chicago for a year, where her husband is taking a special course at the University. . . Mrs. McMaster (Emma Dryden, '91) is at present living in Washington, D.C. . . Kate McLaurin, '91, has come home from India on account of her health. . . Mrs. Tapscott (Edna Hewlett, '00) is living in Toronto, and rejoicing in her six months' old baby. . . Mrs. Johnson (Lillie Senior, '01) lives in Meaford, Ont., and finds her time quite fully occupied with her wee baby girl, only a month old. . . Edith Henderson, '03, was abroad all summer, as were also Ada Scott, '04, Jean Marsh, '07, and Anna Shapely, '07. . . Bessie Findlay, '06, is a nurse in training in one of the Winnipeg hospitals. . . Mrs. Carey Fox (Dora McKay, '05) held the first reception after her marriage a few weeks ago at Poplar Plains Road, Toronto. . . The friends of Edith Bellamy, '03, will be glad to know that this year she has a small sister at Moulton. . . Effie Cook, '08, is now nursing at the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto. . . Norah Burke, '06, is now in her second year at the Guelph Agricultural College. . . The engagement is announced of Alice Kennedy, '08, to Mr. Harold Cowans, of Toronto. . . Blanche Steele, '07, is going to spend the coming year abroad . . Lucie Bailey, '07, is teaching Domestic Science in the Ladies' College, Halifax. . . Florence Sheridan, '93, is again President of the Alumnæ Association of University College. . . Grace Sykes, '08, is now training for a Deaconess in the Ewart Home. . . Gladys Wookey, '08, Edna Colby, '08, and Ethel Stockwell, '09, are all at the University of Toronto.

The members of the Alumnæ will rejoice to know that this year there is sufficient in the treasury to allow of the two num-

bers of The McMaster Monthly which contain Moulton news, to be sent free of charge to all.

Miss McDermid's Death.—The sudden news of the death of Miss McDermid was received with a feeling of loss by many of us, who had known her as teacher at Moulton. In the six years spent among us, not a few had cause for gratitude for her ready and ungrudgingly-given help in our difficulties, and her loving friendship. These words come as a fitting memorial: "She hath done what she could." Miss McDermid did everything she could for us. We were glad when her health was such that she was again able, after two years' rest, to return to her teaching, and we were wishing for her a happy year at Decatur, not knowing that a few short weeks would call her to higher service. Two of our number had the privilege of being present at the funeral in London, and others expressed their love in floral wreaths.

Evangelia House.—In considering the question of Settlement Work there are three things which are apt to strike the outsider; namely, that a Settlement is neither a religious nor a purely charitable institution; that it is essentially for the young; and, lastly, that it is astonishingly successful in what it sets out to do. Of this work Evangelia House is a flourishing example. It is a big rambling building at the corner of Queen and River Streets, well fitted up with reading rooms, sewing rooms, class-rooms, shower baths, an excellent playground, a fully-equipped gymnasium, and also accommodation for a resident staff, of which Miss Ellwood is the head.

The aim is to provide help, instruction, and normal healthful amusements for the young people of the poorer districts. It has a membership of almost ——, which is divided into clubs, all self-governing and independent. A nominal fee is imposed, so that the stigma of charity is removed. The teaching is carried on by a large volunteer staff and includes tutoring for the Provincial examination, courses in history, literature, cooking, sewing, typewriting, etc. Once a member, the reading rooms, game rooms and gymnasium are open to the young man or woman seeking relaxation after the killing labor of the factories or the drudgery of comfortless homes. In summer the playgrounds, with their sand-piles, see-saws, swings and shower baths, are the happy breathing grounds of the little children of the slums. Picnics are given to the various clubs when the weather is hot, and indoor parties when it is cold. The Settlement is also a place of help in case of trouble. In sickness, there is a resident nurse

ready to go and take charge. In itself the Settlement is an object lesson in cleanliness, simplicity, fresh air and sunlight.

In connection with this work there is an arrangement by which a club or college may form a chapter by the payment of $25, entitling it to send one member into residence for two weeks during the year. The Moulton Alumnæ unanimously voted last June to form such a chapter. We are eagerly awaiting the report of our member.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: J. E. ANDERSON.

OUR Sanhedrim, the student body executive, has been regularly elected and installed; it consists of: P. Ziemann, High Priest; A. M. Judd, Assistant High Priest; G. S. Atkinson, Scribe; and T. A. Beasley, C. F. MacKenzie, R. E. Pipher and R. S. Murray, Councillors tried and true. With such men directing and guarding the student body interests, a most pleasant and agreeable year is anticipated.

ON THE eighteenth of October, Mr. Thomas McGillicuddy, the witty and popular expounder of moral truth, came from Toronto to deliver his third lecture to a College audience. He was most happy in the manner in which he presented to us his subject, "John Quadruplex." We shall be glad to welcome our genial friend back at any time he can make it convenient to come this way.

THE THURSDAY EVENING PRAYER MEETINGS are being well attended this year and are acknowledged to be a most potent force in our college life.

ON THE twenty-sixth of October our old time rivals from the Hamilton Collegiate Institute came west to test our prowess in rugby. There was a great game. The "Tigerville" boys played a hard, determined, manly game, and fought mightily to stop the mercilessly persistent raids of Mr. Layng's pets on the

region of their touch line. The fortunes of war were decidedly with us, for when the smoke of battle cleared from the field it was found that the final score read: Hamilton 6, Woodstock 21. The following team represented the College: Full back, Judd; halves, Matthews, Layng, Adams; quarter, Beasley; scrimmage, Sterritt, Wearing, Stewart; right wing, Murray, Mendizabel, Atkinson; left wing, Ziemann, Clarke, Schutt.

Recently a bright youth in a dictation class enlightened his instructor as to the use of the word "amphibious" by the following effusion: "The amphibious farmer elbowed his way through the crowd."

Here and There.

Editor: A. I. Ogilvie, '12.

O bring his readers into close touch with the life and thought of the colleges of America is the great privilege of an Exchange Editor. If he can do this, and at the same time be of some service to other magazines by way of kindly criticism or merited commendation, he will have accomplished much. It is with this aim and with this hope that the present editor begins his work.

The *Mercerian* makes a critical study of the two stories, "Flora of Dominion City" and "The Retribution from the Gods," which appeared in a recent number of The McMaster Monthly. It's conclusion, "Such stories are really worth while and worthy of a place in any college magazine," should encourage us to give our very best efforts to the production of *such* stories. In the opinion of some of the Exchange Editors, however, our magazine is not evenly balanced. The fiction and heavier articles receive much commendation, but "the striking deficiency of this magazine is its lack of poetry." This is the common verdict, and after an examination of The Monthly we must confess that it is a just one. Very little poetry appeared during the past year, and of this, practically all was the work of graduates. It would be superfluous to say that this defect

ought somehow to be remedied. We pass on to our students a question clipped from *The William Jewell Student*—

"McMaster, where are your poets?"

INDIAN SUMMER.

It's the lilt of the wind through the autumn leaves;
It's the smell of the earth and the shocks of sheaves;
And the story the crisp, cool, night-air breathes;
That tells of Indian Summer.

It's the sunshine bright and red of hue;
It's the sky miles deep in clearest blue;
It's the spell that creeps o'er me and you;
That tells of Indian Summer.

The drowsy, golden, afternoon
When Nature dreams some old love-tune.
The mystic haze of the Hunter's Moon,
All come with Indian Summer.

So live your life as it comes along;
Away from the ceaseless shift of the throng;
On your lips a smile, in your heart a song
That tells of Indian Summer.

—R. G. Reynolds, in the *Dartmouth Lit.*

In reply to the question recently discussed by *The Trinity Review*—"Is the *Review* Worth While?"—we should like to cast our vote and influence with those who answer Yes.

When Luther Jordan was about to leave for college, his father told him to telegraph back if he passed in all his examinations. His father was surprised to receive a telegram a few days later that read as follows: "Hymn 333, verse 5, last two lines.
(Signed) Luther."

His father proceeded to get his old hymn book and read these encouraging words: "Sorrow vanished, labor ended, Jordan passed."—*Ex.*

FAVORITE POETS.

For a dyspeptic—Chaucer.
For a religious one—Pope.
For a jouster—Shakespeare.
For a cook—Burns.
For a fat man—Goethe.
For a paperhanger—Longfellow.
For a diver—Dryden.
For a philologist—Wordsworth.
For a conchologist—Shelley.—*Life.*

MODERN SHAKESPEARE.

The quality of mercy is not strained.
No, strained 'tis not—compressed would rather be
The word. For who receiving mercy has spread it out,
And pass'd on more than first he did receive?
'Tis twice pressed. Impressed by him who gives,
Expressed by him who doth receive. And thus
Impressed, expressed, great stress 'tis under.
But 'tis never strained. The throned monarch knows
It not, nor does the lowly subject feel its soft caress.
The former wields the sceptre, nor does mercy
E'er make soft the stroke that falls on subjects. Far
And near we feel the cannon's power, but mercy? Speak it
Not. It is too harsh a word.—*Ex.*

TEACHER—"What is the largest river in Italy?" Leo—"The —the—the—" Leo's sister—"Say Po Leo." Leo—"Sapolio." *Acta Ridleiana.*

He met her in the meadow,
  As the sun was sinking low;
They walked along together,
  In the twilight's afterglow;
She waited until gallantly
  He lowered all the bars,
Her soft eyes bent upon him,
  As radiant as the stars.
She neither smiled nor thanked him,—
  In truth, she knew not how,
For he was but a farmer's lad,
  And she—a Jersey cow.

—*Queen's University Journal.*

THE anarchist was examining his new infernal machine. "The fellow who made this did a pretty bomb job," he remarked. The shell exploded with laughter.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

WORKS BOTH WAYS—The man who knows how to work his way through college *for* an education won't have any trouble afterward working his way through the world *with* an education.—*Judge.*

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following: O. A. C. Review, Varsity, Notre Dame Scholastic, Colgate Madisonensia, McGill Martlet, University of Ottawa Review, Starkey Seminary, Dalhousie Gazette, Collegian, Queen's University Journal, Intercollegian, Trinity University Review, Solanian, Victorian, Oxford Magazine, Acta, University of Virginia Magazine.

NOT UNDERSTOOD.

Not understood. We move along asunder,
Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep
Along the years; we marvel and we wonder
Why life is life and then we fall asleep,
Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impressions,
And hug them closer as the years go by,
Till virtues often seem to us transgressions;
And thus men rise and fall, and live and die,
Not understood.

. . . . . .

Not understood. How many breasts are aching
For lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day,
How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking;
How many noble spirits pass away
Not understood.

Oh, God! that men would see a little clearer;
Or judge less harshly where they cannot see;
Oh, God! that men would draw a little nearer
To one another, they'd be nearer Thee,
And understood.

—Thomas Bracken, Dunedin. N. Z.

The worthy fruit of academic culture is an open mind, trained to careful thinking, instructed in the methods of philosophic investigation, acquainted in a general way with the accumulated thought of past generations and penetrated with humility.—*President Eliot.*

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XX. DECEMBER, 1910 No. 3

THE CHARM OF OXFORD.

"I have known cities with the strong-armed Rhine
Clasping their mouldered quays in lordly sweep,
And lingered where the Maine's low waters shine
Through Tyrian Frankfurt, and been fain to weep
'Mid the green cliffs where pale Mozella leaves
That Roman sepulchre, imperial Treves.
Ghent boasts her street, and Bruges her moonlight square,
And holy Mechlin, Rome of Flanders, stands
Like a queen-mother on her spacious lands;
And Antwerp shoots her glowing spire in air.
Yet have I known no place, by inland brook,
Hilltop or plain, or trim arcaded bowers
That carries age so nobly in its look
As Oxford with the sun upon her towers."

W. FABER has put in these beautiful lines what has appealed to me as the very essence of the charm and individuality of Oxford. Like the University of Paris, Oxford has an illustrious past, but unlike the former, the edifices which connect that past with the present have not so generally disappeared, nor has a great city grown up around it to submerge the distinctiveness of university life. Oxford is still above all a university town, and the narrow, winding streets of the older sections speak strongly of its mediæval origin. Many of the college buildings, too, are themselves actual, existing links with the distant past, whose spirit their architecture embodies and breathes forth. Even where restoration or reconstruction has taken place, it has been

made to harmonize with and preserve the all-pervading spirit of venerable age. Take away these surroundings from Oxford and you have left only the ordinary work-a-day university. On the other hand, if you place the usual intellectual and social activities of university life in an environment that speaks strongly, persistenly, and at first hand of the life, aspirations and achievements of the English race from its infancy to the present; if, in addition, by means of a time-honored system of college residential life you concentrate, intensify, and render more intimate the influence of that racial past, then it seems to me that you have the great secret of that which confers upon Oxford an individuality all her own. Pre-eminently among English-speaking institutions of learning it is her privilege, through the dignity of age and achievement, to bring to bear upon the present that which is good, and great, and noble in the past.

I shall never forget the strength with which this burst upon me when I first reached the privileged precincts of the old university town. In the morning we had landed, amid much hoarse uproar of steamer whistles, in the heart of busy, bustling Liverpool. All afternoon we were whirled at the break-neck speed of the modern express through the pretty rural landscape of England with its nestling homesteads, its trim hedgerows, its soft green meadows and its beautiful park lands. As dusk approached we passed through the murky miles of manufacturing country around Birmingham, where innumerable furnaces were beginning to cast a lurid glow upon the overhanging clouds of their own smoke. But all of these things spoke only of the wealth and power and industry of the England of to-day, and such sights we had already seen before. It was only when we set foot in Oxford that these things began to fall away, and behind the trappings of modern English life there began to loom forth another and an older England with its roots fixed far back in ruder and more elemental times. Of this England we had indeed read in books, but at least for us young students, fresh from the youthful west, it was to be the chiefest charm of Oxford to render that past vivid and vocal as it had not been before.

And we had not long to wait for the charm to do its work. The earlier part of the day had been overcast and in the afternoon some rain had fallen. But at night the clouds began to scatter, and the moon, at first casting but fitful shafts of light, soon bathed the city with a soft and glorious radiance. Thus we were indeed most fortunate in the circumtsances of our first advent to Oxford, for surely it is under the pale magic of the moon that she shows herself at her most bewitching best. In the broad daylight the contrast of the freshly restored sections of walls, with the older portions is sometimes somewhat jarring, but at night, when the moon is shining, old and new are softened and blended into an exquisite harmony. At this time, too, the noise and traffic of the day have ceased. Even passers-by have grown infrequent, and everything seems to conspire to carry the imagination back to the life and scenes of other days. It is true the different buildings were unknown to us, but for the time, that merely served to make the romance more vivid. It was sufficient to know that this was Oxford, and that these buildings were the age-old shrines of England's life and learning. For the rest it was enough to abandon oneself to the charm of their antiquity, and to wander among them as in a dream, entirely subdued by the spirit of the past.

How eloquent of the grim days of old were those great square towers, which every here and there stuck shaggy, weather-worn shoulders uncompromisingly upon one's path. How serenely calm and beautiful were the glimpses of the quiet college quadrangles, with their grass plots in the centre, and the climbing vines around their grey old walls. How grandly, too, did the domes and spires and pinnacles stand up against the luminous background of the sky, fit and enduring emblems of the piety and devotion of a bygone age. One touch more alone was needed to complete the spell, and soon it came. Hark! away to the right "Great Tom" in the tower of Christ Church begins slowly to announce the passing of another hour, and as he continues his stately, sonorous, deep-toned message, a score of other bells begin to clang, and clash, and tinkle a chorus to him, just as they have done ages before you and I came upon life's scene,

and just as they will continue to do long after we have left it. In fancy the hand of time is swift. Within the walls of Oxford and to the music of its bells the past again may live. The tribute of the present to that past is involuntarily made. The nobility of beauty, and age, and service has triumphed, and the spell of Oxford is knit warm and close about the heart.

Such was my first impression of Oxford, and the experience of a year's residence has gone only to confirm the conclusion, purely personal of course, that it is this element of an age-old and distinguished environment that constitutes the chief and determining element of the University's individuality. Other universities can boast scholarship as accomplished. The tutorial system exists elsewhere, and, even did it not, its admirable qualities as a theory suffer the usual disabilities with which the best of systems are accompanied when put into practice. Like other universities, Oxford has its sports, its literary societies and publications, its theatricals and musical entertainments. In common with other universities which have the residential feature it, too, possesses a well-developed social life, and in its halls life-long friendships are acquired. It must indeed be admitted that to a colonial or an American the mere fact that Oxford is English confers a distinct character upon it. But this character it must share with any other English university.

A further trait of its personality arises from the fact that it is not so representative of the people as are our own universities. In England class distinctions are still deep ingrained, and, generally speaking, the sons of farmers, workmen and small tradesmen do not go to Oxford. That university is still, as it has been for many years, the stronghold of the middle and upper classes. But however evident this non-democratic peculiarity may be to one from the New World, Oxford must share it equally, nevertheless, with Cambridge. Cambridge, too, has a historic past. But there the likeness ceases, for each has its own traditions, its own illustrious men, its own natural beauties. And the essence of the individuality of Oxford is that through the quiet-stealing influence of her own traditions and her own unrivalled environment she diffuses with strong, yet subtle,

touch the enlightening and conserving and dignifying influence of the past. And it is this one element that largely or altogether throws its glamour over all, and places there, even upon activities common to all universities, the stamp and seal of the peculiar Oxford spirit.

And what an illustrious heritage the past has left her thus to wield! In tradition University College goes back a thousand years to Alfred, "England's darling." First in the great roll of modern science stands the name of Friar Bacon. In Oxford, Wycliffe, "the morning star of the Reformation," rose and wrought his fearless work. To the Renaissance Oxford gave the zeal of Colet and the sweetly gentle genius of Sir Thomas More, and with the Reformation she witnessed the fiery sacrifice of Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer. Hers, too, were the stainless Sidney, the courtly, adventurous Raleigh, and Ben Jonson with his gift of song. Later came Lily and Lovelace, Laud and Blake and Wren. Addison paced her shaded walks, and the great Dr. Johnson as an awkward and eccentric youth declaimed to the passers-by upon her streets. Here the two Wesleys and Whitefield lived her life before they entered on their great work of regenerating England. John Locke and Adam Smith, Shelley and Southey, Robert Browning and Matthew Arnold, Fox and Peel and Canning, Elgin, Dalhousie, Gladstone, Salisbury and a hundred others of Britain's noblest have been proud to own her as their Alma Mater and to add some further lustre to her high traditions and the long roll of her fame.

And if her past is worthy and illustrious, how perfect is the architectural expression of that past, how potent to impress upon their soul the state and dignity of honor-laden age. One phase of Oxford's beauty has been described, but there are a score of others. In summer her domes and spires rise in graceful lines above the embowering trees, to hold proud sway over the green meadows and the silver winding Isis. Even in the bleaker months, to again quote Faber,

> "Whole wintry days swift lights descend,
> Ride o'er the plain upon the swelling breeze,
> And in a momentary brightness blend,
> Walls, towers and flooded streets and leafless trees."

In truth Oxford is always beautiful. The secret of her personality is bound up inextricably in her venerable and historic beauty, and neither the one nor the other may be adequately described. As Nathaniel Hawthorne has said, "Oxford . . . must remain its own sole expression; and those whose sad fortune it may be never to behold it have no better resource than to dream about grey, weather-stained, ivy-grown edifices wrought with quaint Gothic ornament, and standing around grassy quadrangles where cloistered walks have echoed to the quiet footsteps of twenty generations.—lawns and gardens of luxurious repose shadowed with canopies of foliage and lit up with sunny glimpses through archways of great boughs,—spires, towers and turrets, each with its own legend.—dimly magnificent chapels, with painted windows of rare beauty and brilliantly diversified hues, creating an atmosphere of richest gloom . . . Make all these things vivid in your dream, and you will never know nor believe how inadequate is the result to represent even the merest outside of Oxford."

Morden Long, '08

AT PARTING.

The night is silent, love, and here beside thee,
Holding the hand that is not now denied me,
I too am still: how shall I say farewell?

No words have we, and yet the summer weather,
Lulling the garden, gathers *us* together,
And mingles us with myrrh and asphodel.

Was there a time before that time, I wonder,
When something flashed and rent the vail asunder,
And visions faded and the Truth befell?

And now, because thou *art* the Truth, I'll grieve thee
No longer by withholding to believe thee,
Though I am sent upon a sorrow-spell.

How long the way thou sayest not, but only
That I must tread it loyally and lonely,
Unheeding whether heaven wait, or hell.

Why this must be I cannot know, belovéd,
But thou dost know, and, howsoe'er removéd,
Some day, perchance, the secret thou wilt tell.

Nothing I ask,—how may the Truth be bounded?
I leave thee, yet by thee I'm still surrounded:
The sea's voice sounds about the farthest shell.

The moonlight deepens, love, and grows to golden,
And thou and I in it are strangely holden;—
Ah, holy, holy moment of farewell!

George Herbert Clarke, '95,
in *The Canadian Magazine.*

A SUNSET'S AFTERGLOW.

T was the still hour of sunset. The little lad with the round brown eyes, so nearly black, was tugging at our boat—the "Golden Arrow"—when I strolled out on the sand.

"Come on for a row, before it gets dark," he implored.

I took my place at the oars and he pushed the boat out, climbing in dexterously, as we scraped off the sand, out into the smooth blue water.

Boy sat in pleased silence for a time, just turning around once in a while to follow with his eyes the course of a bird, or watch for jumping fish.

Then all of a sudden—

"Isn't that sky pretty?" he asked breathlessly.

"Beautiful!" I answered, resting on my oars, and together we watched the glories of the afterglow of a gorgeous sunset, reflected over the entire horizon, and tenderly touching the quiet waters of the lake.

"It's pink," he said, rather enquiringly, gazing at the far edge of the sky and then at me.

"Yes," I said—"a beautiful, soft, rose-leaf pink, like the hidden heart of a sea-shell!"

We were both very still watching the wonderful distance, pink like apple-blossoms, deepening into rose,—a magnificent, glowing rose, warm and gay.

"Row faster!" urged Boy—"and I'll tell you when it changes!"

Then we flew over the water at a most satisfying rate, at least to the boy.

"Isn't it still?" he whispered—then looking at the sky—

"Oh, it's different now!"

Gracefully, regretfully, the tender rose had given place to amethyst—that indescribable tint that suggests shy spring violets.

"Queer—isn't it?" said Boy—"God does it, doesn't He?"

"Yes," I said—"He does it, silently, magically—and we're watching Him do it!"

The deep, dark eyes of the Boy were reverent and understanding, because down in his heart he understood "the moonlight things, the wind, the stars, and the shadow things that play in the mist."

Slowly the delicate amethyst deepened into a dark, rich violet, and because it was nearly night-fall, the purple drifted rapidly into a deep ,cold blue. Then we turned home.

Just before night enfolded the sleeping waters, we saw a huge, pale ball, rising on the edge of the lake and Boy jubilantly proclaimed it the Moon. Far in the west, shining through the black pines, the evening star sang of the departed sun.

"Wasn't it great?" whispered the Boy, for the hush of the hour had fallen upon us both, and I squeezed his little brown hand understandingly, as we stood together on the sand, our eyes far out at sea, where the shining path of the moon was just beginning to steal its way over the waters.

Amy E. Campbell.

BY THE SHORE AT NUMANA.

(Translated from the Italian.)

HE market square does not seem quite so peaceful as usual. Over yonder in front of the Mariuccia café a little group of workmen are holding an animated conversation, gesticulating and excitedly pointing in the direction of the shore. Before the old tumble-down palace of the bishop, who resides in Ancona even though in the ancient documents he is styled "Count of Numana." the three or four ladies of our summer colony stand, in silence gazing sorrowfully toward the church, an ancient building, majestic and imposing as a feudal castle, which faces the ruined palace of the lord bishop.

I halted in surprise and suddenly the idea struck me that some accident must have happened here in this earthly paradise under the smiling skies which look down upon the Adriatic. The women rush toward the church, hurriedly throwing over their heads, one a tattered shawl, another some gay-colored handkerchief; clambering up the stone staircase a swift exchange of words takes place—an agitated series of question and answer.

"Where?"

"Her left hand."

"How?"

"With a cartridge."

"When?"

"Half an hour ago."

"Where was she?"

"On the beach."

"And now?"

"Now her hand is gone!"

"Did you see her?"

"Yes, a perfect butchery; poor little thing!"

"All the fingers?"

"All."

"Oh, *Gesù crocifisso Gesù crocifisso!*"

And in an instant, responsive to the prompting of spontaneous religious feeling, and inspired by a pious hope, old and young rush to kneel at the foot of the crucifix, which had been first invoked in an outburst of their terror and pity.

Many are the legends that cluster around that rustic wooden sculpture which is venerated here in a little chapel decorated in red, and gleams with votive offerings—silver hearts. It is always lighted by antique hanging-lamps which burn night and day, and such is its reputation for sanctity throughout the region, that even the famous Madonna of Loreto is scarcely more favored by the devout.

Certain vague traditions and ancient adoration, a veneration handed down from generation to generation in the families of Numana, asserts that a priest from some far off and unknown land was cast up on the beach, the sole survivor of a shipwreck; this priest had firmly pressed to his heart the divine image which he left as an offering to this little town whose people solemnly took an oath to honor and guard the sacred wood.

"And," said the good priest, according to the legend, "in such tempests as you yourselves may be exposed to loss of life. you shall be saved even as I. so long as you adore this precious gift which I entrust to your piety."

The procession of women had disappeared within the church with such rapidity that I stood for an instant undecided between the desire I felt to hear the unanimous supplications. the murmer of which reached me through the open doors of the church, rising tremulous with emotion upon the still air, and the curiosity I felt regarding the cause of this sudden commotion among the feminine population of Numana. For surely it was some unusual misadventure which had excited the universal desire to cast themselves at the foot of the miraculous crucifix.

It was Emilio, the most talkative of the little group of work-

men, who eagerly accosted me and of his own accord, with an eloquence tinctured with Spanish—the result of years spent in South America—narrated the tragic accident, unforeseen and fatal, which had just occurred.

"Two young girls below on the beach, were dressing after a bath; one, noticing a metal cylinder lying among the rocks and gleaming in the sun, picked it up and found that it was filled with a grayish incrustation.

" 'The sea has brought us a treasure,' quoth Lucia. ' Let's clean out the dirt inside.'

" 'Give it to me,' answered Marietta, 'I'll clean it out with a hair-pin.'

"So Maria began the work. Suddenly the grayish substance exploded and, bursting, tore three fingers from her hand, from which the blood spurted in streams. The cartridge was dynamite."

"Poor little girl! Her father is in America; her old mother and three smaller sisters depended on her for support; she was the finest worker in the region."

"And now?" I asked.

"They carried her in a faint, to the little house nearest the beach. *Por Dios!* It was a shambles, a slaughter of an innocent. Up came the surgeon, a fine fellow that doctor of ours, but for all his skill he cannot make a new hand. I've seen a good deal myself in the way of accidents but never anything quite so bad as this. And," he concluded, "we are all of us going to pass round the hat, and yet that cannot help much. One more unfortunate! If you had only seen her! That girl was a flower, tall, strong, and at only fifteen she seemed a grown-up woman. But, oh, the poor father when he gets the news!"

Emilio turned his back to conceal the emotion which mastered him as he thought of the sorrow of the hard-working emigrant father thousands of miles over-seas.

Then I went to the church.

The red-chapel, gleaming with the silver votive hearts, was filled, but I finally got in by dint of patience. The throng

suddenly drew to one side and an elderly woman with two frightened and weeping little ones, with hands fast clasped in a grip of terror, rushed toward the crucifix, and fell grovelling before the marvellous image.

At first we heard choked throaty rattlings, then vehement words of supplication. It was as if she spoke to the living who could reply to her plaint. My eyes filled with tears.

"Oh Holy Crucified, my daughter is ruined for life! *Cristo mio benedetto*, canst thou suffer it that she remain without a hand? Oh, heart of my heart, who can give us bread now? What shall I say to father in America! Oh, *Cristo mio caro, Crocefisso mio santo*, have mercy upon us! Pray thy mother to give us this grace, . . . the doctor is there and with his cruel knives, *Gesù mio miraculoso*, he will cut off that little hand that labored for us all from morning till night and gave us life. . . . I can work no more. *Oh, Dio, Dio, Dio!* Act quickly, before the doctor has destroyed us forever. La Madonna will not say no to thee. I will go barefoot to Loreto, and will fast on bread and water. O my daughter, who never lost a moment in work, *O sangue mio caro . . . Madonna mia, Cristo mio crocefisso,* who never yet said nay to a prayer of faith!

With a sudden cry she rose to her feet and rushed through the throng, which opened a passage, and hurried out of the church along the beach to the cottage by the rocks. We all in turn left the chapel, some slowly, others with more haste. I lingered last and noticed the white-haired priests who knelt by the altar in prayer, while the miraculous smoke-blackened crucifix looked down in pity upon the red walls and the silver votive hearts as it had done for generations.

As I turned slowly homeward I overtook the worthy doctor, with his little valise of instruments; he looked care-worn and saddened in spite of having discharged his merciful office. "Poor little thing," said he, she does not yet realize the extent of her injury. "Never mind *madre mia*," she said as soon as she saw that grief-stricken mother enter the room, "I'll soon be around again to work for you all;" and the mother was sobbing by the bed. The poor father, who is too old to earn over yonder in

America more than half enough to support the family, will not hear of this for weeks. Perhaps they will be starving by that time."

I have told this simple tale of old Numana as a recital of human suffering, all the more poignant because of the earthly paradise where it occurred. In that lonely region of Ancona the simple-hearted fisherfolk and peasants send their strongest and most enterprising to foreign lands. Alas! Only too few return from the wearing toil in South American mines or the great engineering constructions of the North. Perhaps the brawny toiler as he picks the frozen clods in Canada where the winter cold makes the earth as hard as flint, finds his thoughts turn to the smiling sea, the picturesque village and the vineyards of Numana, where he has left all that made life dear. And, thinking of the fate of these poor exiles from our dear fatherland—to them "*La Patria Lontana.*" an English quotation, is recalled. Who uttered it I know not, but of our poor it is profoundly true. "One-half the world knows not how the other half lives." And fate reserves for the poor her hardest strokes.

G. H. C.

ON THE LOWER CONGO.

THAT tract of territory formerly known as the Congo Independent State and more recently as Congo Belge, is divided like Gaul of old into two parts: the Upper Congo and the Lower Congo. But, unlike Gaul, no mountain range makes the division, in fact it is somewhat difficult for the newcomer to understand what brought about the distinction.

The river Congo was one of the great problems of Africa. It was among the last of the great water-ways of that continent to give up its secret. At Banana, three hundred miles south of the equator, it pours its muddy waters into the South Atlantic

Ocean and twice in every twenty-four hours there is a battle royal between the power of the river and the might of the incoming tide. From Banana the river is navigable for ocean steamers for a distance of one hundred miles. There the so-called cataracts prevent farther progress. The town that of necessity arose at the limit of ocean navigation is called Matadi. For many centuries this point marked the end of all the attempts of civilization to solve the problem by approaching it from the west coast. Hundreds of years ago the sailors of a Portugese ship reached this place and carved the record of their journey on the wall of rock that forms the south bank. The discovery of this inscription is of recent date, but when found was unintelligible to the Portugese traders residing in the neighborhood. It was finally sent to Portugal where the translation was accomplished by a monk who was a master of the earlier forms of the Portugese language.

From Matadi to Stanley Pool the rapids of this great river defied navigator and explorer alike. Neither boat nor canoe has ever successfully passed through those two hundred miles of water. Its raging flood maintained its secret until the days of Stanley. At Stanley Pool the waters are quiet and the navigation of the river from this point for a thousand miles is largely a matter of overcoming the strength of the current by smaller flat-bottomed river steamers. The key to the problem of the whole Congo valley was the building of a railway to pass the cataracts, a distance of about two hundred miles. With this accomplished the development of the interior became only a matter of time. The two parallel lines of shining steel have destroyed forever the gloomy isolation and the silence of the centuries. Hence, to-day that portion of the river that extends from Stanley Pool to the sea is known as the Lower Congo, while the vast stretches to the eastward are called the Upper Congo.

The people of the Lower Congo are generally undersized and not pre-possessing in appearance. Formerly this part of the country was well populated, but during the last two decades sleep-sickness and smallpox have done a terrible work. The

Congo native has not that coal-black appearance that characterizes some of the tribes in the northern part of the continent, but is of a somewhat browner shade. This is more manifest after he has had a half-hour interview with a bar of soap and a stream of water. Those of the male persuasion are not believers in the doctrine of the strenuous life—for themselves, but they consider it a good thing for the women. Hence, every opportunity to labor in the fields and gardens, also the hewing of wood and the drawing of water are gallantly given over to the ladies that they may enjoy such benefits to the fullest extent. This pursuit of the field and garden is not of pleasure, but of necessity, for the native is not an adept in preparing for the rainy day, or rather, in his case, for the day that is not rainy. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is a text that requires little emphasis. It is accepted at sight and becomes axiomatic in all matters pertaining to labor.

Intellectually the native is not mathematically inclined. He loves not figures. Vulgar fractions are to him what the highest pinnacle of higher algebra is to the undergraduate. In languages, however, he is very much at home. He readily learns to speak French, Portugese and English and shows considerable eagerness to learn these and other languages. In his own tongue he is a master, speaking it fluently and correctly. Although it is only within the last thirty years that the language has been reduced to writing and its grammar thoroughly worked out, yet for centuries it has been handed down from one generation to another and its principles steadfastly maintained. Dialects of the Bantu tongue are found throughout all Central Africa and in the south towards the Cape. Several of the letters of our alphabet are lacking, among others "R" and also the sound as found in the combination "TH." Therefore "that horse" becomes "dat hoss," an expression not unfrequently heard in the Southern States. Although the laws governing the language work with scarcely an exception, yet it is very flexible, and minute shades of meaning can be expressed. The system of prefixes and suffixes permits of word-building, such as is scarcely equalled in other languages. The vocabulary is extensive and

is continually increasing by the adoption of Congoized foreign words. As every syllable ends with a vowel, some of these adopted words suffer peculiar changes of form, for example, "Philip" becomes "Filipo," "Jacob" becomes "Yacobi," and "Isaac," "Isaki."

The reduction of the language to writing, the investigation of its grammar, and the then possible work of translation have made up a stupendous task, but already the tribes of the Lower Congo have the entire Bible, besides other books of both poetry and prose; and this work has been accomplished within the memory of some of the present generation. These accomplished tasks indicate the path of progress on the Lower Congo since the day, not long passed, when the first white man dragged his faint, emaciated body around the cataracts towards the western sea.

Volney A. Ray, '03.

PRIZE POEM AND PRIZE STORY COMPETITIONS

We desire to again bring before the notice of our readers the prize poem and prize story competitions announced in the last issue of The Monthly. The prizes offered are, of necessity, small; but the real prize, which is gained alike by those who win and those who do not, is not the money, but the benefit that each writer derives from such work. Undergraduates especially are therefore urged to take advantage of this opportunity to develop their literary powers of expression.

The graduate Prize Story Competition is open to graduates in Arts and Theology, of a year not earlier than 1897: 1st prize, ten dollars: 2nd prize, five dollars.

The undergraduate competitions are open to undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts now registered in Theology). Three prizes are offered in both the Prize Poem and the Prize Story Competition. In the former, the prizes are: 1st prize, five dollars; 2nd prize, three dollars; 3rd prize, two dollars. In the latter, the prizes are: 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars; 3rd prize, three dollars.

Rules.

1. All poems must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than December 31st, 1910; and all stories not later than January 15th, 1911.

2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

3. Prizes will not be given in any case unless the poems or stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication, and unless there is a competition.

4. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the poems and stories submitted.

5. The stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. Competitors must certify that their stories satisfy this condition.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to F. D. Weir. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

V. E. Gray, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
A. M. Menhennick, '11 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. I. Ogilvie, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. Jeffery, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. Price, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLay, M.A. | I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

A. W. Wilson, '11. G. H. Thomas, '12. J. E. Howes, '12. Miss A. B. Turner, '12
A. E. White, Theol. F. A. McGregor, 13. A. R. Quirk, '13.
——— ———, Moulton College.
J. E. Anderson, Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

F. D. Weir, '13, Subscription Department. | H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Advertising Department

Vol. XX. December, 1910. No. 3

Editorial Notes.

Now that the smoke of battle has cleared from the field, it seems only fitting and just that some expression should be given through these columns to the general feeling of confidence in Professor Matthews among the students of the University. Regarding their respect for him as a Christian gentleman scarce anything need be said. All who have been privileged to attend his classes or in other ways share his company for even a short length of time, have found in him a genuineness and a sincerity of spirit which they have coveted. Perhaps nowhere else so much as in the chapel services which he leads does his beautiful spirit manifest itself, through the scripture passages and hymns that he chooses and the prayers which he offers. The students of McMaster will long carry the remembrance of these services as moments of real inspiration in their life.

But the general feeling of the students for Professor Matthews, as evidenced by their attitude in his classes and by their

conversations during the time of the recent convention, is much deeper than respect. It is one of confidence, that confidence for which the Professor in his statement at the convention said his heart longs. His general manner and the inspiring personality of the man as he moves about the halls and mixes with the students has instilled into the hearts of all a feeling of genuine confidence. But deeper still is the confidence in him of those who have sat under him in his classes. His scholarly mastery of his department of the work, as it is revealed in an entirely disinterested manner in his lectures, is a very strong factor in determining this feeling of confidence. Not a detail that might throw light on the various problems is neglected. The reverence with which he treats the scriptures in all his work adds still more to this feeling of confidence. No student can attend his classes without feeling that the book which he is studying is the record of Divine Truth. But the strengthened faith of those who have studied under Professor Matthews, and the lofty plane to which the Word of God is elevated in the appreciation of his students, through his teaching, has perhaps done even more to strengthen the confidence of the students in their professor. In whom could students put greater confidence than in the one who has settled their faith, guided them through the troubled waters of many a perplexing problem, and led them to hold in higher esteem than ever before that Book, which has been so often characterized as the foundation of their fathers' faith?

The following motion has been passed by the Hebdomadal Council of Oxford University: That any member of McMaster University, Toronto, Ontario, who shall have passed the required examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at that University, and who shall have graduated with First Class standing in one or more Special Departments, shall be deemed to have taken Honors as required by the provisions of Statt. Tit. II., Section VIII Cl. 5. (Carried: nemine contradicente.)

By this action McMaster is given the same recognition as

that enjoyed by other Colonial universities. Practically the meaning of it is that a McMaster graduate who fulfils the conditions is relieved from an examination that otherwise he would have to try.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: A. W. WILSON, '11.

"What should we speak of
When we are as old as you? When we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching case shall we discourse
The freezing hours away?"

Shakespeare—Cymbeline.

HE Editor of this department, Mr. V. E. Gray, has been chosen to represent McMaster in the second series of intercollege debate. It is in an endeavor to leave him quite free for what promises to be the hardest fight in forensic war that McMaster has had for years, that readers of this department are herewith asked to receive our reportorial bow. The news of this month has, no doubt, suffered much in our rude hands, yet we look for your forgiveness. What to speak of, and what to omit, has made us sweat,—we may have selected the uninteresting, and omitted the delectable; for this, also, we appeal to your loyalty to make you charitable. After all, this is the month for generosity and mercy. The spirit of Christmas waits not till Christmas morning to venture abroad, but begins with the month. Stocks feel its influence in dullness; shops, its influence in a brisker business that only culminates on the day preceding the holiday. It detracts no whit from the truth of our statement to say that, for students, work rather than joviality is the expression of the Christmas spirit. Accordingly, we accept as granted your forbearance and good-will, and extend to you, in return, our heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

It is to be understood that our use of the pronoun "we" is not merely editorial, since each member of the reportorial staff has had, so to speak, a hand in this issue.

Farewell to the Chancellor.—On Tuesday, November 29th, the professors and students bade farewell to Chancellor McKay, to whom the Senate has granted several months' leave of absence from his onerous duties in connection with the University. The anxieties which have oppressed the Chancellor during the past two years have been of a particularly trying nature. The Senate has, therefore, deemed it wise to relieve him for a time of the burden which his position requires him to carry, thus giving him the opportunity of going abroad this winter. Fortunately, the Chancellor's plan of "silently stealing away" was learned and frustrated. At the chapel service, on the date above mentioned, the Student Body, represented by Miss Menhennick and Mr. James Strachan, wished the Chancellor a safe and profitable voyage and presented him with a pair of field-glasses, which they hoped would prove useful to him during his absence. The Chancellor announced that the Dean in Arts, Prof. W. S. W. McLay, would have charge of all matters in connection with the Department of Arts, and that Dr. Farmer, the Dean in Theology, would have control of the Theological Department of the University during his absence.

Death of Mr. George W. Burr, '12.—On Thursday, December 1st, there occurred in the Toronto General Hospital, the death of Mr. Geo. W. Burr, a member of the third year in Arts at McMaster. Mr. Burr, who was a resident student, had an attack of appendicitis on Sunday of the week preceding, and was removed to the hospital, and operated upon at once. He was recovering, and was deemed to be out of danger until two days before his death, when an unexpected complication set in. His father had returned to his home in Forest, Ont., but was hastily summoned back, barely in time to see the end. Mr. A. C. Bingham, the room-mate of the deceased, was with his friend almost continuously during the last hours of his life.

The body was removed to the undertaking parlors of F. W. Matthews at 230 Spadina Avenue on December 1st, where a short service was held prior to the removal of the body to Forest for interment. Rev. John MacNeill, assisted by Professors Farmer and Ten Broeke, of the University Faculty, conducted the short service before an audience of over one hundred student friends. Mr. Strachan, President of the Student Body, also spoke a few words of appreciation. The students then accom-

panied the remains to the Union Station, members of Mr. Burr's year acting as pall-bearers. Mr. A. C. Bingham, '12, was sent as representative of the Student Body to the funeral at Forest.

Mr. Burr joined class '12 at the beginning of its sophomore year, and has resided for one year in the Hall. He had spent his vacation in the West, and had returned to enter his junior year, full of vigor and enthusiasm. He is the third member of his class to be stricken with death within three months.

The Literary Society.—A regular meeting of the Lit. was held on Friday, November 14th, with President E. D. Gray in the chair. After the reading of the minutes of the last meeting, the programme was opened with a piano solo by Miss R. Fowler, '14. Mr. I. F. Fitch, '12, gave some personal experiences as a western homesteader. A cello solo by Dr. Swedelius was very much appreciated and was encored. Miss M. Young, '11, in a reading humorously satired the so-called scientific method of child-training. A vocal solo by Mr. T. D. Pink, Theology, brought the programme to a close.

On Friday evening, November 11th, the programme opened with a piano duet by Misses Hooper, '13, and Wilkins, '13. Mr. Thos. Wearing, B.A., who was to have given a reading, was unavoidably absent. Mr. A. L. Tedford, '11, recounted, in a five-minute talk, the local happenings of the week. Messrs. G. M. Goodfellow, '13, and G. A. Clark, '14, gave a cornet duet, and Mr. A. E. White, B.A., concluded the programme with a vocal solo.

A meeting of the Literary Society of more than usual importance and interest was held on the evening of Friday, November 18th. The first debate of the annual inter-year series was the chief event of the evening. Messrs McLeod and Pink, representing the class in Theology, argued the affirmative of the subject, "Resolved, that Canada should contribute to the maintenance of the British Navy rather than have a navy of her own." Messrs. V. W. Price and E. T. Newton represented Year '11 on the negative. Professors G. H. Campbell, I. G. Matthews, and R. W. Smith, acted as judges, and gave their decision in favor of the negative. Musical numbers, consisting of a vocal solo most delightfully rendered by Miss Kellock, '11, and a well-appreciated mandolin solo by Miss Carey, '12, made up the other items of the programme.

Sale of Magazines.—The annual sale of magazines by the Literary Society was held on October 13th and November 15th.

Mr. Thos. Wearing, B.A., acted as auctioneer in a most efficient manner. His running fire of jokes and banter, especially re married life, kept each individual in his rather small audience continuously laughing—and bidding. The proceeds were $23.95, a slight decrease on the figures of the preceding year. Owing to the scant representation of Theology, it is said that many of those magazines which should have gone as helps to future sermons were sold to boosters who purposed only giving the sale a good start.

That Yell.—The belated insertion in the last issue, of an article on "The McMaster Yell" over the name of "Graduate," is a plea against a too prevalent tendency to tear down, uproot and reconstruct; and is deserving of notice. We are deficient in reverence for tradition. Each new freshman class has some, so-called, "improvement" to suggest in the established order of things; and we are generally amused thereat, but never indignant. The traditional institutions of a University, which are precious to so many, ought to be held sacred so long as they fill worthily their place and their purpose. On the other hand, however, those who feel hurt over any intimations of change should put the blame where it belongs. The movement may be inevitable, and not induced; the cause may be in the race, and not in individuals. College songs and yells, like college play and curricula, are, after all, but expressions of college life and temper,—results, not causes. What we have in the way of song and yell has lived because it has expressed, with some degree of accuracy, the University itself. If the old order has been changing in McMaster, yielding place to new, then the "Senior" who was "glad he was leaving" merely happened to be out of tune with the rank and file of his fellows. This principle is what "Graduate" fails to recognize when he urges, "do not change college songs or yells, . . . add new ones." New ones will be added only when demanded, and old ones will be retained only so long as they interpret the spirit of the students. The utmost that individuals can do is, perhaps, to expedite the accommodation of the means of expression to the demand for expression. With reference to the new song which has "no go in it at all," there is no cause for alarm, since that song has not as yet happened to fit. As for the yell, around the University in recent years, it looks as if a yell must presently be forthcoming that will express "us" more accurately than does the present one. The crest, of course, is another matter.

The Debating Society.—On Saturday, November 5th, the intercollege subject, "Resolved, that the Hudson Bay Route is impracticable," was debated by the Society under the leadership of Mr. A. L. Tedford, '11 (affirmative), and Mr. A. C. Bingham, '12 (negative). Messrs. A. E. White, B.A., and A. E. Kelly, B.A., occupied the judicial bench, and awarded the decision to the affirmative. Professor Farmer attended as critic, which service he performed in a very helpful manner.

The Debating Society met on Saturday, November 12th, with a record attendance. The question discussed was, "Resolved, that McMaster University should affiliate with Toronto University in preference to removing to a suburban site." Mr. A. W. Wilson, '11, in a forceful manner, advocated the cause of affiliation, while Mr. T. R. Wilkins, '12, opposed in favor of the suburban location. The debate was brisk and vigorous on both sides. After Mr. T. Wearing, B.A., had criticised the speakers in his crisp, instructive style, Messrs. E. T. Newton, '11, and A. L. Tedford, '11, gave their decision against the affiliationists.

On Saturday, November 19th, the Debating Society essayed to enter the field of inter-empire politics. The policy discussed was, "Resolved, that the Constitution of the British Empire should be so amended as to make the Empire one of united nations." Mr. A. Haddow, '13, supported the resolution, with Mr. H. Cline, '13, opposing. Considering the importance of the matter under discussion, and the far-reaching effect which the proposed change would have, the lack of vitality manifest in many of the speeches was remarkable. Such was the gist of the criticism of Mr. E. T. Newton, '11. The judges, Messrs. V. W. Price, '11, and F. W. Waters, '11, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative.

A professor on coming into a class in Economics a moment late a few days ago, discovered a student delivering himself irrelevantly in spread-eagle style before a noisily appreciative audience of his fellows. Said the professor, "You remind me, gentlemen, of the remark of a University lecturer, whose students, attempting to play a practical joke upon him, placed a skeleton at the professorial desk. 'I am glad to see, indeed, that you have at last found a professor suited to your capacities.' "

Fyfe Day.—The afternoon and evening of November 10th were devoted to the interests of the Fyfe Missionary Society. The President, Mr. T. Richards, B.A., called the afternoon meeting to order at 2 p.m., and after some minor items of business

had been transacted, a few minutes were spent in devotional exercises. The Rev. T. T. Shields, pastor of Jarvis Street Church, brought the society a richly suggestive message. His subject was, "The Beautiful Life," which he represented as the three-storied temple of God. Of this temple the members of the body formed the first story—they must be consecrated to His service. The second story, the will, must be conformed to the Divine ideal; but the topmost story, the spirit, God reserves for His Holy of Holies. Mr. A. E. White sang a solo entitled, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." The evening session was opened at 8 p.m. The President first called upon Dr. Norton, the Home Mission Superintendent, who spoke very appreciatively of the work which the students are doing each year as they go out to their summer charges. After the Superintendent's address several of the students recounted some of their experiences of the past summer. Mr. M. R. Hartley, of Year '13, spoke of his work in Bruce County. Mr. A. H. Hall, of Year '13, recounted some interesting features of his work at Dryden. Mr. A. E. Kochaly, of Theology, a Persian gentleman who is preparing himself for missionary work in his own country, gave us a glimpse of the missionary problem there. Mr. A. E. White, B.A., made a few remarks touching French evangelization in Quebec, and Mr. E. E. Sayles, B.A., concluded the programme with a few words concerning his work at West Fort William. Mr. E. T. Newton sang very acceptably a solo entitled "King David's Lament."

Mr. Armand Lavergne.—Through the courtesy of the Literary and Scientific Society of Toronto University, many of our McMaster men were present in Convocation Hall on November 18th, to hear Mr. Armand Lavergne, a leader of the new Nationalist movement which has so suddenly appeared in Quebec politics. In outlining the meaning of the movement Mr. Lavergne explained that Nationalism aimed at Canadian autonomy, which did not, however, include entire separation from Britain. He claimed that the Nationalists were not definitely opposed to the Canadian naval policy, but merely insisted that the matter should first be referred to the people. In closing, Mr. Lavergne made a strong plea for justice toward the French-Canadians, whose rights in religion and language had been guaranteed by the Act of Confederation. It would seem that Mr. Lavergne's advocacy of Canadian autonomy lacked the means of asserting and defending that position. He would have Canada, it would appear, independent of Britain, in the management of her affairs, yet dependent on her for defence.

Professor in English.—"In writing avoid the use of hackneyed phrases. For example, avoid: 'solemnized the rites of matrimony;' 'in a beastly state of intoxication.'"

La Societe Francaise.—Parmi les organisations, déjà nombreuses, en rapport avec l'Université de McMaster il vient d'être institué encore une autre. Sous l'excellente direction du Dr. Franzen-Swedelius l'étude de la langue française reçoit cette année beaucoup plus d'attention qu'autrefois. Encouragés par le Dr. Swedelius, plusieurs des étudiants, qui suivent cette année les cours en français, se sont réunis le 3 novembre dans le but d'organiser une société française. Le premier devoir fut, par conséquence, l'élection des officiers de la société perspective. On a, donc, choisi les personnes suivantes qui en constituent, maintenant, le comité exécutif: président d'honneur, M. le Dr. Franzen-Swedelius, président, M. A. E. White, B.A., vice-président, Mademoiselle R. Denovan, secrétaire-trésorier M. I. F. Fitch.

La première séance de cette nouvelle société eut lieu chez Mlle. Denovan le 11 novembre. Après une vingtaine de minutes consacrés á la conversation, le président fit un court discours en français dans le cours duquel il exprima sa reconnaissance aux membres de la société pour l'honneur qu'ils lui avaient fait en le créant président de leur société. Il expliqua aussi le but d'une telle organisation et il mentionna ses espérances pour le succès de leurs efforts. Mlle. Denovan lut un récit très intéressant de ses expériences à Paris l'an dernier et Mesdemoiselles Murray donnèrent beaucoup de plaisir aux assistants, l'une par son chant et l'autre par son solo de piano. Après quelques remarques par le président d'honneur cette première séance fut congédiée. La seconde réunion fut tenue dans la chapelle de l'université le 18 novembre mais il n'y a pas assez de place pour en donner le programme. Espérons que cette nouvelle société française aura une vie saine et énérgique.

Founder's Day.—McMaster's annual celebration in honor of the founder of the University was this year held on the evening of Friday, November 25. The halls and classrooms and many of the students' study rooms were in their gayest dress, the thought of artistic genius wrought by cunning hands, presenting mute welcome to the hundreds of guests. The formal welcome was extended in Castle Memorial Hall through Chancellor and Mrs. McKay, Miss E. M. Menhennick, representing the ladies of the school, and Mr. Jas. Strachan, President of the Student Body.

A feature of the evening was the unveiling of an oil painting of Dr. Calvin Goodspeed, who was for many years Professor of Systematic Theology in McMaster. The portrait is the work of C. A. Hall, a Canadian artist. It was presented by Dr. Farmer on behalf of certain members of the Board of Governors, and accepted in a short speech by the Chancellor.

The attractiveness of the rooms added charm to the promenades. In the Science Building Professors Smith and Hogg had arranged interesting exhibits illustrating the wonders and simplicities of biology and physics, (not respectively). The Freshmen invited us to their subterranean Indian camp, almost cavern-like in its dismal light, everything verdure-clad; the general appearance was pleasing. A soft suffusion of golden light, tastefully relieved by delicate touches of gayer color, was the effect produced by the Sophomores in another room of the Science Building. The Juniors may rightly be charged with "hazing" the Ladies' Room. The effect of heavy blue haze made their autumn hunting scene a charming one and the presence of a couple of huntsmen made it realistic. Of course, the Seniors, not to be outdone by any previous graduating year, aimed high. By their efforts the Faculty Room was transformed into the grandeur of an Oriental palace-chamber, with all its rich tapestries and costly rugs. The Theologues also decorated—a little; ditto, Year '10. The Athletic Association made one room particularly attractive, football field and hockey rink being admirably represented.

The 1910-'11 Founder's Night was a success: our guests have said so; we, the students, heartily concur; and finally, the Chancellor has expressed his approval, declaring it the best ever.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ADA M. MENHENNICK, '11.

"A good conscience is a continual Christmas."—Benjamin Franklin.

E have been waiting,—but do we know just what for? A restlessness for a few weeks, a little impatience, an unsettled look in the deepest recesses of our eyes, signify another phase of our intricate and hard-to-understand nature. It seems to me that one's moods change with the seasons of the year. Perhaps the animal instinct in us thinks it should prepare for winter as all our little brothers and sisters in the feathered and furred world are doing, but with the student especially, it has no outlet in bodily activity, so creeps deeply into the mind and lies there brooding. Just now we have been unconsciously waiting, and for what? Why, the snow, and what it means to us. Like a mantle of peace and purity it falls on the feverish earth. Rain hurls itself from the sky, splashes in commotion, and impetuously dashes in streams through the gutters, but snow suggests quiet calm in the dignified motion of every tiny flake. No stiff material is awkwardly fashioned to clothe the earth; the softest, supplest velvet drapes the angles, fills the hollows, and brings out the lines and curves in their true, beautiful proportion. The mind once more regains its symmetry, too, and is reflected in the glad quiet of the eyes.

Did you ever think how different our mental associations hoarded up about Christmas would be if it were kept in the summer? It gains its sweetest charm by coming in the deeps of winter. Nature's thousand delighting pictures have fused into one universal canvas, and we "turn for our gratification to moral sources." We may pass away a whole summer afternoon sitting on a stone on the hill-top, chin in hands, looking into the valley, and looking again, but now we draw near around the fire and gaze into each other's faces, and are content. As Washington Irving expresses the thought best, "Heart calleth to heart, and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of living kindness which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms." I think that is the reason our hearts overflow with love which seeks expression in gift-making, and our faces turn longingly

toward home. Let us leave aside the sordidness of life and exercise the prerogative of the Christmas feeling to its greatest extent. A happy fireside Christmas to every student!

Aeronautics—Professor—"Have you prepared this translation?"

Student—"Yes, I have gone over it."

Professor—"At what height?"

On Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 15th, under the joint auspices of the W. L. S. and the Y. W. C. A., a reception was given to the numerous friends of the students. Invitations had been sent to the ministers' wives (and a few ministers who hadn't wives), to the alumnæ residing in the city, and to many other friends of McMaster girls as a whole and individually. The guests were met at the main entrance to the college by several freshettes in cap and gown, who conducted them to Castle Memorial Hall. Miss Kellock, President of the W .L. S., Miss Steinhoff, President of the Y. W. C. A., and Mrs. Fenton-Arnton received until half-past four, when a short programme was given. This consisted of a solo by Miss Josephine Murray, '12, a reading of "Current Events" by Miss Kee, '13, which interested the guests because of the similarity of some of the events to occurrences in their own college life, and a short play. "The Home Guard," given by students from the several years. Then the ladies were invited to the tea-room, prettily decorated with yellow chrysanthemums. Among those present were Mesdames A. C. McKay, McLay, Clark, Ten Broeke, Keirstead, Tingle, Matthews, Glenn Campbell, Miss Lake ("Maria" of the Globe), and Mrs. Fairbairn of the Star.

Y. W. C. A.—At the meeting on November 22, the two delegates to the Ottawa Conference gave a brief account of the interesting sessions they had attended and of the inspiring addresses. On the Friday evening, Rev. Clarence A. Barbour, D.D., of New York, spoke on "What is worth while?" In speaking of the wonderfully inspiring messages, one of the delegates said: "I wish I could impress you as he impressed me with three outstanding essentials without which life is never worth while: a definite and worthy purpose in life, steady devotion to the common-place, and sacrificial service. The Christ went about doing good. His work was to do the will of Him that sent him, and if our life is to be worth while, we must follow in his steps."

Stress was also laid on the need of closer and more helpful contact between the city and the college associations. This Y.W.C.A. work is a real opportunity for the college graduate. It appeals to her because it is active and intellectual, and, above all else, she is needed in the work. Miss Kawai, one of the speakers, widened the outlook still more by showing the connection between the Y.W.C.A. and the World's Student Christian Federation, a world organization of which we are members.

A meeting of the Federal executive of the Y.W.C.A. was held in Annesley Hall on November 29, and Miss Laura Craig, '10, was appointed president of the executive. The advisability of revising the constitution of this body was also considered and it is hoped that the projected change will increase its usefulness to the colleges.

THE SIX OFFICE-HOLDERS OF YEAR ELEVEN.

Ere now our bards should have sung
Of the wit in our Vice's keen tongue;
She's great at debate,
For class never late,
O may she forever keep Young.

Long life to the Lit's second-Vice,
Miss Pratt who is quick with advice;
Gutes Deutsch kann sie sprechen,
Her task we can reckon,
Is waiting for little Vic. ice.

Enter one with a dignity sweet,
Whose voice raised in song is complete.
Though the head of our Lit,
Miss Kellock doth quit
Work at five, to go down for a treat.

Vice of the French Society,
That's Miss Denovan, don't you see?
She can play, she can skate,
But her pet word of late,
Oh, parlez français, je vous prie.''

Each girl of the year has her place,
Some. Greek roots from other days trace;
The Y. W. C. A.
Will all cry, Hurrah!
At the sight of its president's face.

Never looked our rooms quite so neat,
Till they fell on the regular beat
Of our head girl, a sage,
Who tries in this page
Of the Monthly, with men to compete.

Romantics—A Sophette visiting a class in special mathematics, was horrified to discover that valuable time was being wasted just in finding a point on the (el)lipse. She said that it reminded her of that foolish riddle of her youth, "What is the shape of a kiss?" and its answer, "(El)liptical."

News in Brief—Miss Steinhoff and Miss Wells enjoyed the Y.W.C.A.'s convention in Ottawa. They were guests of Mrs. McGregor for the several days. . . Fall house-cleaning occurred in the Ladies' Room. A conglomeration of articles from the year One (1901, of course) was hurriedly assisted to the lower regions. All declare the locker system without locks to be handy. . . Misses Iveson, Montgomery, McLaurin, McDonald, Wilkins, Ashall, Currie, and Menhennick passed through a trying experience some time ago which left several of them with gray hair. For half an hour they lived in constant fear of nocturnal attack by predatory enemies, and stuck bravely to their posts, weapons in hand, until the danger was considered over. . . . The pleasure of Founder's Day was much increased by the event of the annual dinner given by the Seniors to themselves. The ladies were gratified to behold those historic spots so often referred to by distinguished visitors. Timid investigatory glances searched for the "trough." Music was supplied by a passing hand-organ.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: V. W. PRICE, '11.

"Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain."

HE Editors of this Department for several years past have had to account for the defeat of McMaster in the final clash for supremacy in this division of the Intercollege Rugby League. Various reasons have been forwarded as to why we failed to reach the shining realm of the silverware. This year, however, we have no rugby defeats or victories over which to worry our feeble pen. But, as readers of the last issue of the MONTHLY will know, we had a promising soccer team. Now, alas, it behooves us to say "farewell, a long farewell" to the Inter-Faculty Soccer Championship Trophy for 1910. Prospects for McMaster landing this piece of metal never looked brighter. Our team has the best-playing forward line seen in the College for some time.

There is no excuse to offer—that is quite unnecessary. We did not die a natural death—we were smothered out. Last month we recorded a tie game with the Meds in the semi-final of the series. Since then, however, the Meds protested the game and their protest has been granted. Thus ends our Soccer chances for this year.

INTER-YEAR CONTESTS.—Once more they have made their periodical onslaught; again they have broken upon us in all their fury—these struggling, yelling, raging, mud-enveloping demons, the inter-year games.

It is a little difficult to account for the fact, but it is nevertheless true, that the freshmen at first decided not to enter a rugby team in the inter-year series. In Year '14 we have a class which has tied for first place on Field Day, has supplied four men to the College Soccer team, and yet was thinking of defaulting in the inter-year games. We can account for it in one way only. Having no team in the inter-college rugby series this year, we believe that not enough enthusiasm in the game has been aroused in the freshman class as a whole. They failed to

realize the importance of the inter-year struggles. However, they were aroused to the occasion, and, although not winning out in rugby, they have much more reason to be proud of their year than had they defaulted.

Just here we feel it incumbent upon us to refer to a strange idea which has been floating around the halls during the excitement of competition for the Matthew's Cup, and, we fear, has permeated the gray matter of several members of the first year. The idea is that "the freshmen can win nothing." In other words, the first year in the College is never permitted to win out in the rugby, soccer and hockey contests. If those who have had any such thought as this would reflect for a moment on the insinuation that is implied in such a statement, they would realize the utter absurdity of the idea. It is true that the freshman class seldom wins the championship in any of the three inter-year games, but there is a reason for this. They lack the organization necessary, and are largely unacquainted with the playing abilities of the other members of the class. This is plainly evident when we look at the results of Field Day. This year the freshmen tied for first place. But the points made on that occasion were the result of individual effort and not of concentrated organized action on the part of the year, as is required in rugby, soccer or hockey. In the inter-year games the first year always should have, always has had, and always, we hope, will have as fair an opportunity of winning championships as any other year in the College.

Rugby Series.—'Eleven 26, 'Twelve 1.—The first game of the series proved a decisive victory for the seniors. From the point of view of the score the contest may be divided into two distinct parts: part one, during which period year Eleven rolled 26 points on to the score board; part two, the final two minutes of play, when the juniors made their solitary counter. McCrimmon's long punts were often scorers.

'Thirteen 19, 'Fourteen 7.—The scheduled game between years Thirteen and Fourteen was played off on Saturday, November 5th. Although the sophs won to the tune of 19 to 7 the game was not without interest and some surprises. In spite of the fact that the freshmen, but for sheer shame, would have defaulted the game, because they "hadn't players," yet they developed unexpected strength of line and bucking qualities. Not only did they make the first score, but they also held their opponents down to a score of 8 to 6 in the first half. For the first year Fairchild and Wilson played a very good game.

'Thirteen 12, 'Eleven 10.—The final rugby game happened on November 9th at the Aura Lee Field. Leon's lofty punting must have pierced the clouds, for, before many minutes of play, a steady rain began to fall and continued throughout the struggle. The game was close at all periods. 'Eleven started the scoring. Twice, however, did the seniors lose possession of the ball almost on their own goal line, on offsides, and the sophs got over both times for a touch down, which was in each case converted. The game ended in the dark with the final score standing at 12-10 for 'Thirteen, thus making the sophs rugby champions. E. J. Whan, '12, and J. G. Ryrie, '14, acted as the officials. 'Thirteen line-up: Back, Cline; halves, Crowe, B. McCrimmon, McGregor; quarter, Ashmore (capt.); scrimmage, Haddow, Fraser, Sanderson; wings, Goodfellow, Hyde, Watson, Steckley, Williams, Jamieson.

'Eleven 28, 'Fourteen 0.—On Saturday morning, November 19th, the seniors and freshmen lined up on the Varsity Oval to decide who should stake a claim on the ten points for rugby, second place. 'Fourteen showed the advantage of the practice they had obtained in the previous game, and sustained their reputation as "buckers." Wilson, for the freshmen, did some splendid catching. The seniors played an open game with much passing and on-side kicking, scoring fourteen points in each half. Year '11 line-up: Back, Price; halves, Matthews (capt.), L. McCrimmon, 'Shake' Wilson; quarter, Gray (V. E.); scrimmage, Jeffery, Bennett, Twiss; wings, Tedford, Newton, Waters, Gray (E. D.) or Smith, Affleck, Ramage.

In regard to the championship game between the seniors and sophs it is here necessary to state that the game was protested by year 'Eleven. At a representative meeting of the executive of the Association, that body decided that the protest was quite just and legal and therefore allowed it. Year Thirteen, however, appealed the decision of the executive to a general meeting of the Association. The Association, as a whole, admitted the legality of the protest. Nevertheless, in order not to establish the precedent of protesting inter-year games, it was decided not to allow the protest. The fact was that the vote went, not on the merits of the protest, but on a mere matter of feeling, the first and second years voting almost to a man against granting the protest. Concerning the decision itself we have nothing to say. But the precedent set by the decision is what calls for comment. And here we write not as a member of year 'Eleven, but

as editor of this department. By its action the Association has placed itself on record as refusing to allow protests in inter-year games no matter how justifiable may be the grounds of the protest. There is no evading the fact. The conditions surrounding an inter-year contest may be of the most lax nature, yet it is of no avail to protest. It seems certain that if those who were influential in carrying through so rash a measure had realized what such an action meant, they would have thought a second time before acting. It is just as important that the inter-year games should be carried on strictly according to the rules as the inter-college games. There is no difference. It may be true that many of our inter-year games have not been conducted as strictly according to rules as they should have been. But we should aim to improve as we progress. The recent action of the Association is a step backward rather than a step in the right direction.

Soccer Series.—On November 8th, a zero soccer game was the result of a clash between the juniors and freshmen on the Aura Lee Field.

'Fourteen 1, 'Twelve 0.—The tie which resulted in the first inter-year game of soccer between '12 and '14 was played off on Saturday morning, November 12th, resulting in a victory for the freshmen by the score of 1—0. A good exhibition of soccer was almost impossible on account of the slippery condition of the field. The result, however, quite indicates the play, the first year having the better of the argument at almost all periods of the game. The winning goal was scored in the second half.

'Thirteen 2, 'Eleven 1.—The seniors went down to defeat before the sophs on November 22nd. The game was a very enjoyable one to spectators and participants alike. 'Thirteen won the toss and kicked down the grade. The score at half time was 1—1. In the second session the sophs succeeded in scoring again. The second year had the better of the game throughout. Their forwards were superior to those of the seniors, while the seniors displayed a better defence. Final score, 2—1 for 'Thirteen.

'Thirteen 1, 'Fourteen 1.—What was anticipated to be the final game of soccer for first place occurred on November 23rd between freshmen and sophs. However, they divided honors in a unit tie and the championship is yet to be decided. The game was very close and proved to be the best soccer struggle of the series. No scoring was done until within ten minutes of time

when the sophs took the lead. With three minutes left to play the freshmen saved the situation by dropping in a goal. We are glad to note that the Freshettes are taking an enthusiastic interest in the inter-year games.

Inter-Faculty Harriers' Race.—On Saturday November 5th about twenty-five shivering pairs of legs started from the Rosedale Athletic Field in the annual eight-mile cross-country run held by the Harrier Club of Toronto University. McMaster was invited to be represented in this event and she accepted the invitation. F. W. Waters, '11 brought honor to the College and a silver medal to himself, by finishing in fourth place, and only two hundred yards behind the winner. We congratulate Mr. Waters on his achievement.

J. B. McArthur, '05, is recognized as one of the best rugby officials of the day. This is evidened by the fact that he acted as umpire in the great struggle at Hamilton on November 26th between Varsity and the Tigers for the Dominion Rugby Championship.

McMaster wishes to convey her heartiest congratulations to Varsity for their grand victory over the Tigers in the recent Dominion Final.

The Department of Athletics wishes its readers a vivacious Christmas, with a frosty atmosphere. Remember it's

> "Time for work,—yet take
> Much holiday for art's and friendship's sake."

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: F. H. JEFFERY, '11.

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors,
Our valors are our best gods."

WO members of "Nought Seven" have returned to the University this year. J. G. Ferguson, B.A., has returned from the West and is taking M.A. work in Biology. A. E. White, B.A., severed his connection with the Feller Institute, Grande Ligne, and returned in the early fall to take Theology.

REV. B. W. MERRILL, B.A., B.Th., who for the past four years has been Superintendent of the Sunday School work in the Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec, has resigned to become the Associate Pastor and Director of Religious Education of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto. Mr. Merrill entered upon his new duties on December 1st.

S. J. BATES, B.A., '07. M.A., '09, and C. E. Burke, B.A., '07, are taking graduate work in Chemistry at the University of Illinois. They are the first McMaster students to receive a Fellowship in Chemistry from that University. They seem to be delighted with their surroundings and are greatly pleased with the interest the professors show in the students.

H. B. MOYLE, B.A., '06, a graduate in Medicine of the University of Toronto, 1910, has been appointed to a Fellowship in Child Psychology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass, for the ensuing year.

REV. L. H. THOMAS, B.A., '99, B.Th., '01, recently returned to the East from Kenora and has been called to Roncesvalles Avenue Baptist Church, Toronto. He entered on his new duties October 30th. Since his graduation Mr. Thomas has been in Guelph, North Bay and Kenora.

Chas. J. Triggerson, B.A., '00, M.A., '01, Ph.D. ('10 University of Cornell), has lately been appointed to the lectureship in Zoology and Physiology in Manitoba University, Winnipeg.

E. J. Chave, B.A., '06, B.Th., '10, is preaching in the Baptist Church at Estevan, Sask.

A. F. Smith, B.A., '09, was married on Thanksgiving Day. For two years Mr. Smith was on the Monthly Board, being editor of "Here and There" in his last year. Our heartiest congratulations are offered to Mr. Smith.

W. L. Iveson, B.A., '10, of Ottawa, visited Toronto at Thanksgiving time and was seen occasionally around the Halls. A mystery surrounds the metamorphosis of the contents of a certain sealed package in his possession.

An Error.—In November issue of The Monthly, E. A. Miller, M.A., is announced as married. This is an error, his name being handed to us by mistake. We apologise.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: J. E. ANDERSON

WE are beginning to realize that we were sent to school to work. The masters have been telling us all along about what we owe to ourselves, our parents, and society in general; but, examinations speak much more persuasively than good advisers and sage counsellors. A most solemn stillness (?) steals over the corridors, even before the study bell sounds, and holds the institution captive for the remainder of the night.

THE PHILOMATHIC AND EXCELSIOR LITERARY SOCIETIES, under the able leadership of Mr. Adams and Mr. Burke, are enjoying a degree of spontaneous and hearty support that augurs well for a year of successful achievement. We are eagerly awaiting the open meeting to be held by the two societies at an early date. There is not to be any "bawling-out" whatsoever allowed.

THE JUDSON MISSIONARY SOCIETY held its first meeting of the year on November 10th. Mr. Fred Jeffery, an alumnus of the College, delivered the address of the afternoon. He succeeded in presenting the history, present conditions, and prospects of the Christian work in the Cobalt country, in an exceedingly impressive and earnest manner. At the prayer meeting held the same evening, Mr. Mitchell, returned missionary from Bolivia, told us about the appalling conditions prevalent in the Inland South American Republic.

We were greatly delighted to have a number of the ladies, in attendance at the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society Convention, with us in the dining-room and at chapel service. However, we are very much of the opinion that it must have been rather embarrassing for some of the bachelor-ladies when, in a deep, sonorous voice, the scripture lesson began with—"Beloved."

VICTORY AGAIN PERCHED on our rugby banner when we journeyed to Guelph, November 5th, to play an O. A. C. team composed of players selected from their firsts and seconds, with a

leaning towards the firsts. Our boys played a most aggressive and spirited game in spite of the fact that a well-known McMaster graduate uncharitably led the fair rooters from McDonald Hall in repeated renderings of the "Sod-Buster's" battle song. Our fellows led all the way. The score, Woodstock 10, O.A.C. 9, is the truest indication of the keenness of the play. We sincerely regret that a return game could not be arranged, as we are anxious to show in a tangible manner our hearty appreciation of the excellent entertainment given our team when in the Royal City.

Our junior rugby team met the Woodstock Collegiate Institute Juniors recently. As a certain fair collegiate supporter was heard to observe, the game was "simply awful." The score was: College 25, W. C. I. 0. The return game failed to materialize because, when our boys lined up on the town plot, they found their opponents "were not there at all."

On November 23rd, the Hamilton Collegiate Institute team succeeded in putting a kink in our undinted rugby record. We are sorry, but have nothing to say. The fates must have decreed our defeat because our fellows played like demons fighting under Satan for readmission to Heaven. The game was played in the "Mountain Town;" the score was: Hamilton 16, Woodstock 7. As a College we are deeply grateful to the rugby team for the manly, hearty and dauntless spirit displayed during the contests of the season: we are proud of the men who represented us in our battles of the gridiron.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: MARGUERITE COLE.

ON Friday, November 18, the annual Class Tea was held. This event has come to be one of great importance in our school life, as it is the only time during the year when the whole school meets together in a social way. The tables were artistically decorated in the colors of the different classes, and their appearance justified the labor spent upon them. At the close of the banquet, Miss Edith Elliott, the President of the Fourth Year, proposed the toast to the King. After it had been responded to by the singing of "God Save the King," Miss Mignon Merrill, who represented the Third Year, responded to the toast "The Canadian Girl's Heritage." Other toasts proposed were, "The Mirror," responded to by Miss Gladys Robinson of the Second Year; "Our Alma Mater," by Miss Frances Keirstead of the First Year; "Aeroplanes," to which Miss Katherine Searls of the Specials, responded, and "School-Books," by Miss Dorothy Hardy of the Preparatory Class. When the toast list had been completed, the guests adjourned to the chapel, where an excellent programme was provided by the students.

THE PRAYER-MEETINGS have been held as usual this term every Wednesday evening. A meeting of special interest was held on November 23, when Mrs. Shapleigh, of the China Inland Mission, gave an address of more than usual earnestness.

WE ARE VERY GLAD to welcome into our midst Miss Fitch, who has been appointed teacher of science.

THE HELICONIAN SOCIETY met for the first time this year on Friday, November 4. The programme was as follows: Piano solo, Miss Edith Fenton; paper on Charles Dickens, Miss Anne Bellamy; scene from Nicholas Nickleby; paper on Mark Twain, Miss Marjorie Trotter; violin solo, Miss Mary White; paper on Jane Austen, Miss Katherine Searls; scene from "Pride and Prejudice."

Here and There.

EDITOR: A. I. OGILVIE, '12.

THE LAURENTIANS: EVENING.

The hill-tops hold, then hide, the waning gleams,
The changeful sky puts on its purple lights,
And shadows fall so soft and sweet, it seems
As if such darkening never grew to night.

The flitting will-o'-wisp his lantern swings
And sounds of day are done. Now to the ear
The evening melody more softly clings,
And trills the mountain stream, so cool and clear.

Fair is the land and fair the arch above;
The moon has risen in a flood of light,
And gentle breezes sigh as if in love
With all the charms of this Laurentian night.

Brenton A. Macnab—The University Magazine.

IF you are a student in college, seize upon the good that is there. You get good by giving it. You gain by giving—so give sympathy and cheerful loyalty to the institution. Be proud of it. Stand by your teachers—they are doing the best they can. If the place is faulty, make it a better place by an example of cheerfully doing your work every day the best you can

—ELBERT HUBBARD.

THE following letter, written by our Registrar, appeared in a recent number of The Globe and should prove interesting to our readers.

"THE HISTORIC THREE."—To the Editor of The Globe: I notice that in Friday's Globe my illustrious namesake has a poem under the above caption, in which he points out that three of the men most prominently connected with the recent reform of the land laws in Great Britain rejoice in the same name; these three being Henry George, Lloyd-George, and his Majesty King George. I should like to pursue the subject a little further and call attention to the derivation of the word "George," which shows that it is a most appropriate name for men whose great

interest is in freeing the land for the people. An apt illustration is found in the fact that Virgil's essay, preaching his version of "Back to the Land," is entitled the "Georgics." With your permission I would suggest the following as a fourth stanza to the poem in Friday's issue:

The very name shows this should be,
For "ge" in ancient Greek means "land,"
Compare our word ge-ology—
While "erg" is work, we understand—
Vide en-erg-y. Then what more grand
Than men who righteous land laws urge,
Should bear that name,
That honored name
Of George?

Elven Bengough.

BEFORE EXAMS.

To flunk—or not to flunk, that is the question:—
Whether 'tis nobler in exams to suffer
The slings and arrows of exacting profs;
Or to pull and flee this reign of terror,
And by the ruse of hookey 'scape them?—to flee—to stay,—
No more:—and, by a flight, to say we end
The headache, and the thousand vacant stares
That empty brains are heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To flee;— to stay;—
To stay! perchance to pass; ay, there's the rub!

Philomathean.

A LADY OF MARK.

Belinda is a village belle,
Her beauty has no =
Her charming manner is perfection,
There's no one like her in this §
I wonder would she think me rash
If after her I made a —
And with a manner suave and bland
I frankly asked her for her ☜
Then I murmured, "Tell me, dearie,"
Would she say, "Yes" unto my ?
And yet —Belinda's tongue's so brisk
I fear I'd be an *.—Harper's Weekly.

The Scotchman could not find his ticket. On the conductor's second round it was still missing. "What's that in your mouth?" he asked. Sure enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way. "Ah, we'el," said Sandy, in reply to his fellow-passengers' banter, "I'm nae sae absent-

minded as ye wad think. You was a vera auld ticket, and I was jist sucken aff the date."—Ex.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

Two thousand five hundred and thirty-five students in Pennsylvania University engaged in athletics last year.

Harvard University has devised a new degree, that of "Associate in Arts," which will be given to students who complete the courses in the new department of university extension.

A table of the average cost of instruction per student at Yale shows a total cost of $293.27, while the average receipts per student were only $134.21.

Columbia University, following the example of the University of Chicago, has established a student's bank as a branch of the college activities. The bank is connected with the bursar's office and pays no interest.

Eighteen states and two foreign countries are represented among the students who are taking the course offered in the school of journalism at the University of Missouri.

Sixty per cent. of the men in Congress are college men.

One hundred and seventy-nine men received Rhodes scholarships during the past year, according to a statement that has been issued by the trustees of the scholarship. Ninety, or over half of those selected, were from the British colonies and eleven from Germany.

The choice of a site for the new provincial University of British Columbia is not without interest for our students. In order to avoid making a political issue of the matter the British Columbia government appointed a commission to consider the merits of the different situations proposed and to decide upon a site. The members of the commission were Dean Weldon, of Dalhousie (chairman); President Murray, of Saskatchewan; Chancellor Jones, of New Brunswick, Canon Dauth, vice-rector of Laval, and Prof. Sketlon, of Queen's. Their report, which was recently made public, shows the commissioners to be unanimously in favor of a site in the vicinity of Vancouver. Among other things the commission suggested that two-hundred and fifty

acres should be reserved for a campus and eight hundred acres for agricultural college purposes.

To Write or Not to Write?

The London *Bookman* publishes the prize-winner in its competition for a parody on Hamlet's soliloquy applicable to literary life. Harry E. Wilkes, who won the award, may, in this instance at any rate, give the affirmative answer to his parody, "To write or not to write."

To write or not to write, that is the question.
Whether 'tis wiser in the mind to stifle
The wit of Swift, the wisdom of Plato
Or to take pen, the gray goose quill of Grub Street,
Through space and time to wing them;
To write, to print,
No more; and by a sonnet, say, to win
The meed of fame, the thousand jingling guineas
That fame is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To write, to print;
To print, perchance to sell; ay, there's the rub;
For to our hopes what checks, not cheques may come
When we have yielded our immortal scripts
Must give us pause; there's the mischance
That maketh hay of all our fondest schemes.
For who would bear the sweat and ache of brain,
The scrivener's cramp, the attic's penury,
The post's expense, the editorial thanks,
The Philistines contumely, and the spurns
That soaring genius of the cold world takes
When he himself might his plain living make
With a plain shovel? Who would critics bear,
To gall and wince under their loaded knouts,
But that the hope of glory after toil,
The gilded mountain peak of fame to which
All travellers aspire, allures the mind
And makes us spurn the valley, low and safe,
To scale the craggy heights we know not of?
Ambition thus makes scribblers of us all.
And thus the ruddy hue of country health
Is jaundiced over with the fogs of town,
And the shilling shockers, tit bits, and reveiws,
With this regard our genius turn awry
To win the name of author.
Soft you now!
My Lord Barabbas! Sir, in thy Spring lists
Be all my works remembered.

—New York Sun.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to, in anguish, be bowed,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile, or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

—Canadian Century.

We gladly acknowledge receipt of the following: *The Philomathean Monthly, University of Virginia Magazine, Trinity Archive, Bessie Tift Journal, O. A. C. Review, Dalhousie Gazette, College Index, Queen's College Journal, The Mitre, The William Jewell Student, Western University Gazette, The Mercerian, Lux Columbiana, Notre Dame Scholastic, The Collegian, University of Ottawa Review, Brunonian, Baylor Literary Magazine, The Argosy, The Martlet, Acta Victoriana, Trinity College Review, Madisonensis, Vox Collegii, Manitoba College Journal, St. John's College Magazine, Vox Wesleyana, Acadia Athenaeum, Varsity, "T C D," The Schoolman, Oxford Magazine.*

A number of pages in the *Smith College Monthly* are given over to verse. "Baby's Fly," one of the contributions, tells in baby-talk rhyme of Baby's sensations when he picks up a "nice yellow fly" which turns out to be a bumble-bee. Here is the last verse:

"Blue eyes brimming nearly over,
Sobbing, lisped the woful tot:
'Baby's fumb hurt's drefful, muvver,
Dat fly's feet was vewry hot.'"

A Sailor's Yarn.—Sailor—"Just at that moment my father received a bullet that cut off both his arms and legs and threw him into the sea. Fortunately he knew how to swim."—*Le Rire.*

MODERN MARY.

Mary had a little skirt
Tied lightly in a bow,
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't go.—Ex.

The Wife of a certain professor warned him as he went off to officiate at a funeral one rainy day, "Now, John, don't stand with your bare head on the damp ground; you'll surely catch cold."—*Life.*

A mosquito lit on a sleeping man,
And looked for a place to drill;
The world owes me a living, said he,
And at once sent in his bill.

The Marlet.

Stolen from Prof. Province's Note Book.—In one of the note books which Prof. Province used in his school in Japan we find the following, which will probably throw some light on his sudden return to America. No wonder the Japs pass such harsh criticisms on our language, if they receive it from all their instructors in such doses as this:

"Desiccated herbage submit to perturbation
The while the radiant orb of day affords illumination."
Which we have deciphered to mean:
"Make hay while the sun shines."

Likewise:
"A futile superfluity of culinary aid,
Destroys nutritious liquids from osseous tissue made."
Which must mean: "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

"Your immediate environment submit to circumspection,
E'er you traverse some feet of space by muscular projection."
(Look before you leap.)

"Inhabitants of domiciles of vitreous formation,
With lapidary fragments should ne'er perform jactation."
(People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.)

"Who counts e'er fractured are the shells his bipeds gallinaceous,
Is apt to find his calculations utterly fallacious."
(Don't count your chickens before they hatch.)
Poor old Japs.

The Baylor Literary.

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XX. JANUARY, 1911 No. 4

EDUCATION BY CONTACT.

HERE are infirmities not only of the body but of the soul, and fortunes which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body than to apparel the nakedness of his soul.'' Thus wrote Sir Thomas Browne in his Religio Medici, and the passage may serve as a text for this article.

In Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, one evening this summer, the writer entered into conversation with a representative of one of our Canadian weeklies, and, as was natural, the latest issue of this periodical came under discussion. Turning over the pages of a copy which he had with him, the representative pointed to an article touching on education, and remarked, ''There's an article which might be all right down East, but it's no good out here. What the Western people are after is wheat, not culture, and their interest centres around the latest development in real estate value, not the progress of some educational movement.'' The charge is serious: is it true? Can it be said that in our newer districts there is no place for heart culture or mental development? Those who have taught in such districts will probably deny the charge. During the last decade the settler has advanced to the west and to the north with giant strides; yet it can be asserted, with truth, that the

leaven of intellectual acquirement has been broken in proportion to the grain-producing areas which have been opened up. Still more remarkable! during the last ten years decisive steps have been taken to ensure the mental development, not only of the settler and his children, but even of the worker in the hinterland, and educational operations have been extended so as to include those engaged in the different industries on the far-flung line of the frontier.

Of all the educational problems which confront the people of this country, none make greater demand for solution than that which involves the frontier. A word of explanation. As everyone is aware, Canada is not a land of cities or of great manufacturing centres. Far from it! The conditions up to the present have been such that almost one-fourth of Canadian workers have been cut off for many months each year from all those agencies cherished as the chief factors in the civilizing process. The home, the school, the church, the press, the platform; these and many other advantages which are considered of the highest importance in the civic life of a people have all been denied to the lumberjack, the river-driver, the miner, the railroad builder, the pioneer farmer, and all those who have labored beyond the common haunts of men. And these conditions still exist. There never was a time when the industrial life of our frontier was more active: the railroad companies are extending their webs of steel in every direction; mining resources are being exploited with feverish energy and increasing vigor; lumbering operations are changing to suit the circumstances but their scope has extended rather than contracted; wild lands are being settled where formerly no man would live. Considering such conditions, the words of Ruskin must press themselves upon any thinking man or woman: "And thus the perpetual question and contest must arise, who is to do this rough work? and how is the worker of it to be comforted, redeemed, and rewarded? and what kind of play should he have, and what rest in this world sometimes, as well as in the next?"

There has always been a class of people who have answered this question in a certain way, "The laborer? Oh, well, the poor devil, it's his lot! Someone has to do that kind of work and it's better to leave him alone so he won't become discontented." The following incident, improbable as it may seem, occurred this very summer. An organization which for ten years has been attempting to solve the frontier educational problem began negotiations for establishing a system of reading tents to be used along a line of railway under construction in southern Saskatchewan. The negotiations were brought to an abrupt close by a member of the firm which has the contract to build the line, a man who is a graduate of the medical faculty of an old and famous Canadian university, and, as such, should be regarded, presumably, as one having some educational standing. This man drew a woeful picture of the disturbing effects that would become hotbeds of discontent and highly fertile breeding places for strikes; the reading matter would of necessity furnish an excuse for the men to neglect their work, and worse still, it would convey to them information of higher wages they could earn elsewhere and other news which ought to be suppressed. In short, there was a dreadful danger that the reading tents would provide material which might cause the men to think when they ought to be simply picking and shovelling. Awful contemplation! Indeed, this physician-contractor went so far as to declare that he would like to prevent mail of any description going into the camps in order that there should be nothing whatever to distract the navvies from their work. Yes, gentle reader, such were the sentiments expressed, not by an English Tory squire at the beginning of the last century, but by an "educated" Canadian this very summer. The foregoing incident has been referred to in order to illustrate that a certain attitude which was common at the commencement of the strife between labor and capital still persists to some extent, even in liberal Canada.

While it is lamentably true that the question of what play, and rest, and reward, should be due to the man "who is to do

this rough work'' is still of no concern to some people, it is also an undoubted fact that it is a question of vital importance to many others. It would be a gross libel against Christianity to deny that benevolent interest in the welfare of the ''working classes'' is steadily increasing, interest which is shared alike both by employers and the public at large. On the other hand, too, the forces of industrial progress all over the civilized world have wrought out as a *sine qua non* to greater industrial efficiency a higher standard of life for the hewers of wood and drawers of water. Employers of labor even on the frontier are gradually awakening to the fact that to do their best work men must be properly housed, adequately fed, rightly instructed, sufficiently amused, and rationally comforted. As a lumber-camp foreman once put it: ''Treat a man like an ox and he'll work like an ox—that is, only when he's prodded.'' Considering the case of frontier laborers particularly, the crying need both in the interests of the laborers themselves and the country at large is that intelligent provision be made for the three or four hours still to be filled when the day's task is done. Why?

Idleness begets vice. The gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery so rampant in most frontier towns can be directly traced back to aimless hours spent around the camp fire or in the bunk-houses. The observation is often made that a certain town in the North Country or in the West is a little hell; how many of those who so righteously pass judgment ever realize that the fires of this inferno were first kindled among gangs of men through months of long empty evenings? The devil still finds work for idle hands to do, and nowhere is this more true than in the mining, lumbering, and railway construction camps scattered along the fringes of our settled districts. Before there can be ''dry and ''clean'' frontier towns, some kind of wholesome evening employment must be provided for the men in the camp.

Satisfactory reading matter will help greatly. The following extract from a letter received from a railway construction

camp in Saskatchewan contains food for thought which will stand much digesting.

"As a library and reading room the tent was greatly appreciated. This is a very important department of the Association's work. To a person with a sense of delicacy and modesty it is refreshing and gratifying to note how good reading matter stifles, or at least reduces, profane and filthy jesting. Your instructor well remembers leaving the cook-shack one day at dinner, when the air was blue with obscenity; a few minutes later he overheard some men debating in the reading tent over a thought suggested by Hodgson's 'Complete Modern Carpentry.' Surely this is what the philosopher Spinoza meant when he recommended 'Inhibition by a higher good.'"

Harmless entertainment must also have its place on the frontier as elsewhere. A prominent social reformer has said: "The man flagging at monotonous exhausting toil gropes for equilibrium among the opposing influences of instinct, habit, imitation and new conditions; yet each struggling force has potency and ought to find free outlet through the channels of amusement." Labor is followed by an insistent demand for recreation. The writer can never forget the exclamation—or better, the groan of a homesick little Cockney one Saturday night in a northern Ontario construction camp: "My Gawd, what a country! There ain't no bloomin' music 'alls 'round nowhere." Congreve struck a fundamental note when he wrote, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." To see a gang of French-Canadian shantymen on the rampage when the camp has broken up one is led to think that such men are dominated principally by—well, in short, the beast; yet these same men are as innocent as little children when in the shadow of the pines they croon a plaintive *chanson* beside the flickering camp fire. Some form of innocuous entertainment may go a long way, indeed, towards apparelling the nakedness of the soul. A friend writing from a big camp makes this confession:

"Last Sunday I managed to borrow a phonograph with twenty-seven good selections, and gave the men a musical programme, which they certainly did enjoy. Some of the records

were songs, and others hymns. When a familiar chord was struck, the men joined in the chorus; it did me good as well as them. And let me state that the foreigners are very patriotic; it made me feel ashamed of myself to see the fervor with which they sang the National Anthem and 'The Maple Leaf.' I think this way of passing the evening did just as much good as would my endeavors, and perhaps failures, in preaching."

The ultimate success of any movement directed towards education will depend largely on the genius of the movement itself and the *modus operandi.* In his famous Allegory of the Cave, Plato promulgated the doctrine that a man who succeeds in freeing himself from any of the shackles of ignorance, even though it be by that "agony of bloody sweat," is duty bound to set himself to the task of loosing his less fortunate fellows. Herein is found the supreme touchstone of all educational achievement; what example can we give from the frontier? For four months during the summer of 1908, Mr. J. F. Sadlier, a medical student of Winnipeg, Manitoba, drove a team of mules every day—ten hours a day—on the grade for the Cowan Construction Company, who were building a branch for the Canadian Northern. At the end of the season, he made the following report of the work done, apart from his ten hours a day on the grade:

"Number of English-speaking employees in camp, 30-35; number of foreigners, 50-60; number of different employees attending night classes, 25. Subjects taught: English, German, physiology, Canadian history, arithmetic, geography; number of hours teaching during summer, 85¾, besides the teaching which your instructor was able to do during working hours. Number of books in library 60; number of books loaned during summer, 225-250; magazines in reading tent, 25, changed fortnightly (magazines afterwards sent to other camps); newspapers, weekly and daily, 12. Religious services held every Sabbath; average attendance, 22.5; maximum, 45; minimum, 2; positive conversion, 1. Number of patients treated medically by instructor, 96."

What think you of the whole summer's work credited to the student-navvy?

This scribe is not afraid to venture the assertion that after reading the report just quoted any professional teacher will, to speak familiarly, "sit up and take notice." Think of it! Ten hours' hard work on the grade all day as a laborer and then such a record as instructor, preacher, and physician! The wonder increases when it becomes known that every year between twenty and thirty representatives of different Canadian universities—McMaster among the number—are making a similar record in the lumber, mining and railway construction camps of the North and West. Carlyle's eulogy leaps to our thought, "The noble, silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department, silently thinking, silently working: whom no morning paper makes mention of! They are the salt of the earth."

The root idea of the scheme which has produced the results indicated is *education by contact.* This implies that men will improve intellectually and morally in direct proportion to the amount and closeness of actual contact with other men of more cultured mentality and higher morality. The idea is not a new one. The application of it to frontier laborers, however, is replete with novel features. In this case, brawn must be met by brawn and sinew by sinew. Diogenes would not have searched one of our lumber camps long before finding a man; the whole atmosphere of the frontier is charged with virility, stamina and pluck. Under such circumstances, no weakling could possibly become a teacher; no coward a "sky-pilot." It has been pointed out that:

"There is certain prejudice in camp against men who do not engage in the regular routine of the work in hand, who are mere hangers-on. There is danger of their being classed with the 'tin horn' dudes and other sharks who shadow the camp for the sole purpose of exploiting the men. Nothing but efficiency appeals to these men—efficiency not in mathematics, literature, or theology, but in actual labor of the hands, and in their particular brand of manual labor. It is nothing to them that one has taken a double first in any of the colleges, or even has won renown as a pitcher, catcher, or half-back on the campus; to be personally popular with the shantyman one must handle

the axe, saw, and cant-hook with any of the old-time beavers, fallers, junkers, loaders, and skidders. The river-driver's standard of character is ability to handle the peavey, ride a log, and break a jam. The navvy sizes up his hero by the number of cubic yards of earth or rock he removes, or by his handling of the wheeler, slusher, or grader. The miner judges a man by his ability to drill holes and handle dynamite. The fisherman respects only the man who can manipulate his nets and trim his sails satisfactorily in the roughest weather. The student who would win the frontier toiler and help develop his mind and soul must first be his hero; that is, he must excel in the special work of that laborer whether on the river, in the woods, the rock-cut, mine, or right-of-way."

In view of such a statement, it seems the more remarkable that so many students from our Canadian universities should "make good" each year as camp instructors.

Notwithstanding the undoubted necessity of some system of education and recreation applicable to frontier conditions together with the unimpeachable success which has so far been achieved, there is urgent need that the idea be "popularized." Indifference, prejudice, apathy; how often these form a ring of opposition! and in the case of camp education, it is still necessary to dispel a little indifference on the part of the general public, a grain of prejudice on the side of the employers, and a modicum of apathy as far as the laborers themselves are concerned. One illustration of the prejudice still existing among certain employers has already been given; another was brought to the writer's notice just a few days ago. Arrangements were being made to provide a large lumber camp on the French River with a reading-room and instructor for the coming winter. The company owning the camp had expressed eagerness to co-operate; and the men working in the camp had enthusiastically agreed to build the reading-room after hours. At this juncture, the walking boss of the company, who would rarely be around the camp at all during the winter, came along and put a stop to the whole proceeding. Rational explanation of the situation was of no avail; there would be no teaching among his men and no reading-room in that camp. Reader, be not

surprised to learn that this walking boss could neither read nor write. Are you not reminded of the charge laid by Jack Cade against the noble lord? "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear."

It has been said that "the labor of the world has been performed by ignorant men, by classes doomed to ignorance from sire to son." But has not such a condition been a dead weight on the wheels of progress? Fortunately, there are few Canadians but realize that solid and lasting success can only come to us as a nation in so far as our educational facilities are extended *pari passu* with our material development. To rich and poor alike, in the city and out on the frontier, the rich heritage of intellectual and moral achievement must be freely apportioned. And, so far as camp laborers are concerned, this apportionment must be made by men who can join hands with their protégés in every respect. Mere preaching will not suffice among rough-and-ready gangs of shantymen or railroad navvies.

> "A man may cry, 'Church, church,' at every word,
> With no more piety than other people.
> A daw's not counted a religious bird
> Because it keeps caw-cawing from the steeple."

Let the following words from the pen of one of America's leading educationists be the constant guide of all who may be interested in the welfare of the sons of the forest and toilers of the camp: "But morality and religion as dispositions of the heart and will can only be grown by the persons possessing them under the potent influence of suggestive patterns of righteousness and spirituality."

Joseph Wearing, '10.

EDITH MAY McDERMID.

S the years pass and the Alumni of McMaster grow in number, we are saddened from time to time by the passing of some honored and loved member. In October of this year a very large circle of friends was shocked to learn of the sudden calling away of Edith May McDermid. Those who knew her well, were aware that she was often a great sufferer, but no one suspected that the cause of her pain might be fatal. The trouble was originally a form of ulceration of the stomach, which became acute when she thought herself much stronger than she had been for several years. The first thoughts that come to friends at such a time are full of pain, but how truly blessed it is, that as they turn their thoughts from personal grief and think of the beauty of the life that has passed, a quiet and peace steal into the heart to comfort and cheer.

It is a privilege to record the life of one whose record has been so strong and sweet as Edith McDermid's. She was born in Janetville on September 9th, 1875. Her family moved from Janetville to Port Perry, and finally to London when Edith was seven years of age. In the public and High Schools of London, Edith received her preparatory education, and after matriculation, joined Class '97, McMaster. As a member of that class she won universal esteem and regard. She chose mathematics as her honor subject, and afterwards prepared herself for teaching by studying at the Normal College, when it was in Hamilton. After completing this course, she was with Mrs. Wells in Harding Hall, London, and later came to Moulton College, where she was a teacher for five years. In June, 1908, ill-health caused her to resign, and for two years she had a period of rest. In September, 1910, in a letter to a friend, she told of her intention of spending a year in Agnes Scott College.

Decatur, Georgia, in the hope that she would be completely restored to health. But it was not to be. She only taught for four days, when illness came in an acute form and she passed away on October 1st.

The bare facts of a life like Edith's it is possible to set down as we have done. The real life it is more difficult to show. It is here still, in the hearts of all her loved ones and friends, and is strong in those whom she taught and influenced, as only a beloved teacher can. As a daughter and sister, in the home life, her love, unselfishness, and devotion were beautiful, and, indeed, in all her life relations, these three qualities were outstanding. As a student, she was painstaking and absolutely conscientious. Perfection, in as far as she was able, was her ideal always. As a teacher, she was kind, considerate and patient, and at the same time demanded of her pupils their best work. She did not spare herself. Indeed, it was her fault that she did not think of herself enough, and so her work became too great a strain for her strength. In residential life she possessed, in a marked degree, the faculty for singling out individual students who especially needed help, and her influence over them was really wonderful. As a member of the faculty, her helpfulness was strong. She was always alert, holding the entire life of the school in mind, and the best for its development was first in her thought. Her manner was quiet and retiring, and one did not know her in a day, but her fine character always grew upon those associated with her, and as years passed their admiration and love deepened. To-day, as we review the life and think of the helpful influence still living and strong, thankfulness that we have known her and assurance of her present triumph and peace will fill our thought, and still our grief.

Jessie D. Zavitz, '00.

GEORGE WILLIAM BURR, 1889-1910.

"His life work is over, e'er barely begun,
The things he had planned, yet remain to be done.
He would fain say to us, ' 'Tis an unfinished race,
Will there be one of you who will fill in my place?' "

I. F. F., '12.

HE hand of the grim reaper has been indeed busy amid the fields that seem not ready for the harvest. Three young men of Class '12 have recently been taken away before the bloom of young manhood had developed into the fruit of a life of active service. The double sense of loss caused by the sudden departure of Lee Wilson Smith and Percy N. McGregor in September last, had not abated when it was heightened and intensified by the death of George W. Burr. To the University there has come the loss of three loyal sons, to their class that of three brilliant members, and to those who knew them an influence that was all for good. The thoughts of many are expressed in the question, "Why were they taken from us?" For the full answer we shall have to wait.

Other hearts have voiced the worth and work of the two former. To a friend there remains the sad duty of paying to the latter a last tribute.

Since joining Class '12, George had not enjoyed the degree of health that his class would have wished for him. When asked by different friends, if he were not feeling very well, he always replied, with a smile, "Why, I'm all right." But by the close of last term his impaired health became so evident that considerable anxiety was expressed as to the wisdom of his setting out, unaccompanied, to fulfil his duties in a summer school in the West. However, since he was resolved to go, we wished him God-speed, and were all glad to have him join us again in the

fall, seemingly strong and able for his work. But e'er two months were spent George Burr's lifework was ended, for suddenly and unexpectedly he was taken seriously ill with appendicitis, underwent an operation, and, when apparently on the road to recovery, complications set in which resulted in his death at three o'clock on the morning of December 1st.

In the afternoon of the same day a funeral service was held at Matthews' undertaking parlors. Rev. John MacNeill, pastor of Walmer Road Baptist Church, conducted the service. Professor Farmer led in prayer. Professor Ten Broeke, under whom George was pursuing his special studies, spoke on behalf of the Faculty, and Mr. Jas. Strachan on behalf of the Student Body.

Mr. A. C. Bingham, his classmate and roommate, was in constant attendance upon him during his last illness, and was appointed to represent the Student Body at the funeral at Forest, Ont. The funeral, which took place on Saturday afternoon from the home of his parents, was conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. S. Leckie, B.A., of the Forest Baptist Church, of which George became a member in 1905.

That in him the Faculty recognized a sterling young man with noble aspirations, is well revealed to us from the words of his Professor in Philosophy, Dr. Ten Broeke, when he spoke on the occasion above mentioned. "He was quiet and earnest. I was early attracted by his alertness and by his ability to master the problem before him. And I have often observed the light that came into the expression of his countenance as some truth appeared to him in a new way." His fellow-students who had learned to know him saw beneath his quietness and reticence the gentle spirit, the sympathetic heart, and the manliness which showed he had been touched by the hand of the Master Maker.

To his mother and father and two younger brothers in their loneliness and heartache we offer our sincere sympathy.

E. D. C., '12.

LIFE—

The silken fluttering of happy leaves,
The timid trembling of the evening star—
The clear-cut crescent of the newborn moon,
The fluffy whiteness of the clouds afar,
The purple distance of the shadowy wood,
The winding river, full of mystery,
The sacred, strangely silent solitude—
Ah! These are life to me!

The waving witchery of your dark hair,
The wondrous whiteness of your brow and cheek,
Your lips, soft-curved and smooth as pansy blooms,
And eyes that look in mine and seem to speak,
Eyes of a blueness indescribable,
And lighted with an angel's purity,
The warmth and whiteness of your woman's heart—
Ah! These are life to me!

Amy E. Campbell.

MARGARET'S LETTER.

ARGARET leaned far out of the school-room window and let the gentle spring breezes fan her hot cheeks. She felt she could not stand much longer the noise of scratching slate pencils and the continual turning of leaves. This was her first school, a small village school, which she had taken on her return from Normal College not quite a year before. Margaret was very young—just nineteen—and her greatest ambition for a university course had never been realized. Perhaps she may be forgiven, if, on this sixth of May, the graduation day of her dearest friend, rebellious thoughts could not be chased away.

Margaret's thoughts had wandered far from her class, and the growing restlessness within the school-room was unheeded by her. A burst of uncheeked laughter made her suddenly face her scholars. Picking out a guilty looking youngster, she asked him if he would go to the post office for her. Very proudly Willie started on his message for "teacher," who mechanically took up her work again.

The school-house was a tiny brick building on the outskirts of the village. The post office and general store lay half a mile distant on the top of a hill to the north. But, strange to say, Willie turned south towards the station to meet another boy, whom he saw coming towards him.

"Goin' up village? I'm going to the post office for Miss Calhoun."

"Nope, I'm goin' to the school-house. I've a telegram for the teacher. I was told to hurry."

But Willie promised to relieve the boy of his message and ended by walking back nearly to the station with him. Half an hour later, Willie entered the school-room breathless—he had run part way back—and handed the muddy slip of yellow to Miss Calhoun.

"I got firsts in everything; I'm so delighted."

"CLAIRE."

it read, and tears of joy shone in the little school teacher's eyes.

Through all the weary afternoon she was wondering if from her slender salary of four hundred dollars she could afford to send congratulations by telegram. She had not yet decided when she turned the key in the school-house door, and she smiled faintly as she joined half a dozen waiting children on the road. She paused a moment undecided which way to turn, but with a reckless little laugh and a gay good-bye to her waiting scholars she turned stationward. Then she dispatched the following:

"Congratulations from the bottom of my heart. Wish I could be with you. Will write to-night."

Margaret's boarding-house was her chief consolation. It was a white frame house, low, rambly, and adorably old-fashioned. Margaret loved the quaint old rooms and the dear old lady who presided with quiet dignity over the household Her husband, Margaret thought, was not his wife's equal; but, if he was uncouth in manner, he was good-natured and noble-hearted. She was also interested in their son, a handsome, intelligent fellow of twenty-five. Margaret flattered herself she was heart-whole. If Claire had been a man it would have been different. But, sometimes, on these warm spring evenings she half envied Irene Jones, the village belle, her drives and walks with her landlady's son. For young Allison was Irene's sworn knight.

"You are late, Miss Calhoun," said Jack Allison, as he met the school-mistress at the gate. "Mother had tea a little early as I'd promised to take Irene driving or else we'd have waited. There's a budget of letters for you on the table. I wish," he added as he noticed her pale, tired face, "I hadn't promised to take Irene and I'd take you instead. You look tired."

"O don't bother about me, nobody cares about school ma'arms," and, without making further comment on Jack's unwontedly long speech, Margaret rushed into the house, seized her mail, and, pleading a headache, locked herself in her room.

Jack stood quite still for a moment, stunned by the bitterness in the tone that had always been so kind, and then started, whistling, for the barn.

"Poor little girl! Whew, she's cross! Homesick, I guess, and tired. Wants her mother," and then dismissed her from his thoughts.

Throwing her hat and gloves on the bed, Margaret laid her head on the window sill and had a hearty cry. She was not comforted to see Jack dash by towards Irene's just as she was furiously dabbing at her wet eyes. Impetuously, she drew up to the table and began a letter to Claire.

"You darling girl," she wrote. "I did so want to be in Toronto to see you graduate; but nothing ever turns out the way I want it. I've never had anything happen right since I was born, except when I met you, dearest. (Frown, if you like. You are the dearest person in all the world, except my mother, and I must say it, even if you do hate 'all terms of endearment and especially "dearest." ') Next to going to college myself, to see you graduate has been my greatest wish. To-night, I can shut my eyes and forget for a minute this hateful, low-ceilinged room"—Poor Margaret! She had written in such raptures of her room before—"forget my dingy old school, stupid scholars and ignorant village folk, and see the lights, the flowers, the girls. But, above all and before all, you in your graduation gown. You, who have the sweetest face of all the crowd. Oh, how I love you! But, no, my eyes are open now. I can see all from my shabby trunk to my shabbier outfit. On the table, where I write, lies a pile of unopened letters. On the top I recognize my own handwriting, and I know my fifteenth story this year has been returned. Oh, Claire, Claire," and the page was tear-marked—"what a little goose I've always been. Success always seemed to crown my efforts in my dreams. So far, I've spent eighteen years dreaming and my one year of real life has been full of miserable, horrible failures. I'm bitter, dear, to-night. I cannot help it. I know I've written much that is untrue. The village folk are kind and good, my scholars bright

and winning. I—I'm the miserable failure. I cannot ever have heart to try again. I'll be a country school teacher all my life—"

Margaret's pen stopped, she read over her letter hurriedly; then tearing it in tiny shreds, she tossed it out of the window.

Next morning two letters lay addressed on the breakfast table—one to Claire in Toronto, and one to her mother. Each was written carefully, with gay sketches of her life and companions, full of courage and with scarce a hint of blueness in them. Claire's contained a humorous account of her fifteen returned stories and an exaggerated funny description of her sighing over Jack.

"Poor Margaret," said Claire sweetly, "I read heart-sickness between those forced gay lines. I wonder—" but her companions never knew what, for she left her sentence uncompleted to write Margaret a long, bright letter.

But the mother smiled contentedly and told the home-folk how happy her dear Margaret was and how full of interest in her little school.

And Jack was touched by the added kindness in Miss Calhoun's converse with him and her interest in his love affair.

But only God knew the heartache and tears of that long, long night—full of flowers and honors for the one friend and of heart-break to the other, only God and the moon, the silent, secret moon, that looked in at the little, white-curtained window and saw the brown head pillowed on the window-ledge all through the warm spring night.

Madeline Young, '11.

ASCENT OF CROWN MOUNTAIN.

F the many mountains that can be seen from Vancouver, none is more impressive than a lofty peak about ten miles distant to the north, whose jagged crest, towering above the lesser heights, is aptly named "The Crown." Leading up to it a series of summits rise skyward from the farther shore of Bernard Inlet. The first of these, a heavily-wooded slope, surmounted by a dome of rock, is called Grouse Mountain, and is about four thousand feet high.

On a beautiful evening of last September a party of four, including myself, ascended this nearest height and spent the night there, so as to be ready for an early start towards the higher crag beyond. We were well on our way before the sun had dispelled the morning chill. For two hours we had a delightful walk over a number of gradually ascending crests that presented no obstacles, while directly in front us the rocky eminence we had come to explore loomed ever loftier and larger. Then, as we gained an uneven ridge, we discovered that between us and our goal there was a narrow but exceedingly deep valley. The chain of summits we were following turned to the right instead of uniting with Crown Mountain, as we had hoped it would. Far below us in the gorge we could see white rounded boulders that marked the course of a torrent, and from that level the densely wooded face of the mountain that confronted us, rose sheer up for a height of about three thousand feet.

Just opposite to where we stood, there was a gleam of snow among the trees and we determined to find, in the gulf below, the stream that must issue from it and use its bed as a path upwards. After an hour's scramble, we found the water-course we were seeking and then the real work of climbing began. There was nothing especially dangerous about it, and yet the possibility of accident was ever present. In places the declivity was nearly perpendicular and there were many loose stones in the creek-bed that needed only a touch to send them crashing

down. A miniature water-fall in the centre of a canyon gave us some difficulty. We could only advance by scaling the barrier over which the water flowed. With care we worked our way nearly to the top by holding on to little projections of rock. Then the rock became shaly and pliable, and I, happening to be in the lead, found the edge of the crevice that I had seized crumbling in my hands. I began to slide slowly downwards, and, to save myself, pressed close to the rock and clutched at the uneven surface, but only succeeded in loosening some fragments that rattled down to the boulders, fifty feet below. Just in time, a friend, who had secured a firm position on a ledge below, reached up with his staff, and, by lending support to one foot, enabled me to edge off safely to one side.

At the upper end of this gorge, and completely filling it, was the mass of ice and snow that had been a guide to us. We were now about halfway up, but there was no longer any stream to follow. From here we had to make a way for ourselves through a thick growth of trees and shrubs. All at once we emerged upon a very precipitous slope covered with tough little bushes that were very slippery under foot, but gave an excellent hold for the hands. It taxed our endurance to the utmost to make any noticeable progress for nearly every rod of the way had to be gained by means of the arms. Before going very far we were convinced that evolution was not an unmixed benefit to the race. But the last hundred yards was the worst piece of the whole climb, for we had to work our way up a chimney-like fissure which was blocked at the upper end by an over-hanging shelf. The branches of a crooked hemlock hung down over this obstruction, and, by seizing them, we were able to pull ourselves up to the ledge, utterly exhausted. One man pushed on after a few minutes' rest, and soon we heard him shout the magic word "top."

We hastened upwards expecting to find such another rounded summit as we had crossed on the lower heights. But, as we reached the last fringe of bare boulders and looked down on the other side, we were startled to find that we were looking into

empty space. We were standing, in fact, upon the brink of an extinct volcano. Only one side was intact, and, from below, it gave the appearance of a solid summit, while the other half had been torn away by some gigantic convulsion. The crag on which we crouched overhung the abyss, and, for several minutes, wee were possessed with an uncanny feeling of insecurity. The shell of rock, between the steep ascent up which we had toiled and the fearful chasm of the crater, seemed much too narrow a perch for any wingless creature. We loosened a piece of rock and listened with hushed breath, counting the seconds till an echoing crash came up from the depths.

Then the magnificent view caught our attention. To the south, the coast-line far beyond the United States border was laid out like a huge map. Vancouver city was but a checkered clearing on a tiny peninsula. A silver streak indicated the course of the mighty Fraser. Off near the horizon small clouds of smoke showed the location of thriving American cities. Mount Baker, far to the southeast, appeared as a great cone of sunlit snow, resting upon a bank of grey fog. To the right, across the calm waters of the Sound, where the ocean-going steamers seemed mere specks, the mountains of Vancouver Island loomed up, dark and indefinite. Turning inland, the eye swept over ridge after ridge and summit after summit, so magnificent in lofty grandeur and variety of color and shade, as to defy any attempt at description. About us, stretched league upon league of what has been called British Columbia's "Sea of Mountains." It is a fitting phrase, for the green-clothed masses with their crests of snow, resembled nothing so much as an angry sea frozen into stillness.

For half an hour we lingered to enjoy every detail of the great panorama. Then the cold wind freshened. Someone remarked on the lateness of the hour, and we all suddenly felt tired, hungry and thirsty. Our object gained, the zest of the trip was gone, and with anything but pleasant anticipations we started on the weary journey downwards.

Walter M. Turnbull, '14.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to F. D. Weir. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

V. E. Gray, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
A. M. Menhennick, '11 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. I. Ogilvie, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. Jeffery, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. Price, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLay, M.A. | I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

A. W. Wilson, '11. G. H. Thomas, '12. J. E. Howes, '12. Miss A. B. Turner, '12
A. E. White, Theol. F. A. McGregor, 13. A. R. Quirk, '13.

——— ———, Moulton College.
J. E. Anderson, Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

F. D. Weir, '13, Subscription Department. | H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Advertising Department

Vol. XX. January, 1911. No. 4

Editorial Notes.

With the New Year is generally associated the custom of forming new resolutions. "What is your New Year resolution?" is a question we hear often asked at the beginning of each new year. And often, too, as we tell what our resolution is, we are conscious of having made it several years in succession and of having failed to live up to it. A very common resolve that is heard made around a college at the beginning of the new year, especially if in that college an examination of the previous term's work is being held at that time, is framed something like this: "Well, my work won't be in such a state when next examination time comes. I'm going to keep up with my work right from the start and not let it get so far beyond me." But in spite of the fine resolve, the spring examinations find us no better prepared than before. But why should it be so? Why should the last week of each term find the student with half a

dozen essays still to write and perhaps a number of text-books still unread? Why should it be necessary for him to burn the proverbial midnight oil during the last month of the term and live in a sort of continual nightmare? Why should he wear a pale, tired, worried expression on his face, decrease in weight, and become nervous and irritable then more than at any other time of the year?

It is only too well known that the crowding of nearly a whole term's work into the last month of the term means that the work must suffer. It cannot be done properly—in short, it is attendant with all the evils of that system generally known as cramming. But not often enough, perhaps, is it urged that the student is cheating himself physically. The day has passed when the mark of the student was a frail body, a pale face, and the ability to study through half the night when his less industrious companions, so-called, had yielded to the demand of their bodies for sleep and rest. More and more it is coming to be recognized that with the development of the mind the development of the body must keep pace. A well-furnished mind in a strong body, and not a strong mind in a body wrecked in the endeavor to gain an education, has become the ideal. In calling upon his physical being to endure such a severe strain as do many students during the last month of the term—and some even throughout the term—the student is running a very grave risk, the risk of perhaps ruining his chances in life by impairing his physical strength, for the effects of "hitting the pace" for a few weeks are never merely temporary.

If such a condition of the student's work, as above described, ought not, then, to exist at the close of a term, how is it to be prevented? Monthly examinations might help to solve the problem. These examinations need not occupy more time than the regular class hours, and so would not make necessary a lengthening of the terms. Even so, there is still left the possibility of having a number of essays yet to write when the term closes. It appears, then, that the student must simply *keep* the resolution formed so periodically at the close of each term, keep

up with his work from the start, do each day's work as it comes and each essay as it is assigned. It is simple advice, easily *given*, and always recognized as the only successful plan to follow. But it is worth the while to make an extra endeavor this year to keep the resolution. You will be repaid at the close of the term with a sense of duty done, a mind free from worry and benefitted by the term's work, and a body in the best of health and fit to be the guardian of a trained mind. The risks run in letting the work "slide" for the greater part of the term are too great to make it worth while.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. EVAN GRAY, '11.

"Again the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driven."

FAREWELL to Nineteen Hundred and Ten. With unhurried dignity the Old Year has paced out its allotted space, untouched by human impatience or prejudice, unconscious of our smiles or frowns. As the First Minister of Time, in his tenure of office he has been as implacable as the veriest despot. But now a new Minister holds the mace. Some parting tribute we owe to Nineteen Hundred and Ten. When reading his horoscope, in the light of our hopes and fears, our aspirations and dreads, we found only confusion. Now in retrospect we find that he brought much, and much he took away, yet in all he enriched our experience and our memory. Certain events stand out very clearly in our survey of his administration. Let us merely suggest them.

Three times the "sombre shrouded figure" appeared among us, hushing our careless merriment and our thoughtless jest, and after each appearance one of our number was found missing. How great was our loss, we shall never know, but out of

our grief and pain has come a great profit—we know not how. The convention lifted from McMaster a great cloud of doubt and anxious uncertainty, for which we are sincerely grateful. Our Chancellor left us in ill-health, but, we believe, to return with renewed vigor to his task. The directorate of the University has announced its embarkation upon a larger policy of expansion, which is to culminate in the removal of the University from its present site to more commodious and convenient grounds on the outskirts of the city. The various societies of the School have led a healthy and vigorous life. The Literary Society has again brought honor and distinction to the University with the Kerr Inter-College Debating Shield. We have been honored by the presence of Sir George W. Ross, who addressed the society at their annual banquet. To the ranks of the alumni have been added the members of another graduating year, and to the Student Body a new freshman class. This occurs annually and the special significance of nineteen hundred and ten herein must be worked out by the classes themselves, whose members have taken on a new responsibility for the honor of their Alma Mater. The Ladies' Residence, which was to have been, is not. In athletics, our hockey showing was good, though it brought no championship; it was, at least, a gallant struggle. Our Rugby career, which had a glorious existence in the dreams of our faithful enthusiasts, was never realized owing to the lack of an athletic field.

Thus Nineteen Hundred and Ten has brought accomplishment and disappointment, but profiting by its experience, we should make Nineteen Hundred and Eleven a more glorious one for McMaster than any of its predecessors.

The Monthly wishes for all its readers a most happy and profitable new year.

We wish publicly to acknowledge a sincere gratitude to Mr. A. W. Wilson, '11, for his work in so ably editing this column for December, thereby leaving the Editor free to do other work.

The Chancellor's Itinerary.—The Chancellor, Mrs. McKay and their son, Alec, sailed from St. John, N.B., on Thursday, December 1st, on board the SS. Empress of Ireland, touching at Halifax on the second. They reached Liverpool on December 9th, after a voyage made somewhat unpleasant by the rough weather which prevailed. From Liverpool they proceeded to London where they remained throughout December,

enjoying very much the time spent there. Most welcome news has been received of the Chancellor's improving health. Already the rest and change are making their beneficial effect evident, and our hopes for his complete recuperation are being realized. The Monthly joins with many other friends in wishing the Chancellor and Mrs. McKay a most happy and enjoyable new year.

The Theologues' lecture was over,
And forth from the class-room there came
A procession of solemn-faced pastors
Whose names are not yet known to fame.

Just then up the hall there proceeded
A mild man with countenance meek,
Whom, at once, a divine intercepted
In order thus with him to speak.

A class-fee the young man was seeking.
Alas! him astounded we see;
The man whom for Theologue he had taken
Perchanced a Professor to be.

The Debating Society.—The regular meeting of the Debating Society was held on Saturday, December 3. The inter-college subject, "Resolved, That the Preferential Tariff, as advocated by the Unionist party of the British Parliament, would be in the best interests of the Empire," was under discussion. Mr. E. E. Hyde, '13, leading the affirmative, and Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, the negative. After the usual helpful criticism by Mr. T. A. McWhorter, B.A., the decision was awarded to the affirmative by the judges, Mr. T. Wearing, B.A., and Mr. V. E. Gray, '11.

On December 10th, the Society again met to discuss the subject, "Resolved: That reciprocity with the United States would be in the best interests of Canada." In the opinion of the judges, Mr. James Strachan and Mr. A. W. Wilson, '11, the affirmative, led by Mr. J. R. Turnbull, '12, succeeded in establishing their resolution. Mr. J. D. Morrison, '14, led the opposition. Professor Clark and Mr. D. J. Gordon acted as critics, though the only official appointment was that of Professor Clark.

On December 17th the judges, Mr. E. J. Whan, '12, and Mr. I. F. Fitch, '12, were of the opinion that it was impossible for anyone to prove that "A University Education Unfits a Man for Business Life," and gave the decision to the negative, led

by Mr. M. A. Sanderson, '13. Accordingly, Mr. C. B. Crowe's valiant efforts in support of the resolution were in vain. Mr. A. C. Bingham, '12, gave a much appreciated criticism.

(To be sung to the tune of "Coming thro' the Rye.")

If the Seniors have a party—
As they seldom do—
Then their greeting will be hearty
For they are so few.
Every laddie has his lassie,
There are none to spare,
And beside a senior laddie
Ne'er is found an empty chair.

Inter-College Debate.—"In favor of the affirmative." These words concluded the audible remarks of the Honorable Mr. Justice Sutherland at Knox College on the night of Thursday, December 15th, as he gave the report of the judges in favor of McMaster. Nearly all the friends of McMaster know the uproar that such an announcement is wont to create in a body of McMaster men. Certainly no one doubted the popularity of the McMaster yell or the sincerity of the appreciation by the students of the work of their debaters as the latter were "bounced" in a truly orthodox style. Once more the McMaster men had beaten the redoubtable men of Knox—and that in a decisive way—and the semi-finals of the debating season of 1910-11 safely navigated.

The subject of debate was, "Resolved: That the Preferential Tariff as advocated by the Unionist Party of the British Parliament would be in the best interests of the Empire." The affirmative was supported by Mr. T. Wearing, B.A., and Mr. V. E. Gray, '11, of McMaster, and the negative by Mr. C. F. McIntosh, M.A., and Mr. H. W. Lyons, B.A., of Knox College. While both Knox men did excellent work, they labored under a considerable disadvantage in that Mr. A. A. Scott, B.A., the original colleague of Mr. McIntosh, was taken ill just before the date for which the debate was announced, and was unable to proceed with his work. Accordingly, the debate was postponed for one week and Mr. H. W. Lyons, B.A., replaced him. The subject was a most interesting and important one and, its discussion able and instructive. The Knox men probably lost ground by endeavoring to bar the protectionist aspect of the Preferential Tariff from the discussion. The pleasure of the evening was much increased by vocal and instrumental selections rendered in a manner much appreciated by those present.

Mr. J. F. McKay, the President of the Canadian Club of Toronto, acted as chairman.

There was a small year in McMaster,
Who protested a game, with disaster;
For the other year thought,
That the cup surely ought
To be theirs, because they were vaster.

The Literary Society.—A comedy, entitled "The Home Guard," was the feature of the meeting of the Literary Society on December 2nd. The play was put on, and very ably presented by a number of the ladies of the University. It is to be remarked, that, quite aside from the real interest of the play itself, no small speculation was aroused, especially among the front-benchers, as to who was the mysterious and much-missed "Harry"—an open question still, be it said. Miss Fowler, '14, assisted very acceptably on the programme with a piano solo, Mr. E. D. Renno, '14, recited, and Mr. E. T. Newton sang a solo entitled "Mona."

On December 16th, Years 'Twelve and 'Thirteen debated the question. "Resolved: That Government ownership and operation of Canadian railways would be in the best interests of Canada." Mr. I. F. Fitch and Mr. F. G. Poole upheld the affirmative for the juniors, and were opposed by Mr. A. Haddow and Mr. M. R. Hartley for the sophomores. The judges, Professors Farmer, Trotter and Clark, gave their decision in favor of the affirmative. Miss O. Wilkins, '13, recited, and Mr. F. A. McGregor, '13, rendered a violin solo. This contest completed the first series of inter-year debates and leaves the seniors, juniors and freshmen in the field for the second series.

The New Year's Welcome.—At midnight on December 31st four white-robed seniors met in the lower hall and greeted the incoming year with their glorious old slogan—"Bic-Bac-tac-er-aek," etcetera. The New Year was profundly impressed.

Mrs. McClung's Recital.—One of the richest literary treats of this school year, in fact of many years, was the recital given early in December by Mrs. Nellie L. McClung, the Canadian authoress, whose two volumes, "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "A Second Chance," have met with so great favor. McMaster audiences have listened to many of Canada's leading men and women; some have commanded attention by the very majesty of theme and thought; some by the dominance of their enthu-

siasm for some special task have inspired us. Mrs. McClung, relying upon none of these forces, held her audience by the charm of realism, as her selections pictured the home life of a poor Western family. The charm of the stories themselves, coupled with a platform manner, delightfully free from affectation, was irresistible. Mrs. McClung's success as an authoress has been repeated in this new role as a reader. The musical part of the programme was contributed by Mrs. W. F. Pickard, who gave several vocal selections with splendid effect, and Mr. Broadus B. Farmer, whose violin solos were thoroughly enjoyed. The ladies of the McMaster Women's Literary Society have reason to be very proud of this, their first open meeting.

There was a debate so appalling,
As to what is a woman's real calling;
To win brought such grief,
There was need of relief
In the tears which so gently came falling.

More Yell.—Another communication has been received by the Editor anent the proposed change in the McMaster shibboleth. As it presents "the other side of the story," and may be as truly representative of the feeling of the graduates as that published in the November issue of The Monthly, we need offer no excuse for its publication. Since the discussion has been initiated and sustained in this column, the Editor of "Around the Hall" has appropriated it unto himself. It is hoped that this discussion will lead, either to some definite action being taken to secure a new yell, or to a decision to retain the present one. In the light of possible action being taken it has been suggested that each society of the school contribute its quota to a prize fund for a new yell. In any event, we believe it the duty of the executive committees of these societies to come to some decision in the matter without delay.

Dear Mr. Editor:

The Monthly's Edmonton contributor has aptly expressed the feelings of a graduate. He would be sorry to see all the old landmarks swept away. The old yells and songs, his yells and songs, are dear to him who has made the turning in the way. Time and distance have lent appreciation; age has made him reverence all things established. A defective yell, like matrimony, looks better from the road.

With characteristic Western finality, your correspondent accuses the undergraduates of possessing inferior lung power. Now the Ottawa administration will bet Edmonton a new hat that he can't begin at the Rah Rahs, and pass down through the Osci Wows to the end without gasping for breath. A good production is seldom too long. The first and last couplets are excellent; they should be retained. The remainder, like Browning's poetry, is commendable only because of its difficulty.

The senior, who was so tragically affected by contemplated changes, can hardly be taken seriously. Is it a sacrilege to alter a yell? In 1906 a member of '07 eliminated the objectionable Quacks without even taking a vote. As an obvious improvement the change was accepted.

By 1930 the present graduates will have become comparatively few. Why should they burden the thousands of coming undergraduates with a difficult yell? Edmonton's argument in favor of conservatism is well taken; his desire for immutation is scarcely in accordance with the "laws of all things made."

A Graduate.

Ottawa, December 10th, 1910.

La Societe Francaise.—Dans le dernier numero du Monthly, il y a été donné un rapport de l'organisation d'une société française à McMaster. C'est avec plaisir que nous constatons que ce nouveau membre de notre famille universitaire fait des progrès. Nous ne voulons pas faire croire que le nombre des adhérents s'agrandit beaucoup, mais ceux qui sont déjà interessés commencement à en tirer du bien.

La cinquième réunion de la société eu lieu le 2 décembre dans le salon des demoiselles. Le programme ce soir-là fut tout à fait impromptu, mais il n'en fut pas moins intéressant. Une demi-heure de conversation en français fut suivie par une discussion générale sur le sujet suivant: "Résolu que le mouvement des suffragettes n'est pas de bon goût." Enfin un exercice d'épellation engagea l'attention de tous pendant quelques minutes, après quoi l'assemblée fut terminée.

La Société Française s'est réunie la dernière fois le 17 décembre, encore dans le salon des demoiselles. Cette séance fut la plus intéressante et la plus profitable qu'il y ait encore eue. Une scéne d'une pièce intitulée. "Le voyage de M. Perrichon" fut admirablement exécutée par Mlles. Pratt et Wilkins et MM. Goodfellow et McCrimmon et ils furent beacoup ap-

plaudis. On jouit beaucoup ensuite d'un dialogue intitulé "Le Grondeur" par MM. Hyde et Jenks. Le programme se termina par une discusion à laquelle presque tous ceux qui furent présents prirent part. Le sujet de cette discussion, "La vie urbaine est préférable à la vie rurale," quoiqu'un peu usé, donna aux membres de la société l'occasion de se servir de leur vocabulaire français. En ouvrant la discussion M. St. Dalmas lut un travail bien préparé. Des félicitations sont dues à ceux qui ont pris part à ce dernier programme. Le président d'honneur, le Dr. Swedelius, exprima le plaisir qu'il éprouvait d'assister à un programme aussi admirablement éxécuté que celui-là.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ADA M. MENENNICK, '11.

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
When the sands were wasting thin;
And the frost lay white on the Old Year's thatch,
And his hand grew chill as he slipped the latch
To let the New Year in.

And the New Year perched in the Old Year's chair,
And warmed by the Old Year's fire;
And the Old Year watched him with wistful gaze
As he stretched his hands to the fading blaze
And cinders of dead desire.

And the Old Year prated as Old Years will,
Of Summer and vanished spring;
And then of the future, with grave advice—
Of love and sorrow and sacrifice,
That the seasons' round would bring.

* * *

The New Year came to the Old Year's door
And warmed in the Old Year's chair;
And the Old Year talked till the New Year slept,
Then forth in the night he softly stepped,
And left the New Year there.

CHRISTMAS again. The spirit pervaded every nook and corner. No material signs greeted the eye; not even a sprig of mistletoe could be found hanging from a chandelier. Overcome with shame that facts and figures had been allowed to block the outlet of sentiment, two Seniorettes crept guiltily to the door of the Ladies' Room on Wednesday and hung up a holly wreath. Then, after looking to see that "not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse" they executed a wild undignified scamper worthy of freshettes, gazed on one another with new light in their eyes, and, figuratively, threw up their hats for very joy. The freshettes had so faded away, from their desire to see mother and father and baby again, that there was nothing left of them to say good-bye. The heroic sophettes forgot not their duty of standing by the rink, and patronized it to the last hour. As for the juniors, it comforts us to say

that they allowed nothing to interfere with their domesticity, and haunted the store-counters with unabated zeal. Poor seniors! No visions of Santa Claus and roast turkey could float before them until they had scratched off three weeks' work in three days. Hysterically they surrounded the library table on the last day, trying to reduce their thoughts to ordinary language, and their books to a minimum capable of being transported in a trunk.

Then there was, "Good-bye!" "Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!" "Don't work too hard!" "Oh, wait a minute, did you return my Education Notes?" "Dear me, where's my railway certificate?" "You haven't said good-bye to me yet." and many an untranslatable sound. One Senior, the model of calm practicability, is reported to have packed and unpacked her suitcase five times. She finally placed it in the bottom of her trunk, stuffed the trunk, closed the lid, stood on it, and in that supreme moment of triumph, remembered that the key lay in the suitcase. At last the rooms were deserted, boarding-houses left behind to recuperate, and the lake-front resounded with the whistles of their out-going trains.

HORACE'S SPRING.

Bandusia, thou fountain dear,
Thy waters sparkle crystal clear,
For thee fair flowers are gathered now;
The votive kid with swelling brow

In vain shall greet the early morn.
The offspring of the flock forlorn
Thy limpid waters, ruby red,
Will stain with blood so lately shed.

The parching dog-star sends his heat,
It reaches not thy coolness sweet.
The wandering herd, the tired ox,
Shall seek thy blessing 'tween the rocks,

The hollow rocks from whence doth flow
Thy babbling waters. Here doth grow
The holm oak vocal with thy fame,
Thou noblest fount of sacred name.

Translated by B. McG., '11.

It is told that a member of a Church History class, which was studying the canonization of saints, asked if there were any Canadian saints. The answer was not recorded.

On Saturday, December 10, the Alumnæ of McMaster University gave a luncheon at the "St. Charles," to which the ladies of Year '11 were invited. It proved to be one of the most interesting events of the undergraduate year. After some time spent in conversation and renewing acquaintances, thirty-four ladies sat down to a very enjoyable lunch and the tongues flew faster as the appetites gained by shopping were appeased. After the coffee had been drunk, chairs were pushed back and the President, Mrs. Glenn Campbell, spoke for a few minutes on the significance of this, the first alumnæ luncheon, remarking that she had asked the grace in Latin because one of the members had telephoned her a few days before that she ought to begin properly, and Mrs. Campbell supposed that the ladies judged her to be the one especially fitted for this task. Miss Kate McLaurin, the guest of honor, gave a racy talk in her own particularly charming fashion on "Glimpses of Foreign Travel," touching on some interesting features of Edinburgh, London, Paris, the Mediterranean and Red Seas, Ceylon, Japan, and the journey eastward over the Pacific. One travelling acquaintance tried to persuade her that she could do more good at home because the "heathen" were sufficient unto themselves, and had no need of missionaries. Miss McLaurin's talk was enthusiastically received. Some business was transacted and a pleasant afternoon closed by the hearty singing of Alma Mater's praises.

Professor (before beginning lecture)—"I would like to see Mr. ——— at the close of this service."

A recital of superior merit and productive of much enjoyment was given in the chapel on December 9, under the direction of the W.L.S. The visiting artist was Mrs. McClung, who spent some weeks in Toronto during her eastern trip. Her selections were taken from her books, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and "The Second Chance." Mrs. McClung excels in the art of delineating the pathos in life, although she also has the power of making her audience take the fullest delight from the fun in the lighter situations. Mrs. Pickard sang four times, "Because" and "Dawn" being in response to encores. The Italian aria showed the splendid range of her voice, and "Maytime" charmed everyone with its exuberance and the beauty with which it was sung. Mr. B. Farmer, a favorite with McMaster audiences, gave two selections on his violin, and Miss

Isabel Kellock played Durand's "Valse." The society is grateful to those who gave their assistance so willingly and efficiently, and announce the net proceeds to be thirty dollars, which will be devoted to some worthy object in the near future. The success of the undertaking is due to Professor McLay, who gave his time and attention to the necessary details and acted as chairman, and to Mr. Dwight Gray, who oversaw all the business arrangements. The President, Miss Evelyn Kellock, and the executive are to be congratulated on the result of their first venture in this direction.

I was bending one day o'er my plugging,
I was weary and wild in looks,
And my conscience pricked me dully
At the sight of the unknown books.

I was lost in a weighty dreaming
Of what it means to cram,
When a mighty shock awoke me,
'Twas the sound of the word
"Exam."

Then I plugged till I plugged insanely
After that mythical first
Which comes from the pen of the brilliant
In knowledge's lore well-versed.

But, alas, again into April
I shall drift with careless calm,
For how quickly in one's memories
Dies the chill of that dread
"Exam."

—Outis.

Items of Interest.—We miss our Chancellor's presence very much, around the hall and in the classroom, but especially in his own chair on the chapel platform. The Women's Student Body wishes Mrs. McKay and the Chancellor a pleasant winter in England. We received our first gift as an organized whole when Mrs. McKay, before sailing, sent us the wherewithal to purchase a few more cups and saucers to add to our stock of china. The girls are deeply grateful for their first Christmas present.....Miss Young represented us at the Victoria College Conversatione on December 2.....Last month Dr. Wm. Briggs entertained, in honor of Mrs. McClung, a group of literary ladies who had published books under the auspices of the Briggs Publishing Company. Miss Amy Campbell was one of

the guests. Her verses are published in a volume entitled, "Heart Forget-Me-Nots."———A curious, mysterious procession might have been seen wending its way one evening through the district bounded by College, Yonge, Spadina and Bloor Streets. Observers mistook the date for October 31. However, the mystery turned out to be merely a progressive visiting party of fifteen McMaster girls.———A social sophomore deemed it his duty to take three times as much exercise in walking on a Sunday evening as other men take and are grateful for..... The approach of the holidays brought the usual gayeties, skating being the most delightful. Miss Kemerer, '14, entertained a number from years '13 and '14 after skating on December 17.....The Women's Athletic Association of Victoria College has granted our Women's Student Body the privilege of using the building set apart for the accommodation of the former at Victoria Rink. The granting of this favor comes at the request of the Athletic Association of our university. We hereby tender both societies our sincere gratitude.

The Sophomores' Party.

One frosty Friday evening the Sophs were out for fun,
Regardless of the growing pile of lessons left undone.
To the chain of their class history just to add another link,
A sophomoric party was enacted at the rink.
'Twas kept profoundly secret, till with a scornful frown,
Several enterprising freshmen were most haughtily turned down.
Then the news was spread like wild-fire—and the juniors soon applied
Most eagerly as chaperons to act—but were denied.
But after bands were over (tradition so relates),
The sophs, for consolation, let them carry home their skates.
Then after strange adventures, too numerous to recount,
The pleasure-seeking party at Miss Hooper's did dismount.
There with a gay exuberance each member on request
Relates some witty tale which they midst other things digest;
And "bright ideas" are drawn out, and characters are sketched
Till each imagination to its uttermost is stretched.
Then, as the mystic morning silently draws on apace,
To conclude the merry festival an auction sale takes place;
And to each expectant sophomore is offered for a bid
A dainty little slipper underneath a curtain hid.

Each fortunate young gentleman is greeted with a cheer,
Though, 'tis whispered, 'twas permissible to bribe the auctioneer.
Then merrily adieus were said, but sleep was not for those
Whom a soporific feeling was inclining toward repose;
For at such untimely seasons the street railway's scant supplies
Forewarned them that, alas! not yet must slumber close their eyes.
But of that homeward promenade, what boots it now to tell?
Suffice it that next morning not one sophomore heard the bell.
As for neglected lessons,—but why worry for the morrow?
"Enjoy to-day and leave the rest for all the fools of sorrow."

—O. W., '13.

A SHORT TIME before Christmas, one of the graduates, who used to be known around the Hall as Elora Alway, of Noughty-Eight, but is now known as Mrs. G. H. Robertson, of Strathcona, spent a few days in Toronto, en route for Waterford. A few of McMaster girls, principally "old-timers," met together for a social cup of tea one afternoon at the home of Mrs. Marshall, better known as Blanche Edy, '08, who was Mrs. Robertson's hostess. The only gentleman permitted within the sanctum was little Master Ronald Campbell, who was so deeply enamoured of the charming debutante, Miss Ruth Robertson, that it was with difficulty that his mother persuaded him to leave the house without her. McMaster hopes some day to welcome both of these grandchildren of hers, to her halls, and extends hearty good wishes to Mrs. Robertson. L. C., '10.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: V. W. PRICE, '11.

"To hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

PIGSKINS, oval and circular, begone! Away to thy dark corner of periodic rests! Well have ye withstood the innumerable rude buffets of the excited and opposing forces of men. Thy work is done. Haste ye hither, from 'neath the tropical sky, diminutive fragment of vulcanized caoutchoue! Hasten to the land where all men revel in the pleasures which Jack Frost bestows! There art thou welcome, for men need such as thee. There upon congealed water shalt thou flee about at the command of animated man." Such is the message which is blown through the bugle of the youthful New Year to "Athletics." Hockey is the order of the day. Below are recorded the last struggles of the Campus. Glancing back over the history of last fall's sport, many thoughts spring to our mind. Inter-year games have proven the chief news of this column. We regret that it was not for us to record intercollegiate triumphs of the gridiron. Perhaps some readers may think that Rugby is giving place to that honorable and ancient game of quoits. While the former game has certainly had a setback in McMaster, we are confident that it is not just about to take its flight from us. Our inter-year games demonstrated the fact that the material is not wanting. The New Year brings with it one strong hope to the editor of this department. It is that the fall of 1911 may see McMaster students with adequate facilities for developing the Rugby and soccer material which is known to exist here. We feel very strongly on this matter, and hence the less said perhaps the better. But one word is sufficient. The members of the Athletic Association should not scatter for the coming summer without being definitely sure of accommodation for the autumn sports. McMaster must be represented in the Inter-College Rugby Series of 1911.

As to hockey, we will commence the season by writing of no bold expectations, but merely by stating what has been done

this year up to the present time. Skating began unusually early, Captain Silcox getting the men on the ice the second week in December. H. C. Cline has been elected captain of the second team. Arrangements have been made with Victoria whereby we get eight hours of hockey a week instead of six as previously. This year the "scrubs" are receiving special attention. As an innovation, "scrub captains" have been appointed in the persons of E. D. Campbell and F. A. McGregor. These men are placing energetic line-ups on the ice four hours every week. Any member of the Athletic Association, with courage enough to don a pair of skates and arm himself with a hockey stick, has the opportunity of getting in the game. The great advantage of such a move, the development of individual "stars," is not difficult to discern. We understand that some of these have already been seen on the horizon, and are rapidly rising to positions of greater prominence in that sky dotted with celebrated puck-chasers. There is undoubtedly good hockey material in the College. Let us all unite with one aim, that McMaster may compensate for the inevitable showing that she did not make in Rugby, by being right on hand at the end of the championship hockey race.

Inter-Year Soccer.—'Thirteen 2, 'Fourteen 1. On Tuesday, December 6th, the teams representing years 'Thirteen and 'Fourteen lined up on the Varsity front campus to contest the soccer championship. Owing to the previous snowfall, the ground was in no condition for fast play. About the middle of the first half, the sophs rushed the ball from centre and Ashmore, with a brainy punt (from his head) sent the pigskin to the required place. At the beginning of the second period, Year 'Thirteen again scored. This seemed to make the freshmen realize that it was time to "get busy," and very soon they had scored, but they awoke a little too late, and time was called just as they were ready to score again. Although the final score stood 2-1, the game was closely contested throughout.

'Thirteen line up: Goal, Hyde; backs, Haddow, Clarke; halves, Merritt, B. McCrimmon, Willoughby; forwards, Ashmore, Goodfellow, Steckley, McGregor, Hartley (capt.).

On December 7th, Year 'Eleven won second place in soccer, the freshmen defaulting the game. The standing of the years in points towards the Matthews' Cup now is: 'Thirteen, 70; 'Eleven, 56; 'Fourteen, 36; 'Twelve, 16; Theology, 8.

Basketball.—The College students in attendance at the Y.M.C.A. classes are showing great interest in basketball. In order to increase this interest, both in the classes and in the game itself, teams representing the various students have been organized. Six teams are in the league—two each from Pharmacy and McMaster, and one each from Osgoode and the School of Arts. Since these teams are not under the control of the different colleges, which their members represent, they have given themselves distinguishing names. The teams composed of McMaster students are called the "Shamrocks" and the "Wobs." The latter euphonious nomenclature originates from the fact that the members of that team are all Woodstock Old Boys. We are pleased to state that the "Wobs" won out in the first series of games, and are thus on a fair way towards capturing the silver watch fobs—the championship trophy of this league.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: F. H. JEFFERY, '11

"What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think."
—Emerson.

cMASTER MEN IN CHICAGO.—December 23rd marked the conclusion of the autumn quarter at the University of Chicago. Examinations were over and several of our number returned to spend Christmas in the homeland. Although our work during the past quarter has given us, to a very large extent, different interests, the fact that McMaster is our common Alma Mater has kept us together. The table at the Maroon Hotel or a room in south Divinity Hall is the usual rendezvous. We are able to announce that Messrs. Parsons, Ware and Donald are the victims who are slated to give the rest a "blow-out" (the nature of which must be kept strictly secret), the penalty for having most frequently broken the table rules, which place a ban on talking "shop," talking about girls, or making puns. When we meet again on January 3, we shall be glad to welcome Mr. R. E. Harkness, '07, who registers in Sociology. The "McMaster Alumni Association of the city of Chicago" has already made plans for next quarter, and early in January we expect to be the hosts of the graduates of Acadia University who are in attendance at Chicago.

The McMaster graduates at present registered at the University of Chicago are the following: Messrs. E. W. Parsons, D. Buchanan, C. W. New, N. A. Harkness, N. J. Ware, A. E. Haydon, S. McMullen, E. N. Armstrong, W. J. A. Donald and S. R. Weaver. Mr. J. B. Pengelly and Dr. H. N. McKechnie are also in Chicago. S. R. W., '10.

MR. A. C. NEWCOMBE, B.A., '00, at one time Registrar of McMaster University, and who for the past few years has been Principal of the Calgary High School, has resigned from that position and will go into the real estate business.

REV. G. R. WELCH, B.A., '00, of Lindsay, has been called to the Aylmer Baptist Church to succeed Rev. A. P. McDonald, M. A.

Mr. A. B. Farmer, B.A., '06, Secretary of the Single Tax Association, was a guest of honor with Hon. Mr. Mackenzie King at the Stratford Board of Trade banquet recently.

Rev W. E. Bowyer, B.A., '02, B.Th., '04, has accepted the call of the Calvary Baptist Church, Brantford, and began his new pastorate December 18. Mr. Bowyer has been in Norwich, Ont., for the past five years.

Rev. W. A. Cameron, B.A., '06, of Bloor Street Baptist Church, has been called to Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland, Ohio. We are glad to announce that Mr. Cameron has decided to remain in Toronto.

Mr. D. A. MacGibbon, B.A., '08, of Brandon College, made a short visit at McMaster Hall during the Christmas season.

In a recent number of the Buffalo Express, mention is made of the dedication services of the new Emmanuel Baptist Church of that city. The dedication services took place during the week commencing December 4, when the new church building, Sabbath school and social building were dedicated. Rev. J. J. Patterson, B.A., '97, is pastor, and we are glad to announce that the work is prospering under his direction.

Mr. E. J. Farmer, B.A., '03, Librarian of McMaster University, was married December 15th. We offer our congratulations.

Here and There.

Editor: A. I. Ogilvie, '12.

THE ART OF LIVING.

To touch the cup with eager lips and taste
Not drain it;
To woo and tempt and court a bliss and
Not attain it;
To fondle and caress a joy, yet hold
It lightly
Lest it become necessity and cling
Too tightly.
To smother care with joy, and grief
With laughter,
To hold the present close, not questioning the
Hereafter;
To see the sun sink in the west without
Regretting;
To hail his advent in the east, the night
Forgetting;
To have enough to spare to know the joy
Of giving;
To thrill response to every sweet of life,—
That's living. —Selected.

FTER reading the different college magazines we must confess that in our opinion there is a serious need for some articles of a less serious nature. We need more wit and humor. And this reminds us that there is a distinction between wit and humor. There is a sparkle of ideas, a play of words in wit which is not necessary to humor. Wit may lie on the surface but humor has something deeper, more true to life. Since it gives us more smiles and laughter and a kindlier view of life we make our appeal. We candidly admit that our own magazine is deficient in this regard.

The exchanges which seem to have realized this most are the Trinity Archive, the Mercerian, the Martlet, and the Philograph. The Archive, under the heading of "What a Little

Joke Can Do,'' says: Did you ever feel lonely and tired—not the physical sort of fatigue but the other kind, the real kind, the sort that even Coco Cola isn't advertised to relieve and which makes a fellow want to get off by himself, get his feet up on something and look away out of the window at nothing and dream, just half think in a hazy, self-pitying, indefinable sort of way? If you have and if you have ever been suddenly aroused from such a mood by a friend bubbling over with humor and with a joke he just must tell you—which he does tell you and which you can't help laughing at, you, my friend, know something of what a little joke can do. You were surprised no doubt by the suddeness with which your mood was changed; something suddenly reversed the glasses and those big gloomy thoughts of a moment ago have grown wonderfully far away and shrunk in their impressiveness.

Bill Shakespeare's Ball Team.

I will root.—Richard II.

Now you strike like the blind man.—Much Ado About Nothing.

Out, I say.—Macbeth.

I will be short.—Hamlet.

Thou canst not hit it! hit it! hit it!—Love's Labor's Lost.

He knows the game.—Henry VI.

O, hateful error.—Julius Caesar.

A hit, a hit, a very palpable hit.—Hamlet.

He will steal, sir.—All's Well That Ends Well.

They cannot sit with ease on the old bench.—Romeo and Juliet.

Let the world slide.—Taming of the Shrew.

What an arm he has.—Coriolanus.—Ex.

One of the girls was overheard saying to a friend, when she met an extremely clever Arts man, ''Oh, girls, I wish I had that young man's head on my shoulders!'' What could she have meant?—Queen's Journal.

Among the Colleges.

Harvard has begun its two hundred and seventy-fifth year with an enrollment of five thousand students.

Columbia University has made arrangements to exchange professors with the University of Paris.

There are twenty-four independent colleges in Oxford, the oldest of which was established in 1226, and the one called New College dates from 1385. The Bodleian Library at Oxford is one of the finest in the world. Founded in 1445, since 1603 it has been entitled to a copy of every book copyrighted in England.

It is estimated that $2,500.000 will be required to repair the buildings at Leland Stanford which were damaged by the San Francisco earthquake.

The University of Pittsburg has established a new intercollegiate record in football. It has rolled up 222 points against an opponent.

The Imperial University in Tokyo is equal in size and influence in the Empire to a university such as would be composed of Harvard, Yale, University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Princeton and Cornell. For this university a Y.M.C.A. building is greatly needed, says the Foreign Mail.

At the middle of each term, "smoke-ups" or warning notices are sent to all Indiana University students whose class work is not satisfactory.

Andrew Carnegie will celebrate his 75th anniversary by making a gift of $3,500,000 to the Carnegie Technology Schools in Pittsburg. His previous gifts to these institutions are $20,000,000.

No fewer than three cases of two generations in the same graduating class were reported to the newspapers at the end of June, and perhaps there were others. In two cases—one in Illinois and one in Missouri—a father and son were graduated

together. In Michigan it was a mother and daughter who received their degrees on the same day at the State University. It is characteristic of the American spirit that the older generation purposes to stay young and not be left behind by the sons and daughters.

Mr. Rockerfeller announces that the latest ten millions given by him to Chicago University is also to be the last. In twenty years it has received $35,000,000 from Mr. Rockefeller.

The following little versicle from the second series of Domestic Rhymes, by Dona H. Ball appears in the Oxford Magazine. One cannot but be impressed with the wholesome description of the atmosphere of the teapot and the fireside.

THE SONG OF THE GRATEFUL POOR.

Very, very grateful are we,
Just as grateful as we can be,
None more grateful could you e'er see
For our daily task.
We would not intrude unduly,
Nor be tiresome, nor unruly,
In your countenances truly
Give us leave to bask.
Leave us in our proper stations,
Give us useful occupations,
Let us earn our daily rations,
That is all we ask.

Within the Car.—"Fare." The passenger gave no heed. "Fare, please." Still was the passenger oblivious. "By the ejaculatory term 'fare,'" said the conductor, "I imply no reference to the state of the weather, the complexion of the admirable blond you observe in the contiguous seat nor even to the quality of service vouchsafed by this philanthropic corporation. I merely allude, in a manner perhaps lacking in delicacy, but not in conciseness, to the monetary obligation set up by your presence in this car and suggest that without contempering your celerity with enunciation you liquidate." At this point the passenger emerged from his trance.—Tit-Bits.

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meter alone.

We acknowledge receipt of the following: University Monthly, O.A.C. Review, Dalhousie Gazette, Queen's University Journal, Mercerian, Lux Columbiana, Manhattan Quarterly, Notre Dame Scholastic, Solanian, Acta, McGill Martlet, St. Andrew's College Review, Hya Yaka, Trinity College Review, Colgate Madisonensis, St. John's College Magazine, Acadia Athenæum, Varsity, "T. C. D.", Schoolman, Allisonia, Chinook, Philograph, Oxford Magazine, University of Ottawa Review, University of Virginia Magazine, Bessie Tift Journal, Oracle, College Index, Collegian, Western University Gazette.

In a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at one shilling a pound, and the rival promptly placed eight pence on his card. Number One then placed a notice in his window, saying that sausages under one shilling could not be guaranteed. Number Two's response to this was the announcement: "I have supplied sausages to the King." In the opposite window the following morning appeared an extra large card, bearing the words: "God Save the King."—Ex.

A Love Story.

Chapter I. Maid one.
Chapter II. Maid won.
Chapter III. Made one.

A teacher sent a Dutch boy after some face powder. The clerk on hearing what was wanted, said, "Mennen's?"

"Nein," answered Hans, "wimmins'."

"Do you wish it scented?"

"Nein, I tag id wid me."—Ex.

"Once we thought study was a curse; then it became to us a necessary evil; and yesterday the truth dawned upon us that it is a blessed privilege."—Queen's University Journal.

Senior—"I want to get some bird seed" Freshman (clerking in store during vacation)—"Don't try to plague me, smarty. Birds grow from eggs, not seeds."—Ex.

Whatever troubles Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying when he sprung a jest
"I've heard that joke before." —Ex.

COMFORT.

How sweet it is when life is dreary, dreary,
And when the way is hedged about with fears;
And where the heart is weary, O so weary,
How sweet it is to know that someone cares.

How sweet it is when misty shadows stealing
Across our path obscure the sunlight's ray;
How sweet it is when shadows break revealing
The sweeter beauties of our onward way.

How sweet it is when lone amid the struggle,
We see a smile of sympathy, and hear,
When almost overwhelmed and crushed with trouble,
A few outspoken words of cheer.

How sweet it is when human help is failing,
And when the heart is almost in despair;
And when our struggles all seem unavailing,
How sweet it is to know that God is there.

—Ex.

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XX. FEBRUARY, 1911 No. 5

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

NATIONS differ with respect to their observance and celebration of festivals, some preferring one season of merry-making, others making more of another. Sweden's most popular festival is undoubtedly Christmas, not rivalled by either Easter or Midsummer.

The celebration of a Swedish Christmas combines features of two distinct origins, some being reminiscences from pagan times, while others date from the time of the introduction of Christianity. Among the former are many formalities that from earliest times were connected with the heathen midwinter festival or Yule, such as the eating of pork and ham and the drinking of strong, sweet ale, supposed to be a modern variety of the ancient "mjöd." It is characteristic of the preeminently secular character of the festival that it has retained in the Scandinavian languages its old pagan name of Yule (Jul). Of course, the religious side is not entirely lost sight of, but in many instances, it is limited to attendance on the early service on Christmas morning.

A festival of such importance naturally would require extensive preparation. It is, above all, a busy time for the housewife, whose time is taken up with house-cleaning, meat-curing, and baking. Not long ago the making of tallow candles for this, the festival of light, was also a domestic occupation. In the city, with its ready-made existence, these preparations have, in most cases,

degenerated into mere shopping, with one exception, perhaps, namely, the baking. A traditional Christmas requirement is that there shall be at least seven kinds of cake and cookies to consume, dipped in the milder of the two Swedish national drinks, coffee. A great number of Christmas presents have also to be gotten ready or purchased. These preparations very often take place during the night, partly because the days are not long enough to afford time for all that has to be done, partly also to give that appearance of secrecy that is inseparable from everything connected with Christmas. To be allowed to stay up as late as we wanted was, in the estimation of us youngsters, one of the greatest of privileges, granted only at rare intervals during this busy time before Christmas. Especially if baking was going on, this freedom was highly prized, because then we could tease for pieces of ginger-bread dough, which the girls fashioned into all sorts of shapes, but which we boys ate raw.

The celebration begins with the noon meal of the day before Christmas, at least in the country, where the whole family gathers in the large kitchen to "dip in the pot," a literal translation of the Swedish idiom. What you dip is a slice of bread, and the pot contains a rich broth of the various meats cooked. This is a very democratic affair, masters and servants elbowing about the same pot. The next feature is the evening meal, from which fact we are able to conclude that the celebration consists largely in meat and drink. This meal consists mainly of three dishes, roast ham, codfish cured in lye, and porridge made of rice. The traditional drink is strong, sweet ale, brewed specially for holiday consumption.

The giving out of Christmas presents is another feature of the evening, also democratic in character. All presents are piled up in one place, and kept there, not subject to inspection, until the much longed-for moment comes, when all the kitchen work is done, so that the whole family may assemble for the ceremony. The more or less poetic inscriptions on the packages are then read by the man of the house at a rate of speed that, to the younger members, seems intolerably slow, each present having to

be more or less universally admired, before the next one is called. What outbursts of joy, how many thanksgivings, often addressed to the wrong party, are heard on such an occasion!

The next feature is the early service on Christmas morning, to which the country people usually ride in sleighs, with or without torches, but never without joyous-sounding bells. The church is flooded with light, gloriously reflected from the brass chandeliers and the usually bald pate and shining face of the servant of the State Church, who on such an occasion waxes more than usually eloquent under an influence spirituous or spiritual. And it does take considerable eloquence to counteract the reaction setting in on the audience after so many nights with little or no sleep. Christmas Day, however, affords a good opportunity to make up for lost sleep.

The weeks following are largely taken up with social gatherings in the sign of the Christmas tree. These extend over the better part of three weeks, becoming epidemic about the day of the Magi, and usually ending about the day of Canutus, January 13th, with the despoiling and subsequent throwing out of the Christmas tree. This event is very often accompanied by a mournful realization on the part of the very young that there will not be another Christmas for a whole year, whereas some others, not quite so young, begin to think of the doctor's bills they may expect as a result of high living.

B. Franzen-Swedelius.

WORDSWORTH AT GRASMERE.

ORDSWORTH, the child of nature, the learned philosopher, the gifted poet, the ardent Christian, teaches his attentive readers much of the truth and reality of life. In his poem "The Recluse," we feel the spirit of the man behind his words. He speaks from the fulness of his experience. He had grown weary in mind and body. His hopes had played him false. The French Revolution had left a blighting effect upon his life. Happily for the poet a kind heart helped him to a place of safety. Dorothy Wordsworth may surely be regarded as a worthy example of true sisterhood, for she it was who counselled her brother to return again to nature's healthier pathways, she it was who accompanied him on foot to the beautiful Grasmere Valley, where he found rest and gladness, hope and strength that enabled him to live his life and perform his duty.

"The Recluse" reveals a master mind, reaching up through the growth and motions of this natural world to the infinite Spirit of the universe. It portrays a princely character, at home and contented among the poor and lowly. It bespeaks a man who, learned in the mysterious secrets of the Creator, would unveil His face to some souls whose eyes are holden that they cannot see Him.

By clear thoughts, lively images, and strong feeling, the author suggests the purport of his poetry. His is the lofty desire to sing

> "Of Truth, of Grandeur, Beauty, Love and Hope,
> And melancholy Fear subdued by Faith;
> Of blessed consolations in distress;
> Of moral strength, and intellectual power;
> Of joy in widest commonalty spread;

> Of the individual mind that keeps her own
> Inviolate retirement, subject there
> To conscience only, and the law supreme
> Of that intelligence which governs all."

Wordsworth relates in a pure artistic style the story of his life in the Grasmere Valley, of his journey hither, and of early impressions of this hallowed spot. He pictures the fancy of his boyhood, as, hurrying on his way to school, he entered suddenly this lovely dale. Immediately, his haste was forgotten, his steps were stayed as though an unseen hand had barred his path, and to him there seemed no other thing more pleasing than here to live, and here to die. Not that he ever hoped to realize this passing dream, but, like a child, was lost in the beauty of the scene, in the inspiration of the moment. He gazed into the blue of the heavens, and felt himself a part of clouds that float on winds, of winds that play with waves, of waves that sway the grass and toss the grain. He lived in a fairy world where spirits floated free. He himself could rise and fall, pass and return from nook to crag, from crag to sheltered cove. And always through the trial and trouble of youth this place remained to him the same. He treasured it in his memory as a haunt

> "Of pure affections, shedding upon joy
> A brighter joy; and through such damp and gloom
> Of the gay mind, as oft-times splenetic youth
> Mistakes for sorrow, darting beams of light
> That no self-cherished sadness could withstand."

And now in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-nine it is really his. The dream had come true, the fancy was reality, and Wordsworth is glad, past expectation he is glad.

Not for nature's gift alone would the poet lift toward heaven his thankful hymn of praise, but his gratitude ascends also for the fellowship of another life. His sister's presence makes him glad. She had been to him always as a hallowed influence to cheer his pathway, and inspire his song. Indeed, he says:

"Where'er my footsteps turned,
Her voice was like a hidden Bird that sang,
The thought of her was like a flash of light,
Or an unseen companionship, a breath
Of fragrance independent of the Wind."

Even paradise, he thinks, could not afford such bliss as his, to have fulfilled beyond all thought or expectation his dearest wish, his fondest dream. He seems to find in rock and wood, in lake and crag a living, loving spirit, a guiding presence to lull and soothe, to bless and sanctify. He addresses this loveliness as though it were his mother come near to bless her child:

"Embrace me then, ye Hills, and close me in;
Now in the clear and open day I feel
Your guardianship; I take it to my heart;
'Tis like a solemn shelter of the night.
But I would call thee beautiful, for mild,
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art
Dear Valley, having in thy face a smile
Though peaceful, full of gladness."

Here in truth is plenteous companionship, the church, and mountain cottages, the flocks and herds, the woods and hills and fields, the birds that flood their world with bright and joyous song; these all are here. In no other place could nature speak such words of strength and comfort, of love and beauty. In no other place could she give such assurance of perfection, such a sense of saving, keeping power.

The weather was not at all inviting when first the brother and sister came hither. The wind drove them along like ships at sea. The sunshine scarcely welcomed them. The showers rather scolded them. The brooks grumbled after them. "What would you?" they all cry. The sunbeam said, "Be happy!" In the evening, they entered their small cottage, content and satisfied in nature's moods. For two months they wait her pleasure, enduring patiently her stormy attitude and her stern countenance; until at last the sun bursts out and drives away the storm, and coaxes the icy streams to warmth and life again. The Spring

days had come, and with them song of birds in wild and glorious cadence. They float and soar, and float again in glad and free delight, and with them always goes the heart of the poet. He could not mount like them in bodily form, yet his spirit is as light and gay as theirs, while he too pours forth his praise in sweetest harmony.

He misses now two white swans on the lake, which during those stormy months had always been there. He loved them not only for their beauty and because they were always together, but rather, they had grown dear to him because they were two solitary strangers like the brother and sister. The hunter surely had not parted them. It would not be that in this favored spot such cruelty could come. Ill-will could not enter here, where abides the spirit of peace and benediction. Here is only

> "Charity beyond the bounds
> Of charity—an overflowing love;
> Not for the creature only, but for all
> That is around them; love for everything
> Which in their happy Region they behold!"

Borne along as in a trance, and truly,

> "By such forgetfulness the soul becomes,
> Words cannot say how beautiful: then hail,"

he cries,

> "Hail to the visible Presence, hail to thee,
> Delightful Valley, habitation fair!
> And to whatever else of outward form
> Can give an inward help, can purify,
> And elevate, and harmonize, and soothe,
> And steal away, and for a while deceive
> And lap in pleasing rest, and bear us on
> Without desire in full complacency,
> Contemplating perfection absolute,
> And entertained as in a placid sleep."

Suddenly, a harsh voice strikes strangely on his ear. A shepherd's voice it is, returning from a night's carousal. Yet

the fine feelings of the artist are not shocked and stung on this quick transition from the surpassing beauty of his visionary world to the presence of evil, sin, and shame. He had not expected absolute perfection in this quiet vale. He grieves over the wrong, yet he rejoices in the free-born spirit of the peasant. Here is wholesome life, where strong men work gladly for a livelihood. Extreme poverty is not known here. Those who suffer are not so numerous but that they can be relieved by kindly ministering hands. Here is no weariness of despair, no slavish endurance, but buoyant independence, and ever-ready helpfulness—

> "Where he who tills the field,
> He, happy man! is master of the field,
> And treads the mountain which his Fathers trod."

Yonder, beneath that grove of firs, a gentle woman dwells, a widow who relates her tale of love and care, of the trees she and her husband had planted as a covert for the sheep, a shelter from winter's storm and summer's heat. As she tells her story, the poet finds a charm, a grace, a dignity behind her words. 'Tis music softer than the murmur of the brook, 'tis a love-song sweeter than the whisper of the breeze. The cold recital of such devotion, says the poet, is

> "A task above my skill,—the silent mind
> Has her own treasures, and I think of these,
> Love what I see, and honor humankind."

The brother and sister, cultured though they are, have found a fellowship with kindred spirits, a sympathy that loves what they find dear, enjoys what they enjoy. Wordsworth and Gray are one in their injunction:

> "Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
> Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple annals of the poor."

The more he enters into the life about him, the more is he satisfied with its daily thought and care, and assured by the

simple faith and hope. To him is dear the small gray horse, the famous sheep-dog, the blind man's guide. Soon the blackbird and thrush will greet him with their morning song. The eagle and the owl will find a place in his friendship. Yonder the heifer feeds, that kindly woman's hands have tended. Happy creature, thus fondled and caressed! The birds, too, sport in the heavens and play in the waters. The birch trees glisten and sparkle in their icy robes. The raven croaks, and seems to make more still the harmony of stillness.

> "Say boldly then that solitude is not
> Where these things are: he truly is alone,
> He of the multitude, whose eyes are doomed
> To hold a vacant commerce day by day,
> With Objects wanting life—repelling love;
> He by the vast metropolis immured,
> Where pity shrinks from unremitting calls,
> Where numbers overwhelm humanity,
> And neighborhood serves rather to divide
> Than to unite—what sighs more deep than his,
> Whose nobler will hath long been sacrificed;
> Who must inhabit under a black sky
> A city, where, if indifference to disgust
> Yield not to scorn or sorrow, living men
> Are oft-times to their fellow-men no more
> Than to the forest Hermit are the leaves
> That hang aloft in myriads; nay, far less,
> For they protect his walk from sun and shower,
> Swell his devotion with their voice in storms,
> And whisper while the stars twinkle among them
> His lullaby."

Not in the city, then, is companionship, but in the country where is found friendship to feed the hungry heart, intelligence to satisfy the longing soul. Here, indeed, is a brotherhood worthy of his home. Besides this congenial environment there are the poet's intimate friends. A brother poet had already come, and others yet will come, whom both revere and love. These will share and multiply their joys and blessings.

Yet the poet would not selfishly enjoy the pleasures of this secluded spot. He would not waste his life, nor forget his duty to humanity. Each one has his office and peculiar place to fill. To him has been imparted a special gift, a glorious vision which must be revealed to lift the load from weary, burdened hearts. As a boy, a strange barbaric fierceness often seized him. Nothing seemed so splendid as to fight against all odds, to struggle against tremendous powers, to delight in mighty deeds and glorious feats of arms. But nature taught him calmer moods, and wisdom showed him a happier, kindlier course, where strength and courage would yet find plenty of scope and play; and now in this peaceful valley he will write his verse "On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life." He would express those heavenly experiences, he would give voice to that rapturous bliss, which blesses his waking thoughts and quiet musings. He seeks the guidance of the holy Muse to aid him in this stupendous task, in which he would pierce beyond the clouds, would pass below the deeps in the quest to find and know the mysteries of the human mind. All around and about him shall shine the glory of paradise, and he shall prove that, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love Him."

By such revelations of the true and real, he would draw poor, down-trodden humanity from sensuous passion, and sordid care; while he shows how the same law that governs growth in the lower creation, also rules in the spiritual development of man. He supplicates for inspiration, strength, and wisdom that, though oft he must pass near the haunts of human sin and woe, yet he may rise unwearied, taught by men's failures to realize their need.

"Descend prophetic spirit,"

he cries,

> "Upon me bestow
> A gift of genuine insight; that my Song
> With star-like virtue in its place may shine,
> Shedding begnignant influence."

And if my purpose meets with the sanction of the divine will, then, he prays, let my life be my best poetry.

> "May my Life
> Express the image of a better time,
> More wise desires, and simpler manners;—nurse
> My Heart in genuine freedom:—all pure thoughts
> Be with me;—so shall thy unfailing love
> Guide, and support, and cheer me to the end!"

BESSIE ARKELL, '11.

COLLEGE LIFE IN INDIA.

HE writer has come into possession of two numbers of *The Quarterly Bulletin* of the Allahabad Christian College, and has found them so interesting that he presumes to pass on to the readers of THE MONTHLY some of the enlightening passages in that little publication. The magazine is only about four by six inches in size, and contains from thirty to forty pages per issue; yet two of these small numbers contain a remarkably large amount of information of interest to the outside reader. It would be an interesting speculation whether the perusal of two chance copies of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY would give a stranger as adequate an idea of life in this institution.

Allahabad Christian College was established in 1902, largely through the efforts of the Principal, Rev. A. H. Ewing. It has a Faculty of eighteen, half of whom are English and half Indian. The interesting point to us is that two McMaster graduates are connected with the staff, L. H. Werden, '07, being Professor of Biology, and D. A. McGregor, '05, who is General Secretary of the Allahabad Y.M.C.A., being a special lecturer.

The December number of *The Bulletin* shows a photograph of the main college building, known as Bethany Jubilee Memorial

Hall. It is a splendid structure of an imposing appearance with its Norman arches and battlemented towers. It stands in the midst of a beautiful campus, with several noble trees about the lawn. The location is described by a member of the Fourth Year Class, Madan Kishore Chhaila, in an article entitled "The Jumna Scenery." He opens his essay with the naive sentence: "The new college year begins; and many of us who have failed in the last examination have at least the satisfaction of enjoying the scenes and sights of the Jumna once more." After other introductory remarks the writer proceeds:

"The river has its cradle in the 'Jamnotari' far away, whence she sprang in all her juvenile glory. Thence she flows down all her way eastwards by Jagadhari, Delhi, Muttra, Agra, etc., a boisterous current of gurgling torrents. But here, as she is approaching her elder sister, the Ganges, in whom she is to lose her identity, she is flowing down to the Fort in all her mild magnificence.

"Standing on the beautiful banks at the foot of the College building, we have on one side the beautiful Balua Ghat, resorted to by pilgrims for the purposes of ablution. And on the other side we have the magnificent Jumna Bridge, affording passage both to railway trains above, and to foot-passengers and vehicle traffic below."

The river must indeed be attractive, judging from the following extract:

"Many a time have we marked on the surface quite a number of gem-like ripples shining with a brilliant, unsteady light in all their dazzling radiance and over-mastering fascination; and the author with his aesthetic feelings quickened cannot but give utterance to these lines of his own composition." (Here follows a couplet in Urdu or Hindoostani, quite unintelligible to the English reader.)

Our author notes the pleasure craft on the river and yearns for the delights of the motor-boat, a long anticipated possession of the College. In another part of the same issue of The Bulletin, we find an announcement which, though couched in terms

more prosaic, will doubtless revive the drooping soul of our poetic essayist. It states that a Boat Club has been organized and that one boat is now ready and will be in use as soon as a place can be prepared for it. "The motor-boat will not be ready for some weeks yet. As soon as it can be made ready it will also be at the disposal of the members of the club."

The September issue of *The Bulletin*, being the first of the academic year, announces the results of the examinations of the previous June. After giving the list of names of successful candidates for degrees—names which it would take a linguist to pronounce—the Editor continues:

"We 'rejoice with those that do rejoice, and we weep with them who weep.' There were a large number of sad hearts when *The Gazette* came out. The percentage of failures for this year was very large. 'Too large,' say the students. 'Too large,' say the teachers. The examiners even come in on the chorus: 'Too large.' The students say: 'We work to fail.' The examiners say: 'You fail to work.' The standard of the B.A. is undoubtedly being raised. . . . If we do our best, and then fail, they can write on our tombstones: 'Here lies———. He did his best; Angels can do no more.'"

The number of students attending the College is about three hundred, the work covered extending up to the degree M.A. We are told that the B.Sc. class this year is the largest the College ever had. In order to meet the demand of increased attendance, new apparatus is being installed in the physical laboratory at a cost of several thousand rupees. The technical department has just graduated its first two students from the Electrical Engineering course. An Agricultural Department will shortly be opened. The requisite land will be secured at an early date, and in November last the first instructor in this department arrived at Allahabad from "the well-known Agricultural College at Guelph, Canada."

The social life of the College is not neglected. At the first social gathering held by the Y.M.C.A. over one hundred and fifty students enjoyed themselves thoroughly with badminton

and ping-pong, which was followed by a musical programme and refreshments. A casual remark intimates that these social gatherings are held in the afternoons. The College Y.M.C.A. provides lectures, religious meetings, social gatherings, and reading-room privileges. Following are the topics of lectures delivered during the first three months of this College year: Oxford and the Ideal of Education; A Preliminary Condition to the Knowledge of God; Ancient India; Miracles; The Medical Profession; The Faith of a Scientist; Indian Art; Self-Sacrifice.

Though the College is less than a decade old, the College spirit is apparently strong and growing, and "Old Boys' Day" is an annual event. In the December number of *The Bulletin* we read an account of the proceedings on that occasion, and the speeches clearly indicate the loyalty of the graduates to their Alma Mater.

Sports at Allahabad, outside of the Boat Club, take the form of football, cricket, tennis and hockey—the last-named being doubtless the variety known in this country as "ground-hockey." The College is entered in the Allahabad Football League, and the latest report shows that up to date this year they have played fifteen games, of which only two were lost. On Old Boys' Day there was a memorable cricket game between the "Old Boys" and the "New Boys." A full account is given in all its technicalities, and with comments in poetry as well as in prose. The following sentences indicate the outcome: "The word 'old' somehow brings silver locks of seventy years to mind, whereas 'new' suggests strength and vitality, and in a struggle between the two one naturally expects the old to throw up the sponge and the new to get the cake. But impressions and expectations prove false when brought face to face with actual facts." On Old Boys' Day there was also an exhibition game by some of the staff of "the American national game of baseball." As to tennis, the latest word is that the courts have been put in shape, but the unprecedented November rains made a good deal of trouble for the management.

The experiences of an Allahabad Christian College graduate

in America form interesting reading. He writes from Pittsburgh, which he describes as "such a smoky place, it makes you feel murky here." He entered a medical school, but finds the studies new and not easy to grasp. "In our Indian colleges we can ask our professors or senior students who live close by, about things we don't understand, but here we students are scattered. I really don't know how I will get along for a few weeks. The study of medicine is no joke." He tells of walking the streets for nearly two hours looking for furnished rooms. "Yes, sir, I wished I was back in India again. People from the U. S. A. complain of the Indian sun, but my experience that day made me think that the sun hits just as hard in U.S.A. Each time I took my handkerchief to wipe off the perspiration I noticed I was wiping off a coating of coal from my face also. Yes, this is a smoky, murky and dirty city. Of course, when I was coming to U. S. A. I didn't expect to see heaven; at the same time I didn't expect to see—what shall I say—the smoky furnace of Cyclops."

E. J. Bengough, '03

BILLY.

THE new teacher looked around the room with a puzzled expression on her usually placid face. There really seemed to be a great deal too much noise, but where it was coming from she could not decide.

The first day the children had been perfect dears; the second day they were still lovable; but to-day something certainly was wrong.

It must be that Irish boy, she decided. She could scarcely look at him without laughing, he was so jolly looking and so unmistakably Irish; his smile, too, was simply irresistible.

Having located the centre of the disturbance, she approached the happy-faced Irishman and said kindly—for she had been taught that children could be ruled only by kindness and love:

"What is your name?"

The answer was startling.

"I'm Billy Nixon, the Irishman, the wildest man in school!"

From that time Billy endeavoured to live up to his name, nor was he unsuccessful. Day after day he made things lively at the little, old school-house. He talked, laughed, teased, winked, flirted, threw paper balls, gave most idiotic answers when questioned, and, in short, did everything but behave himself.

The children were delighted, but the new teacher was in despair. She sought to win him by kindness, but Billy took more liberties than ever. To reason with him was absolutely useless, nor did scolding have the desired effect. She remembered having been taught at Normal that well-trained children were forced to suffer the natural consequences of their sins. Happy thought! That should bring Billy to time.

He was unusually noisy. When the decree went forth that he must leave the scene of his triumphs, and with his books, which were apparently unessentials in his scholastic career, locate at some distance from his boon companions, he should have been "squelched." Instead he carried his books one at a time to his new seat and piled them high on his desk. Although this necessitated many journeys back and forth, Billy was not weary in well-doing. And he had something to show for his pains—a huge pile of books which he viewed with pride.

The teacher turned away with a relieved sigh. Billy was at last settled and her troubles would surely be at an end for at least——

Crash!

Billy had knocked out the bottom book, which sent the others flying over the floor.

There were only two things left that she could do, and they had both been held in disrepute at the school where she learned the art of training children. But either the training-school was not infallible, or the teachers there had never met Billy. She would try to shame Billy, and if she failed in that there was still left that horror—corporal punishment—which in the language of

School Section No. 1 was nothing more or less than "a lickin'."

The teacher had no sooner made this decision than Billy gave her an opportunity for carrying it out. Having appropriated an apple which he found in Freddie Brown's pocket, he was noisily devouring it, enjoying the distressed and tearful face of Freddie even more than the large juicy Spy.

"Billy!" The teacher's tone was severe. "Stand up on the floor and finish your apple."

But Billy was equal to the emergency. He had learned the happy faculty of making the world laugh with him, thus avoiding the embarrassment of having it laugh at him. He was not on the floor long before all the girls were laughing at his whole-souled winks and the boys were trying to make uglier faces than he; between winks and grimaces he smacked his lips in keen enjoyment of the apple.

The teacher was discouraged, but still unvanquished.

"Have you finished your apple, Billy?" she asked sternly.

"Yes, miss, an' I'd like another."

It was evident that Billy must be "licked." There seemed to be nothing else for it. However, she would wait until the next offence, which came all too soon.

The children were not allowed to leave the school-yard, and especially was a certain creek, about a quarter of a mile from the school, forbidden territory. There one day the teacher found ten of the boys, each evidently trying to put the others in possession of the greatest amount of water. She marched them up to the school, and they took their seats in deep dejection.

But the teacher? Was she forced to whip the whole ten of them? She could never summon enough courage for that—there was a loop-hole of escape, surely.

"Now, boys, I am going to do one of two things—either deprive you of the remainder of your noon-hour and keep you a half-hour after four, or whip you. Each may take his choice. Freddie?"

She went down the line and each in turn said sadly and mournfully, "I'll stay in," until she came to Billy.

"And you, Billy?"

"We—el—I guess I'll take the lickin'."

The teacher was greatly distressed. She had not thought to be taken at her word, but the unexpected had happened. As Billy would say, it was plainly "up to her."

Summoning all her courage she delivered several blows on Billy's person, and when the trying ordeal was over, she was rewarded with, "Thank you, miss!" from the incorrigible Irishman.

As Billy was passing through the door to join the ranks of the obedient ones outside, he turned a happy face to his dejected chums, and said, cheerfully:

"Say, fellows, you should a took the lickin'!"

JESSIE KEE, '13.

A RIDE BY THE SEA.

Crash of waves, and thunder of hoofs.
And a Cavalier song on the sea-drenched air.—
And ho! for a ride by the ocean's side!—
Ten miles of sand beach smooth and fair.

Strewn by the wind, by the strong waves packed,
Our course lies firm to the setting sun.
And ho! for a race!—By my lady's grace
We'll spur for a token e'er day is done.

"What?—a ribbon? a scarf? say this."
She looses the band from her struggling locks.—
"'Tis yours"—setting spur—"with a kiss, good sir,
If you beat me from here to Consbury Rocks."

A word, a pressure of heel and thigh—
Her bay mare's tail 's in my sorrel's eyes.—
Speed! Kelly, speed! if you make that lead
A month in pasture shall be your prize!

The waves, the rocks, and the cliffs fly past
In a smother of sand from the bay mare's heels;
In the rush of the wind they are left behind—
An inch and an inch my Kelly steals.

No need of the spur! How he tells his pride
By the fall and rise of his great red mane,
By the ears laid back as he follows the track,
By the restive tug on the shortened rein!

My lady's hair is a tangle of gold:
I could catch it now with my bridle-arm.
Ye gods! it is fair in the sunset's glare!—
Ye gods!—and here is Consbury Farm!

Then ho! my boy, for the final spurt!
Now show them, my Kelly, what you can do!—
For yonder's the bend, and beyond—the end:
And Consbury Rocks swing full in view.

Grandly his great flanks heave and sink
Does he know the guerdon? my Kelly, my pride!
One strong wild burst—neither last nor first,
We whirl to the finish side by side.

"Now whose,"—as we merrily slacken rein—
"Now whose shall the kiss and the ribbon be?"
With a look so sly in her witch's eye,
"We'll divide the trophies, sir," says she.

Straight, her loose tresses she gathers up,
And binds them again with her ribbon fine;
Then turns, lifts her face, as the horses pace—
And the kiss?—the kiss?—ah! that is mine!

Beat of hoofs, and murmur of waves,
And an old love-song on the sea-drenched air.—
And ho! for a ride by the ocean's side,
And a maiden to love me and kiss me there!

Bernard F. Trotter, '14.

NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

OR fifteen delightful days an ocean liner had made up our entire world. Around us we had seen nothing but the big green waves of ocean as they broke over the ship's prow, but about five o'clock on the sixteenth day the islands of Capri and Ischia were dimly visible lying like two black clouds on the horizon. They became more and more distinct until we passed between them and caught a glimpse of the endless lights stretching across the Bay of Naples. Late that night we reached the dock and landed in this quaint historic city.

The next morning I got my first view of Naples from my bedroom window, which looked directly on that glorious bay. Overhead was a blue Italian sky, and the sails of the fishermen's boats shone white in the sunlight. The bay is in the form of a semi-circle and at its left rise the two peaks of Vesuvius, while towards the right it bends like a bow to Posilipo. Directly across the bay lies the Island of Capri, which awakens within the mind a score of historic memories. The city itself is built on the side of a hill, and the houses rise one above the other, most beautiful in their delicate shades of pink, yellow and green. Between the buildings are the gardens, where palm trees, orange trees, and lemon trees grow profusely and add a touch of picturesqueness and color to the scene.

At this fair sight the thoughtful mind reflects that this placid bay was once covered with ships of the world's commerce. Each hill that rises from its waves, as well as every island that reposes upon its gentle surface, is crowned with some distinguished memory. Names of countless Romans, who once made this shore their home, come swiftly to mind. Everywhere may be seen the sight of some imperial palace or patrician villa. Vineyards and gardens still adorn the slopes as when they furnished wine to Horace and Hadrian; and on the hillside of Posilipo, beneath which "swells and falls, the bay's deep breast at intervals," once stood the homes of Cicero and Virgil. Just fifteen miles from the

city of Naples there lie two buried cities, slowly arising from their lava shrouds after a burial of eighteen hundred years. All these, with eloquence greater than words, remind us not to forget "amid the fleeting present the grandeur of a mighty past."

The most conspicuous characteristics of Naples have been said to be noise, rags, dirt, and donkeys. It is true that these are all there in abundance, but in some mysterious way they blend together to make one charming whole. Standing on the quay of Santa Lucia one may see narrow, dingy streets, which pour forth an endless stream of humanity. Some of these alleys are but six feet wide, and ropes zigzag back and forth across them and serve as clothes lines for the luckless ones who wait within until their solitary indispensables are dry enough to wear again. Men, women, goats, cows, donkeys and a host of children live here together in the noisy streets or huddled into small, dingy rooms. But you seem to miss the poverty and dirt when you look at their happy, eager faces and listen to the pretty songs they sing. The sunny climate has instilled its magic into their very being and the tourist gets only the impression of a happy care-free existence.

One morning on leaving our hotel we met a flock of goats being driven through the streets. They are what we have since then called the City Dairy Company, Limited, of Naples. They, like the cows, are stopped before the hotels and houses and milked on the sidewalk for so much a pint. The owners of these goats and cows are noted for the solemnity of their countenances, for they are the only men in Italy who cannot cheat their customers.

Naples is not all poverty. In fact, the tourist is impressed with the magnificence of the stores and dwellings. Along the water-front extends the Villa Municipale, where any day one may hear band concerts and see the wealthy Neapolitans walking and driving. The homes of these are upon the hillside, surrounded by beautiful gardens, far removed from the squalor seen in the lower part of the city. In the heart of the city there is a high-roofed finely-decorated promenade. Along its sides are cafés and attractive shops, and in the evening music gives this brilliant passageway an added charm. This is another favorite resort of the

wealthy Italians, who listen to the music while discoursing in their sweet-sounding language and sipping their native wines.

The shops of Naples were one of the most fascinating features of that city to our female hearts. The windows revealed a won-

Gradoni Di Chiaia.

drous display of pale pink coral, mosaic work, and tortoise shell. Every spare moment, we spent viewing, pricing and buying, wondering whether it would be wise to spend all our wealth here or trust to there being some pretty things in other places as well.

No one leaves Naples without seeing the interesting environs of the city. The trip to Pompeii is most quaint and picturesque. Cultivation is carried on there in a very primitive form. The little farms are cultivated by the women, who work all day in their bare feet and add an artistic touch to the landscape by their gaily-colored head-dress. Each farm has its large stone well for irrigating purposes, which is worked by a blindfolded horse, who patiently walks around it hour after hour. A few hours' ride brought us to this "ghost of a metropolis," Pompeii. We passed through the ancient gate and found ourselves in one of the

Pompeii—Foro Civile Col Panorama.

Pompeian streets. The first impression made upon us was one of amazement at its preservation. It seemed impossible that eighteen hundred years had elapsed since it was filled with joyous life. Instinctively we looked for people, but nowhere was a single living being; no footsteps were heard but our own.

The second impression Pompeii made was that of silence. Its stillness seemed to haunt us. Those miles of empty streets were speechless and the houses tenantless. No music or laughter was heard in the colonnades or courts, but it would not have been Pompeii if it were otherwise, for "the genius of the place is

solitude." The original buildings stood around us everywhere. It is true that only their lower storeys remain, but there was the same pavement on which the old Pompeians passed, and there were the ancient stepping stones pressed by their sandalled feet.

The dwellings of Pompeii were built in semi-Oriental style. A little distance from the door we saw a spacious court, surrounded on all sides by porticos. This court was open to the sky and in the centre of it was a marble basin or receptacle for rain. The rooms opened off the court-yard, and to-day the frescos, although the finest have been removed to the museum at Naples, are still exquisite in form and color. Pompeii has a power to fascinate us all. It forms a connecting link between ourselves and the ancient past. Its temples, forum and theatres are full of interest, but the amphitheatre awoke the keenest sympathy in our hearts. It has a seating capacity of twenty thousand, and, according to the historian, Dion Cassius, at the time of the eruption, was filled with people who gazed with bated breath into the dust and blood of the arena. But soon the scene was changed and the distracted inhabitants were groping about in the darkness to find the way to the sea. We instinctively think of the blind girl Nydia, who, in the dreadful darkness that prevailed, was able by means of her infirmity to find her way and conduct her lover to the sea. Through Bulwer Lytton's novel, Pompeii's silent streets are made real to us by our remembrance of Arbaces, Glaucus, Nydia, and Tone.

The trip to Sorrento and Capri is a most glorious one. No sooner had we reached the steamer than musicians made the air resound with the familiar songs of "Santa Lucia" and "La Spagnola." The wonderfully beautiful Island of Capri was once the home of the Caesars. Hither came Tiberius near the end of his life and built twelve splendid villas. These are gone, but the memory of his cruelties still remains. From the Capriot Cliff, which overhangs the sea, he is said to have hurled his victims after protracted tortures. It seems incredible that a man, with the unspeakable glory of the bay, from Baiae to Sorrento, outspread before him, could find his enjoyment in watching tortured men hurled downward to the sea.

As all the world knows, the most attractive feature of Capri is its wonderful Blue Grotto. Little boats convey two passengers at a time through the small opening which leads into this fairy place. Walls, roof and water have assumed an almost indescribable color. The water is like folds of shimmering blue satin, lying beneath a dome of lapis-lazuli. But it is not well to linger too long here, for if the sea becomes violent there is no way of exit until it has calmed down again.

We started back to Naples just as the sun was setting and shedding its glory over the whole scene. That was almost our final view of the city and was the most lasting one. Often the scene comes back to mind, and the feelings it awakens can best be expressed in these beautiful lines:

"My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the blue Vesuvian bay,
With watchful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Far, vague, and dim
The mountains swim,
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

There Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles,
And yonder—bluest of the isles—
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar.
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

RUTH DENOVAN, '11.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to F. D. Weir. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

V. E. Gray, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
A. M. Menhennick, '11 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. I. Ogilvie, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. Jeffery, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. Price, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLay, M.A. | I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

A. W. Wilson, '11. G. H. Thomas, '12. J. E. Howes, '12. Miss A. B. Turner, '12
A. E. White, Theol. F. A. McGregor, 13. A. R. Quirk, '13.
Marguerite Cole, Moulton College.
J. E. Anderson, Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

F. D. Weir, '13, Subscription Department. | H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Advertising Department

Vol. XX. February, 1911. No. 5

Editorial Notes.

The Prize Story and Prize Poem competitions announced in the November number of The Monthly were not well responded to this year. Only four stories in all were received for the graduate and undergraduate story competitions; the judges have not as yet reached a decision concerning them. In the Prize Poem Contest there was not a competition, only one member of the University entering. (There is ground for the question put to us by another college magazine: "McMaster, where are your poets?") Mr. B. F. Trotter, '14, submitted four poems for the contest, and though no prize may be awarded, it has been decided, on the merits of these poems, to pay Mr. Trotter the money offered for the first and second prizes.

It cannot be that McMaster students fail to recognize the value to themselves of writing for the College magazine, whether it be a short story, a piece of description, an essay, or a poem.

Here is a sphere for the training of the student's powers of literary expression that he can find nowhere else. The more than usual care exercised in writing an article to be submitted for publication means much to the writer. But sometimes, perhaps, we fail to realize that THE MONTHLY belongs to the students. Our duty towards the magazine does not cease with the electing of the Board of Publication once a year, no more than does our duty towards the University, in debating or athletics, cease with the choosing of our debaters and our teams. THE MONTHLY should reflect, not only the life of the institution, but also the ability and scholarship of its members. We cannot and we ought not to depend on our graduates to contribute the bulk of the articles.

But then arises the old plea of the lack of time, during the college year, necessary to undertake such work. Our universities have not escaped that spirit of rush and hurry that so characterizes other spheres of our Western life. The various College organizations absorb a great deal of the student's leisure time and energy—and much that is not leisure. And yet this training in writing ought to be given a place. It might be suggested that, during the vacation months, McMaster students take advantage of occasions that arise specially conducive to such work. Many of the varied occupations in which students engage during the summer months are of such a nature as to inspire to poetical expression or suggest the plan of a story or an essay. Why not let THE MONTHLY profit by the written expression of your thoughts and feelings? Do not be discouraged should your first contribution not be accepted for publication. You will have benefitted by the effort and will be in a better position to write an article that will be accepted.

READERS OF THE MONTHLY will be glad to hear that Dr. Edmund H. Oliver, for several years lecturer in History in McMaster University, is finding much satisfaction in his work as Professor of Economics and History in the University of

Saskatchewan, Saskatoon. We learn that to his busy life as a professor have been added many other responsibilities, among which are included the work of delivering public lectures in several of the cities of Western Canada and that of teaching three Bible Classes each week. We "readily see," as Dr. Oliver writes in a letter to a friend of our University, that he is "kept busy," and wish him every success in his new career, which he terms "a pioneer work."

College News.

"AROUND THE HALL."

EDITOR: V. EVAN GRAY, '11.

FEBRUARY finds the last school term of 1910-11 in full swing. The dread period of exams. is over and lectures follow in their regular course. Even the results of the examinations fail to interest; successes have lost their glamor and failures their sting. Year parties, the Lit. Banquet and the final debate are the centres of student interest for the month around the Hall. As the frost arouses the dormant cork cells of the leaf, so the time and environment have aroused a healthy antagonism of the first two years. The juniors are busy with plans for the Collation, the seniors with the Graduation MONTHLY, and there is even talk of graduation photos, class pins and individual rings. February is a social month and present indications forecast a busy time for all students.

THE CHANCELLOR'S HOLIDAYS.—January has been profitably and pleasantly spent by the Chancellor and his family in London, England. He expects, however, to leave for the Continent very shortly, stopping for some time in Paris and Rome. We are very glad to note that his health continues to improve.

DAY OF PRAYER.—On Thursday, January 26th, the Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed in McMaster. The call to prayer was responded to very generally by the students, as indi-

cated by the attendance at the meetings of the day and by the fine spirit of reverence and devotion that pervaded each meeting. In the morning, Dr. H. C. Mabie made a notable address on the subject, "Channels for Enthusiasm." The address covered the field of a man's relations to his fellowmen, emphasizing the student's opportunity and responsibility in spreading his religion. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman was to have spoken in the afternoon, but illness prevented his coming. Dr. Mabie generously consented to fill in the gap. He followed out the thought of the morning on a different line, speaking of individual submission to the authority of the Christ. The class prayer meetings were well attended, and were marked by a spirit of deep earnestness and sincerity.

Latin Professor: "Have you been through 'De Bello Gallico'?" Freshman (wisely): "Yes, but it was at night and I didn't see much."

Do You Attend the Debating Society?—A graduate, writing from Vancouver, includes the following in his letter: "It seems as though one cannot get so far away from McMaster as to be beyond the spread of its fame in debating. One evening, lately, I dropped into a Presbyterian Men's Club in which a debate was in progress. To my surprise, the chairman of that meeting, who had attended the final debate last year between Knox and McMaster, being informed that I was a McMaster man, introduced me to the audience and asked me to act as critic for their debate." It would be difficult to say whether we should congratulate or condole with the writer, because of the situation occasioned for him by the fame of his Alma Mater. Two considerations, however, are clear. In the first place, it was fortunate for our graduate that he was able to rise to the occasion with grace and to fill with at least some degree of skill the office so suddenly thrust upon him. In the second place, the incident as quoted merely serves to emphasize the value to our University of a reputation for excelling in a department of student activity. Two morals also may be deduced. The first is obvious, namely, that regular attendance at the Saturday afternoon debates will mean an increment of valuable training. Clearness of thought and the power of plain and forceful expression are of great value to a man in any vocation, and can only be obtained by practice. The second thought to be deduced and applied is that those who have the welfare of the Debating Society under their care do well to come to a full realization of the importance of their trust. It is

safe to say that the work they do, requiring, as it does, so much of time and patience, is not the least of the contributions that students make to their college.

A Sophomore's Soliloquy: "'Tis better to have skated and stopped, than never to have stopped at all."—Even if it was only two rounds.

The Literary Society.—At a meeting of the Lit., held on January 20th, Dr. Swedelius gave an address on "Student Life in Sweden." He observed that student life was much the same in Sweden as in America, with the same result, namely, if a student remained around the university long enough, doing nothing, he became a senior. Miss Johnston, '14, delighted the audience with her readings, while Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, rendered a vocal solo in his usual brilliant style. Mr. T. D. Pink gave a much appreciated piano solo. Before the meeting adjourned, the chairman, Mr. E. J. Whan, '12, spoke of the approaching debate and the Lit. Banquet, soliciting for these the loyal support of the students so essential to their success.

The regular meeting for Friday, January 27th, was called to order with President E. D. Gray in the chair, and Mr. Tedford, '11, as secretary pro tem. Miss B. A. Carey, '13, began the evening's entertainment with a piano selection, which was followed by a reading from Miss B. Arkell, '11. After Mr. A. E. White, Theol., had rendered one of his ever-appreciated vocal solos, the programme was brought to a close by Mr. F. A. McGregor, '13, giving a satirical lecture—drawn from his own experience, we suppose—on "Some Civil Servants and Others."

The Student Volunteer Band.—"Missionary Work in the Congo," was the subject of an address delivered by Mr. Volney A. Ray, M.A., to an assembly of the Student Volunteer Band on January 20th at 1.15 p.m. Mr. Ray very interestingly recounted some of his own experiences in Africa, and at the same time gave us a glimpse of things as they are in that forsaken land.

One week later, January 27th, Dr. Mabie very kindly acceded to a request in which he was asked to meet with the members of the S. V.B. and give them the benefit of his wise counsel. Dr. Mabie occupied about thirty-five minutes in calling their attention to some considerations which should be taken into account by those who propose devoting their lives to foreign missionary work. Opportunity was then given to those who had special difficulties

to state whatever questions they desired to ask Dr. Mabie's responses were replete with wise counsel.

Professor of Sociology: "An illustration of the principle of 'conspicuous waste' is found in the fashion which leads women to wear hats four feet wide." Student: "Would the principle of 'conspicuous waste' apply to hobble skirts?" No answer.

AMONG McMASTER'S BRAVE.

To the West he felt the call
Of teaching just until the Fall,
Because he loved the children all—
The Bard of Avon.

He journeyed there without event
Nor did he, as he taught, repent
That to him the call 'd been sent—
The Bard of Avon.

One morn the fears of all were great
For they had seen a wolf of late;
But their fears were calmed when spake—
The Bard of Avon.

"Children, do be brave," he said,
"For the wolf will soon be dead;
There's one will fill him full of lead"—
The Bard of Avon.

He hunted, sighted, killed the brute;
How glad he was that he could shoot!
Because they'd never more dispute
The Bard of Avon.

He went and viewed the dying heap
And then he heaved a sigh so deep
For he'd but killed a harmless sheep—
Poor Bard of Avon.

Hammerings.—There are certain conditions of student life about McMaster Hall which cry loudly for improvement or reform. If the students are to have an organ for their representation, the "Around the Hall" column must fulfill that service. Therefore, several complaints are here set forth and an earnest petition presented that steps be taken to rectify the wrongs. One of the reforms most needed is in connection with the telephone service for the students. Every member of the University has suffered directly from the utter inadequacy of this service, but, perhaps, none so much as the ladies of the University. There

is no doubt that the telephone in use at the present time is insufficient for the steward, the students, and the professors. The students certainly should have a telephone of their own. The discomfort and inconvenience to which the ladies and the professors are put, when wishing to use the telephone, is common knowledge and an especial grievance. The ladies have become a numerically important proportion of the Student Body and are surely entitled to a respectable service; obviously, they cannot take their place in the line which regularly waits at the telephone booth. Great as is the abuse, the remedy is easy. Let the University install in the Faculty Room and the Ladies' Room telephones connected, by way of the Usher's Office, with the line already in use. This would involve very little extra expense, and, in addition to removing the present inconvenience of the students and professors, would save much time by enabling the usher to answer a 'phone call directly from his office.

There are a number of other grievances, to which the resident students have had to submit, whose removal should also be secured. These are equally as flagrant as that mentioned above, but, like conjugal infelicities, are not best aired in public. All these are subjects for the action of the Student Body Executive, yet no steps have been taken in the matter. Time and again complaints have been made to that body, but their interest has seemed only temporary and productive of no real result. Student opinion should be a very potent factor in the management of any university; but, is our Executive making the best use of that influence which has been constituted in them? If they were doing so, these abuses would long ago have been righted. It is time for aggressive and insistent demand on the part of the Executive for consideration of the claims of the students.

Terrible Cat-astrophe.—Eighteen lives lost in the Biological Laboratory.—Two cats were sacrificed on the altar of Research.

The McMaster Evangelistic Band conducted meetings in two churches of the city during the month of January. On Sunday evening, January 22nd, a successful meeting was held in the Ossington Avenue Baptist Church, under the leadership of F. H. Jeffery, assisted by the quartette, under the direction of E. T. Newton. Sunday evening, January 29th, under the leadership of E. T. Newton, a meeting was held at the Roncesvalles Avenue

Baptist Church. In the absence of the quartette at this meeting Mr. Newton sang very acceptably.

The Sage Sophomores Abroad and at Home.—The members of Year '13 were entertained on Tuesday evening, January 31st, by Prof. G. H. and Mrs. Campbell, at their home on Balmoral Avenue. Although a number of the lucky ticket holders in the "raffle contest," together with their ladies, succeeded in failing to find the location of the scene of operations until a late hour, a roll call would have finally disclosed the fact that thirty-four souls all told had assembled to enjoy the hospitality of the Honorary President of the Year. The evening was most enjoyably spent in guessing contests, charades and games, with a pleasant interruption in the form of dainty refreshments. After the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster," Year 13's yell concluded the programme and the sophs decamped. Upon reaching the Hall visions of soft warm beds were rudely dispelled when the advance guard discovered a scene of havoc and destruction, wrought by certain daring young Lochinvars of the Freshmen Year, who had indulged in a general "pulling" of beds. A later investigation brought to light the fact that one canny and carefully cautious culprit, with admirable foresight, had invited his fellows-in-crime to "rough-house" his own secluded boudoir in order to avert suspicion from his unlucky head. At length, grown weary of waiting for the return of the merry-makers, he reluctantly restored order out of this self-inflicted chaos and retired. The gods, however, had frowned upon this attempt at base deception and straightway commissioned their emissaries, the sophs, to arrange an impromptu "at home" in honor of the brethren who had so kindly remembered their fellow-students earlier in the evening. The reception was quite informal and was held in the wash-rooms of the respective flats. The guests were gowned in breezy attire of various styles and textures quite appropriate for such an occasion. Needless to say, everybody had a howling time and the visitors on departing expressed in terms of deep emotion the high esteem which they felt for their enthusiastic hosts.

Student (complying with a request to call up Mr. Fox at C7394): "Is Mr. Fox in?" "What's that?" "Is Mr. Fox in?" "Yes, in and asleep long ago." "What place is that?" "This is the Riverdale Zoo."

La Societe Francaise.—Voilà un mois du nouvel an qui vient de passer, et pendant ce temps-là la société Française ne s'est

réunie qu'une fois. La moitié du mois s'était déja écoulée avant que les examens furent terminés de sorte que la première assemblée de mille neuf cent onze eut lieu le dix neuf janvier.

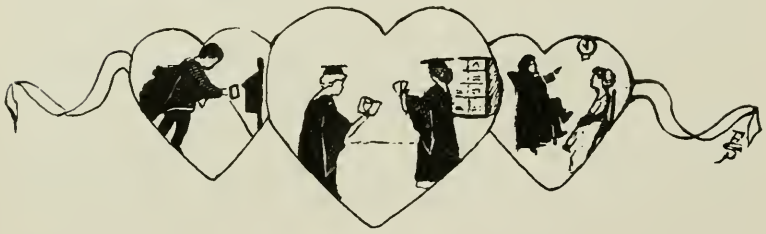
On a, comme règle générale, dans les séances de la Société Française, une demi-heure, plus ou moins, de conversation en français. A la dernière réunion M. le professeur G. H. Campbell nous a flattés de sa présence et de son aide. La société s'est divisée en deux parties et M. Campbell et le président d'honneur, le Dr. Swedelius, ont pris la direction de la conversation, chacun dans son groupe. La France a été le sujet de la discussion dirigée par le Dr. Swedelius, et la Chine a engagé l'attention de ceux qui étaient avec M. Campbell. Ensuite M. A .E. White a chanté un solo, intitulé "Sérénade" par Gounod. Ce fut un événement tout particulier d'avoir l'assistance du professeur Campbell et il nous a fait un discours bref mais intéressant, après quoi la réunion fut ajournée.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: ADA M. MENHENNICK, '11.

"Oft have I heard both youths and virgins say,
Birds chuse their mates and couple, too, this day:
But by their flight I never can devine
When I shall couple with my valentine."

—HERRICK.



VAL AND TYNE.

Dramatis Personae.

Val Or Hart Ake Si Lenz Wun Herr	'11 men at Misnochanse College.	Tyne Aye Prue Dents Lou Kewarme Nora Dyme	'13 girls.

Scene—Val-on-Tyne.

Act 1.

Scene 1.—A co-educational college. Room on Corridor B. Feb. 13th, 12 p.m. Hart, Si and Wun studying.

Wun (looking up from "Etiquette of Weddings")—Bother this old synopsis, anyway! Where's Val to-night?

Si (not taking his eye from "Should Women Vote?")—In his room, I'll bet, trying on his latest tie or blacking his boots again. What's the matter with him these days, anyway? Hardly ever see him.

Hart (memorizing from "Love's Labor Lost")—By hic! Perhaps he's in love! Poor chap!

Wun—By the blue Billy blazes! Come to think of it, he *has* got the symptoms. Stump you to go and look. (Exeunt all but *Si.*)

Scene 2.—Another room.

(*Val,* alone, seated at table covered with fancy cards which he is sorting into envelopes. Picks up one gay with red hearts and white doves.)—This is for Tyne! Isn't it a dandy! Best of all. But—ah,—the words are a little too touching. Express my feelings, of course,—but—girls are funny—I've got it! (applies pen copiously to first line of verses). There! Heaven speed thee on thy way! (Puts it in envelope carefully. Brushes rest aside impatiently and leans back in meditation, eyeing tie-rack). Which one to-morrow night? Blue?—no, wore that last night. My classy red one?—am sorry I wore it to the skating-party. There's that peachy thing Sis crocheted——well, I wonder—

(Dreams while door opens and closes again softly.)

Act 2.

Scene 1.—Same college. Ladies' sitting-room. Feb. 14th. Unusually heavy mail just arrived. Girls around post-office opening letters.

Prue (gazing on masculine hand-writing suspiciously)—"What! have I 'scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?" That yellow envelope of yours, Nora, looks familiar. Have you paid your fall bill yet?

Nora (opening letter despairingly)—"Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words that ever blotted paper!" Lou's fat one looks spicy from the outside.

Lou (putting it indifferently in her Greek grammar)—Yours is soon answered, Nora. This "letter is too long by half a mile." O Tyne! Look at her bunch.

Tyne (who has singled out one)—I'll show you later. Have a lecture now. (Escapes and in a corner of a deserted class-room, opens and examines. Reads.)

Will you, [illegible]
A guiding star,—
As those above
From me as far,—
Cast on my fate
A ray of light,
And makes this date
Time ever bright?

Look at that blot! It is a pity he could not send me at least a tidy one. I really would have thought—after Monday night— (throwing up her head aggressively). We shall see. To-morrow night will show Mr. Val Or that he—(troubled) ——dear me! What *shall* I show him, anyway?

Act 3.

Scene 1.—Cosy sitting-room on Romancesville Avenue. 8.14 p.m. Tyne, coolly captivating, starts uncertainly at ring. Enter Val, all fussed up.

Good-evening, Tyne! Ah, what's the matter?

Tyne (with assumed indifference)—Oh, nothing,—sit down, won't you? Thanks for the beautiful (scornfully) letter you sent me to-day.

Val (to himself)—The dickens take it, I knew she could read the words through that scribble. (Aloud) I beg your pardon if I assumed too much, but—but—they are all—all— (rather lamely) more or less conventional, you know.

Tyne—What? Blots conventional? When were they judged the basis of a new art design?

Val (perplexed)—Blots?—blots?—Oh, goodness, Tyne, it wasn't a blot,—I mean—it was—but on purpose. (To himself) How shall I explain it?

Tyne—Of course, if your opinion of me is such that any old thing will do, why—(goes toward door).

Val—Come back, Tyne,—the blot covered something I didn't want to be seen.

Tyne (all curiosity)—Oh, and what was that?

Val (embarrassed, but relieved by an idea)—Suppose I write it down as it was originally. (Tyne, interested, seats herself beside him. Val picks up first photo handy and writes on back).

Tyne (reading)—Will you, dear love,
A guiding star,—etc.
(Long pause. Looks up soulfully)—And why did you blot it out, Val?
(Inaudible murmurs and some stage manœuvres.)

Scene 2—Same room. Later. Hart, Wun and Si enter boisterously. Stop aghast at what appears to be only one person. Letter on floor.

Si (illumined)—Look, fellows,—Val and Tyne and a Valentine!

Miss Kawai, a charming little Japanese lady, in her Oriental costume, met the Y.W.C.A. some time ago and quaintly described Japan as she knew it. In her reminiscences of boarding-school life she told of a big ball given by some English people in the school-gymnasium at which the girl-students were allowed to peep through the windows for an hour. Miss Kawai overheard the following remarks: "How shocking!" "The men have their arms around the ladies!" "But isn't it nice!" "What beautiful gowns!" *Punch* and *Life* are read. She found it hard to explain to these girls that what seemed strange from their point of view, was taken entirely as a matter of course by Europeans and Americans.

"Straws show which way the wind blows." A staid senior announces in class that "Man(n)" would be the subject of her next essay."

LATER EDITION.

There's a metre iambic and a metre trochaic
And a metre that's tender in tone;
But the metre that's neater, and sweeter, completer,
Is to meet her my moonlight alone.

It is a Fact, whether self-evident or not, that McMaster University offers a thorough education to its women-students, apart from the omission of the means for physical development. In the realm of debate, where her men stand as planets, the women are not less than stars of the first magnitude. They are able to talk intelligently and speak clearly on such topics as, "Resolved, that the large university offers greater inducements to the development of the undergraduate than the small," and "Resolved, that the suffrage should be given to women under the same conditions as men." Year Twelve "carried off the cup."

The debaters were: Gertrude Pratt and Madeline Young, '11; Minnie Currie and Letha Kortum, '13; Freda Wells and Georgina Logie, '12; Gertrude Steinhoff and Georgina McGill, '11. Especially praiseworthy were the material, presentation, voice and final reply of Miss Wells. Probably a second Mrs. Pankhurst may take her place on the public platform in the succeeding years.

Sure, the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs.—SAMUEL LOVER.

A PROPOS of debateable topics, a hundred and one conflicting emotions "rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes" on reading in a late edition of a famous weekly magazine, an article entitled, "Cupid—That Old College Chum." A few phrases which might offer much good ground on which to work are quoted here. No argument is offered in these columns. Actions speak louder than words. "Co-education, as found in ———— colleges, is amazingly productive of romances, and the great number of marriages resulting between the men and women in co-educational schools indicates all too plainly that love-making occupies an important part of the courses of study." "Co-educational schools are strong on matrimony." "A co-educational college is a wedding-factory." "You don't find any of our college couples hanging around the divorce courts. There is a peculiar sort of stickiness about college marriages. They are for keeps." "I don't think a man should go to college to find a wife; but if his foot should slip, and he should marry a girl whose sofa-pillows have the same reading matter on them as there is on his, there's nothing to yell for help about." "Girls who go through co-educational colleges are extra fine, hand-picked, sun-ripened, carefully wrapped-up peaches." "For cool, pleasant and skilful unapproachability, a co-ed girl breaks all records."

Further information as to the location of this article may be procured from the curator or the postmistress.

To talk six times with the same single lady,
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.*
—BYRON—"*Don Juan.*"

MCMASTER UNIVERSITY has always striven to make the interests of her students an important consideration. One branch of the college statistics reflects credit on her training: 64.285,714

* It is the custom in Spain for the bridegroom to provide the bride's trousseau.

per cent. of the women graduates who are married, have married McMaster men. This is over three-fifths. On the other hand, of the total number of women graduates, only 36.36 per cent. (it is expected that these figures will rise to 45.69 per cent. in the next year) have not married at all,—a little over one-third, showing their developed independence and self-sufficiency.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is the woman;
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other.—"*Hiawatha.*"

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: V. W. PRICE, '11.

"The chance of war
Is equal, and the slayer oft is slain."

S we write, the race for the hockey championship is under way. The puck has been faced, the whistle blown, sticks have been broken, and goals scored. In the present column we cannot proclaim the outcome, but merely recount some of the early features of the struggle.

The first two of our inter-college games were witnessed by a good number of McMaster rooters who gave splendid support to the teams. But we regret to say that there were not a few fellows who lacked sufficient interest to be present on either occasion. In some cases, no doubt, there was unavoidable absence. But when we find men, who, knowing that a game is to be played, wander down town, or go off to the gymnasium, we conclude there must be something radically wrong. And these deserters were not all freshmen and theologues either. When the proper sort of man comes to our College, it does not take him long to be filled with the McMaster "esprit de corps." This spirit is not a visible thing in itself, but its effect on those whom it possesses is evidenced in many ways. A real McMaster man should be prepared, if need be, to sacrifice some of his time and pleasure for the sake of his College. In athletics, as in all other departments of our College activity, the loyal support of every student of the University is needed. Do not

for one moment imagine that it is only the seven men of the hockey team who are playing the other college. It is McMaster, it is you and every other member of the STUDENT BODY. The players represent us and we honor them for the valiant efforts they put forth. He is no McMaster man who, when any game is in progress, leaves it to the other fellow to be there and cheer our stalwarts on to victory. They need your presence, and the enthusiastic support of everyone who is proud to yell the "Rah! rah! rah!" In the attempt to bring the hockey laurels to McMaster, each one of us has a part of his own to play, whether it be pursuing the rubber on the ice, or cheering from the boards. If you are not a member of the team, your duty is to be on hand if possible at every game with both lungs in good working order.

T. U. S., 4; MCMASTER II., 2.—On Monday, January 30th, McMaster II. opened their season by gracefully accepting a defeat at the hands of the Toronto University School team. The contest was good throughout, but the University School boys played the better game and deserved to win. During the first half only one goal was scored, and that by the victors. But shortly after the opening of the second half Dobson, by a neat lift, made the first count for McMaster. A few minutes later another shot from a McMaster stick went where it would do the most good. With the score 2-1 in their favor the green and black supporters gave vent to their feelings. But not for long, alas! Twice in rapid succession the rubber was sent past the wrong posts—from our point of view. Another accident before time was called made the final score 4-2, not in favor of McMaster.

TRINITY, 4; MCMASTER I., 3.—One of the most exciting struggles seen during the last few years in the intermediate inter-college series took place on January 31st, when our senior seven met Trinity in the first of home-and-home games. The teams were very evenly matched and the result was never certain until time had been called. McMaster scored first, but Trinity could not refrain from retaliating. The half-time score was 2-2. In the second part of the argument, however, the black and red added two goals to their list. This was the cause of prolonged exultation on the part of their supporters, who were much in evidence at all periods of the game. Realizing that something must be done at once, our men kept Trinity going to their limit. "Happy" Fairchilds, with the trainer's conditional promise of

being allowed to "sleep in" next morning, "got busy," and tallied another for McMaster. But that was the end. When the game finished Trinity had four goals to their credit and McMaster three.

McMaster line-up: Goal, Wilkins; point, Silcox (Capt.); cover, B. McCrimmon; rover, Ryrie; centre, Fairchilds; left wing, Dobson; right wing, Cline.

Inter-Year Contests.—A new plan has been adopted in drawing up the inter-year hockey schedule for this year. It was thought that the series would prove much more interesting if the representatives of the red, blue, yellow and green could each meet the other. What about the white, you ask? Oh! Theology being satisfied with the eight points they secured on Field Day, decided to enter no inter-year teams this year.

'Fourteen, 1; 'Eleven, 0.—The first inter-year game, played on January 24th, was greeted by a mild, murky day. The seniors were scheduled to cross sticks with the freshmen, and as events proved, Year Eleven upheld the quondam hockey reputation of losing. It was anything but a fast exhibition of hockey. Before many minutes of play the Little Vic rink resembled a ploughed field—of ice. This proved to be of much advantage to the senior team. By handling themselves in many fantastic ways Year Eleven forward line succeeded in devising various ingenious methods of stopping the puck. But, to the astonishment of all, the final score stood at 1-0 for the first year.

Year '14 (1): Goal, Decker; point, G. Davies; cover, N. Davies; rover, Ryrie (Capt.); centre, Fairchilds; left wing, Young; right wing, W. Clark.

Year '11 (0): Goal, Price; point, V. E. Gray; cover, E. D. Gray; rover, L. McCrimmon (Capt.); centre, Wilson; left wing, Tedford; right wing, Waters.

'Twelve, 5; 'Thirteen, 5.—On February 1st, the juniors and sophs played a real fast game, which was close from start to finish. The half-time score stood 5-3 for Year Twelve. In the last half 'Thirteen made the final score 5-5. This necessitates another game to break the tie.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: F. H. JEFFERY, '11.

C. WHITELAW, B.A., '10, was ordained in Walmer Road Baptist Church, Wednesday afternoon, January 11. Leslie is under appointment to China as a missionary of the China Inland Mission and expects to leave on February 14th for San Francisco, where he will embark for China. A farewell reception is to be given him at the China Inland Mission rooms, of this city, on February 10. We congratulate him on his appointment and are proud to have another son of McMaster on the foreign field. We assure Mr. Whitelaw that our very best wishes follow him to China.

REV. R. C. BENSON, B.A., '06, B.Th., '08, and Rev. C. L. Timpany, B.A., '06, B.Th., '08, are now full-fledged missionaries of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board of Ontario and Quebec, both of them having successfully passed their second examination in Telugu. Rev. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., '05, B.Th., '08, has passed his first examination. Frequently we hear splendid reports of McMaster men in India. They are doing credit to their Alma Mater.

O. E. RUTLEDGE, B.A., '09, was ordained at the Dutton Baptist Church, January 6th.

REV. JOHN E. MILES, Theol., 1903, after a very successful pastorate in Scotten Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, accepted in September last the unanimous call of the First Baptist Church, Waverly, N.Y., and is meeting with great favor and blessing in his new work.

REV. R. E. SAYLES, B.A., '01, of Joliet, Ill., has accepted the pastorate of one of the leading Baptist Churches in Duluth, Minn.

REV. G. H. SNEYD, B.A., '97, who some time ago retired from the pastorate of the Port Arthur Baptist Church, on account of ill-health, has again resumed work in the ministry at Vittoria, Ontario.

J. L. Sloat, B.A., '09, has accepted the pastorate of the Fort William Baptist Church, to succeed Rev. A. E. Hayden. Mr. Sloat will enter upon his work in Fort William at the close of McMaster next spring.

Rev. H. S. Mullowney, B.A., '09, B.Th., '10, who since his graduation has been assistant pastor of the Baptist Church of Pittsfield, Mass., is now pastor of the Owen Sound Baptist Church. We are glad to see Harry back in Canada.

H. B. Parker, B.A., '05, M.A., '07, has moved from the State of Vermont, where he has been Principal of the Newport Academy, to become Principal of King High School, Westmount. This is one of the most important schools in Quebec and has a teaching staff of eleven.

Rev. C. T. Holman, B.A., '09, M.A., '10, of Wetaskiwin, Alberta, was married at Collingwood on December 27th. Congratulations to our ex-Rugby captain; we are sure he has made a fair catch.

Rev. J. D. McLachlan, B.A., '99, B.Th., '01, of Galt, is to succeed Rev. H. C. Priest at Strathroy.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor: Marguerite Cole.

LL the girls, even to the last belated stragglers, have returned and are again plunged into the depths of Latin roots and other necessary evils. The examinations are staring us in the face and must be met before we begin to think of any more holidays. We were delighted on our return, to find the rink in such good condition and have been taking advantage of the little skating weather we have had.

The Day of Prayer was observed in the school January 26th. A service was held in the morning at which all the students were present. Rev. Mr. Stair addressed the school and Mr. Albany Smith led the singing. In his address, Mr. Stair spoke of the importance of little sins and little duties, and emphasized the necessity of cheerfulness in the school life. At the close of

this service, each Year held a prayer meeting, in which the members of the various classes took part.

The Meeting of the Heliconian this month was greatly enjoyed by all those present. An interesting and exciting debate took place between the Third and Fourth Years, and each Third and Fourth Year student listened eagerly as the two sides put forth their arguments. The representatives from the Third Year were Misses Anne Bellamy and Miss Margaret Saxton, and those from the Fourth Year Miss Edith Fenton and Irene Henderson. The subject, which was, "Resolved, that war is a necessary evil," was splendidly dealt with by both sides, the Fourth Year upholding the negative, and the Third the affirmative. The judges, Miss McLaurin, a former Moulton graduate; Miss Tapscott, and Miss Dunnet, had some difficulty in deciding the debate, but it was finally announced that the Fourth Year were successful. The Third Year took their defeat nobly and heartily congratulated the winners.

The Sleigh Drive was given Friday, January 20th. This event can best be described by the following poem, which was written by one of the students:

THE SLEIGH DRIVE.

Muffled in toques and sweaters gay,
Moulton maids in fine array
Trip to the sleighs with shout and jest—
Each girl is feeling at her best.
The last one's in, and off we slip
With jingling bells and cracking whip;
Our hearts beat fast, and as we go
Laughter is wafted o'er the snow.
From young lips pour the old, old songs,
Those which have thrilled the larger throngs.
Or singing gaily, full of fun,
"If I only had a Chelsea bun"
Up hill and down we swiftly glide—
All thought of care is cast aside.
At last we stop at Moulton's gate
And hasten onward to the fête.
That night our dreams are sadly mixed
And we with horror are transfixed;
For oysters dance to sleigh bells' jingle
And girls, snow, sleighs, song, all do mingle,
Till, when we give our college yell,
We wake to hear the rising bell.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: J. E. ANDERSON.

ALK about a real good vacation—we had just a whole month off at Christmas. Of course, we experienced most tender feelings for the poor unfortunates "cooped up" in the isolation ward, awaiting the disappearance of the last traces of scarlet fever; but we did not allow our feelings to interfere with skating, and hockey, and other appropriate pastimes. When school re-opened the regsitration reached a higher mark than was ever anticipated, even by the principal; and, consequently, we have had to break in considerable new raw material to the latest requirements of civilized society. One of our genial young masters was hailed by a newly-arrived hopeful and asked to "grab a hold" of the other end of a trunk and proceed to the upper flat. He did it.

We escaped the examinations before the holidays only to be plunged headlong into them after we had managed to forget all we ever knew. The results have not been officially announced as yet—"where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Sport has been victimized by the weather man—no hockey, no snowshoeing, no sleigh rides. Was there ever a worse winter than this one? If it only remains cold for a week or two, our hockey team calculates on winning the City League championship, for we surely have great material on hand. Our juniors encountered a slight setback on January 30, losing to the Y.M.C.A. team by 3 to 1. French, W. Rice, Firstbrook, W. Marsh, Mogg, N. Hoover, and Sutherland represented the College. The College curling representatives, Messrs. Perkins, Love, Layng and Anderson, who are playing in the local competition for a year's possession of the Boyle Trophy, won a decisive victory over the Collegiate team on January 31. The score: College, 19; Collegiate, 9.

Mr. McDonald was called to Strathcona shortly after College opened on account of the illness of his father, Rev. Alexander McDonald, the pioneer Baptist Home Missionary of Western Canada. Unfortunately, before Mr. McDonald reached his destination his father passed away. We extend to the bereaved our sincerest sympathy. During Mr. McDonald's absence the classical department was in charge of Mr. A. A. Affleck, a graduate of the College, who discharged his duties in a most efficient and acceptable manner. We wish him well as he pursues his studies at McMaster.

HERE AND THERE.

Here and There.

JAPANESE WATER-SONG.

Murmured till morn the torrent's misty play,
That glimmered down the darkness all night long,
Shivered to silver, laughed, and slipt away
With dreamy undersong.

Falling in lustre all the starry night,
It whispered through the wonder of the spray,
Shivered to silver, shafts of rushing light,
Gurgled, and passed away.

Murmured till morn the drowsy water-song:
The torrent poured in splendor down the height,
Shivered to silver, laughed, and swept along,
Its trails of dimpled light.
—Harcourt Mountain, in *The Atlantic Monthly.*

UNIVERSITY advertising seems to be receiving considerable attention in the college magazines. The old theory that a student should seek the school and not the school the student is found to fail in practice, for, when competition becomes keener, the university must bestir itself to make its claims and advantages more fully and more widely known.

The *Argosy* for December contains a good common-sense article, "Two A's," which shows the close relation between advertising and athletics. It affirms that Acadia's string of athletic victories in recent years was the cause of a number of good students whom Mt. Allison University had expected, going to the Wolfville College. It concludes that athletic victories give the kind of advertising matter which is sure to be read by a very large percentage of those who in a few years will become college students. Once interested in a college they are easily led to enroll at that institution.

The *University Monthly*, published by the University of New Brunswick, thinks that no better method can be brought forward than that of a series of correspondence relative to college life in the various newspapers of the Province. In addition to this, a committee from the student body will send out personal letters, calendars, and any such information as may be required by

prospective students. And lastly a special advertising number of the *University Monthly* will also be composed of articles descriptive of its university life and setting forth its advantages in Arts, Engineering and Forestry. We congratulate the *Monthly* on its ambitions and its plans.

Varsity has expressed its views as being similar to those of the *Argosy*, while the *Western University Gazette* is pleased to hear that the old policy of "no advertisement—the school is large enough," is at last recognized as a retrograde move and that steps are now being taken to "place the 'Western' in her rightful sphere."

As a concluding thought on the subject of advertising, we pass on a few lines from the *University of Virginia Magazine*:

"It would appear that now at the beginning of the new year, when resolutions and resolves are more or less a matter of course, there are certain resolutions which it would be well if every student in the University were to make. One of these is that each individual should resolve to attempt to secure for the University at least one new man to enter next session. Such a determination seriously understood would not improbably be effective. We know of a case in point which we are fond of mentioning. It is that of a student in the University who was directly instrumental in bringing to the University last year *six* new men. The conclusion is obvious."

RONDEAU.

Forgetting her! The little fay,
I like her better every day.
Forgetfulness I must refute.
The little queen, she's just so cute
Description drives me to dismay.

If I could only have my way
Forever by her side I'd stay;
And, with my loudest voice, refute
Forgetting her!

There's logic tho in what you say,
For getting her would drive away
All sorrows even most minute
And bring me joys I can't compute,
By night and day I work and pray
For getting her!

—Moxie A. Graus, in *The Baylor Literary.*

A member of the faculty of a New England university tells of a freshman who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved a certain proposition in Euclid. "Well, sir," responded the freshman, "proved is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: Mercerian, Acadia Athenæum, University Monthly, Western University Gazette, Philomathean, Brunonian, Trinity Archive, Varsity, Queen's University Journal, Vox Collegii, Acta Victoriana, St. Hilda's Chronicle, Okanagan Lyceum, Baylor Literary, Argosy, Collegian, Quill, College Index, Notre Dame Scholastic, Camosum, Vox Wesleyana, Rocket, Martlet, Acta, Oracle, Viatorian, University of Virginia Magazine, Colgate Madisonensis, Bessie Tift Journal, Mitre, Dalhousie Gazette, Trinity University Review, University of Ottawa Review, O. A. C. Review, T. C. D. Intercollegian, Manitoba College Journal.

Should Have Known.—Lady Customer—"Do you keep coffee in the bean?"

New Clerk—"Upstairs, madam, this is the ground floor."—*Princeton Tiger.*

One on the Kaiser.—That the German Emperor is well acquainted with many of the modern languages is a well-known fact; that he is aware of his proficiency as a linguist is quite as widely known. We clip the following:

Guten Morgen, mon ami,
Heute ist es schönes Wetter,
Charmé de vous voir ici,
Never saw you looking better.

Hoffentlich que la Baronne,
So entzückend et so pleasant,
Ist à Brussels cet automne,
Combien wünsch'ich she were present.

Und die Kinder, now are they?
Ont ils eu la rougeole lately?
Sind sie avec vous to-day?
J'aimerais les treffen greatly.

Ich muss chercher mon hotel,
What a charming Schwaterei sir;
Lebewohl, adieu, farewell;
Vive le Congo! Hoch der Kaiser!

The
McMaster University Monthly
Vol. XX. MARCH, 1911 No. 6

THE GREY-ROBED CHILD OF THE SEA.

Like an odor arising from fragrant gums,
Like a vision of things to be—
A shadow, a breath, and a silence—comes
The Grey-Robed Child of the Sea.

Her brow is damp with a beaded dew
Like the sweat of the toiling years,
Chill agues tremble her body through,
And her heart is drenched with tears.

Clammy and cold is her pallid hand:
Its touch is the touch of death.
She waves it thrice, and the fair sweet land
Fades out in a misty breath.

And some there be of a gladsome mood
Who hate this maid forlorn
With her chilly robes and her dusky snood:
For she puts their mirth to scorn.

But I, what care I how sad she look?
I love this Child of the Sea:
For the day that my False Love me forsook
She came, and she wept with me.

—Bernard F. Trotter, '14.

LITTLE BEAVER.

NOT far from "Morley in the foothills," where the chinook wind swoops through The Gap and eats up in a night the snows of a hundred days, Patrick Randolph, three years out from Toronto, that placid, ease-loving queen of the east, took out the patent for his homestead and set about enjoying his possessions.

"Have a care, Pat," his cronies had said at the farewell stag party, "you'll be settling down with a Blackfoot wife like all the rest of them."

"Not with my mother's blood in my veins," Patrick had rejoined very heartily. Of aristocratic parentage, he was proud, easy-going and weak.

A year was enough to sicken him. He tired of washing his own shirts, cooking his own beans and bacon, and sitting alone in the evenings with nothing but his pipe for company. Women are scarce on the prairies now. Thirty years ago there were none.

"Take an Indian woman," other ranchers said. "They are here for the taking. Everyone does it. Big Charcoal's dusky daughter, now—she is a little Blackfoot beauty—eyes soft and brown as a fawn's, and a voice like audible velvet."

"No, no." Patrick made a repellent gesture. He had been well bred.

But one day, while he was on a government survey, Big Charcoal's daughter crossed his vision. He was lonely for a woman.

"Little Petomics, Little Beaver," he pleaded, "will you come with me to my wigwam? The white chief is lonely for a pair of little brown hands, and little brown feet, and a pair of soft brown eyes by his fire. Will you come?"

He brought her a gaily-colored Hudson Bay shawl and tendered her beadwork of the Crees, its beautiful blending of purple flowers suggesting the far-back art of Japan.

"Make me moccasins like this, Little Princess," he said, "and I shall know kind thoughts of me are woven in."

"Cree," Petomics returned in the soft Blackfoot tongue. "The tribes do not copy. I make white chief Blackfoot moccasins."

"Thank you, Little Petomics," he said gratefully. "I will go with you to smoke with Big Charcoal."

He moved on with her, leading his pony. She took a piece of glass from her fringed jacket, and, turning it so the rays of the sun caught the surface, flashed a message to her father, five miles away. Then she padded softly on in her finely-beaded moccasins. She was a little lady. Patrick seemed to her like a big, tender chief, a white god. She would serve him with love in her heart.

That night he sat with her father and talked. Smoke curled to the tip of the tepee. Patrick carried a big Hudson Bay shotgun, and noted with satisfaction that the old Chief's eyes glistened with envy as he glanced at it.

"Firestick," he said, "firestick. Big Charcoal shoot."

"Yes," Patrick answered. "Big Charcoal take gun, take pony, take much tobacco, give white chief Little Beaver to sit by his fire."

The old man frowned. Patrick waited with beating heart.

"No," Big Charcoal answered, "two pony, two firestick. Indian chief big bargain hunter."

"All right," Patrick replied, "two firestick, two pony, and another pony for Little Beaver. Little Beaver ride sometime to see Big Charcoal."

That was all. The next morning Little Petomics rode behind Patrick toward his dirt-roofed shack. All the next day and the next they rode, resting at night, and the fourth day arrived at their home.

"Little Princess," he said, "do not be afraid. Your white chief will be good to you."

In a few days he took her into The Elbow, now Calgary, and had a dressmaker fit her for a white woman's wardrobe. Petomics discarded her buckskin skirt, her Hudson Bay blanket and her pretty yellow leggings—all but the moccasins. These she gently but firmly refused to surrender; and Patrick, principally because her little padded step was pleasant and soothing to the ear, acquiesced in her determination. Before many months he built a large house and took in boarders—government surveyors and other transients.

"Little Beaver can cook," he said; and it was true. No white woman trained in household duties from childhood could have kept the large house better than Petomics. Up in the morning at five o'clock, she would cook the breakfast, then call up the stairs in her soft native tongue: "Kippenisti-neepwaht-oyet"—Hurry, get up and eat.

"What has my little princess been dreaming to-day?" Patrick would ask on his return from hunting cattle on the range.

"Of her big chief," Little Beaver would say, laying her arm gently around his neck. So they would talk, Patrick's arm lightly folding her waist and his cheek bent down to hers. Always when he came in tired she would have supper ready and a warm fire.

"Where has my big chief been to-day?" she would ask caressingly.

"Down the creek rounding up the stock," he would answer, or "hunting strayed cattle on the hill, Little Princess."

One night Patrick did not return. Petomics waited. All night she kept the fire burning and the kettle singing on the stove. He had bought a large herd of cattle from a neighboring ranch—five hundred and fifty head—and left the previous morning to bring them home. Over the grassy "benches," twenty miles to the east, and across the racing Bow he had gone gaily, as usual, his sturdy broncho in fine fettle.

"I should be back to-morrow afternoon," he called to Petomics.

Now, the next night had passed as well as the day.

When the sun rose so that the snow on Wind Mountain sparkled in pink and gold, Little Beaver saddled her spotted pony. From habit she looped her lariat round the pommel, put bread and brandy in a strongly-woven basket and started over the grassy foothills toward the east. The dull roar of the great Kananaskis Falls fell on her ear, and the terraces lay tender and green in the early spring, but her senses took in nothing.

"Hurry, Pinto," she urged again and again. "Go faster, my little pony."

At a steady lope the pony took her on. She rode all the morning. Early in the afternoon she saw a scattered herd across the river. Selecting the easiest point, she swam the little horse across, and rode straight to a huddled form on the bank. It was Patrick. For the first time in his life the broncho had "bucked" him off. His leg was broken above the ankle.

With no waste of words Petomics poured some brandy down his throat and felt the broken bone. It was a simple fracture. Pulling splints from her basket, she next tore strips of cloth from her skirt, pressed heavily until the bones snapped together, then tenderly bound the splints in place.

Patrick had been lying in a semi-conscious state, but now revived. He took in things at a glance.

"Petomics," he said. "Poor Little Princess! What a mess I've got things into!" The pain of his leg he treated as nothing. "We must get the cattle over and into the corral. They are straying away. Can you help me to mount and to round up the herd?"

With her steadying arm Patrick climbed to his pony, and, together, inside of half an hour, they had the herd at the river bank.

Now the way to ford a river with a herd of cattle is to select a place where the current runs from the near to the opposite bank, the zigzag course of the prairie streams making this fairly easy. Patrick drove the cattle in headed up stream, though the current ran diagonally down. "For," said he, "they will catch

sight of the opposite bank and swim for it, but will be carried down with the current and land directly across from us."

His plan might have worked, but for the fact that the sun shone brilliantly into the eyes of the poor beasts, temporarily blinding them. They struggled vainly up stream against the current. They circled and turned, churning the water into a whirlpool. They ploughed into each other, bellowed and pumped the river to a foam. Every minute they grew weaker. Patrick was yelling like a madman. The whole herd would drown.

Petomics, however, caught sight of Old Dumbell, the leader, and quicker than thought out flew her lariat and tightened round the big cow's horns. Pinto was trained. As he felt the rope grow taut at the pommel he turned and strained his tough little muscles, pulling Old Dumbell, willy-nilly, up the bank and on to dry ground. The rest of the cattle turned away from the sun, followed their leader and swam back to the bank they had left. There they stood, wheezing, their wet flanks heaving from their struggles in the ice-cold water.

"Well done, Little Petomics!" Patrick applauded. "You have saved over five hundred head of cattle for me. Well done! You shall buy a new dress and beads and six pairs of moccasins."

Petomics shook her head. It was enough that she had helped her big white chief and made him proud of her.

"You send them cross at night," she said, "when sun go down."

"So I will," he answered.

At sundown, from a spot higher up, he again drove the herd into the river, this time headed for the opposite bank. The current should carry them to the natural landing-place selected before.

Old Dumbell, however, confused and frightened by the former attempt, swam furiously straight across. Here was a ledge running some fifteen feet from the water into a perpendicular wall twelve feet high. Out on the ledge she climbed, five hundred and forty-nine cows and steers close behind her. Up they shoved, ten, twenty and thirty after each other, until the ledge was packed

solid. More wedged up, and more, till the last were clinging by the forefeet only, their hind legs floating free in the rushing water. They clung for dear life. It was a pitiable sight. They turned dumb, pleading eyes up the wall, but nothing could be done.

"Someone must dig," Petomics said, "dig ditch. Man get down, cow get up."

"But who, and how, Petomics?" Patrick asked frantically.

The camp fire was still burning, sending up a column of black smoke to the sky. Taking her heavy woolen shawl from her shoulders, Petomics swung it once, twice, five times through the smoke, sending the heavy smudge up into the air in chunks of various sizes.

She waited a minute, then repeated the manœuvre.

"That bring Indian," she said.

In five minutes Patrick was amazed to see half a dozen ponies with riders approaching from the east. Where they came from he could not tell. As they dashed up he saw they carried rough shovels and long hatchets. Dismounting across the river, they took in the situation at a glance and began shovelling a steep, narrow ditch.

"Surely," Patrick said to Petomics, "a cow cannot get up through that steep, narrow passage!"

"What man go through, cow go through," she answered.

In twenty minutes the Indians had the ditch open down to the ledge, and as they turned to run up the level they were pursued by the crowding cows. The stampede had begun. In single file the poor animals dashed through the passage and up to the open. On they came for half an hour, a steady stream of lowered horns and quivering bodies. When the last one disappeared Patrick turned to Petomics with a contented sigh.

"The second time," was all he said, but she was satisfied.

The Indians had disappeared.

Swimming their ponies across, Patrick and Little Beaver slowly drove the herd along. Shortly after dark the moon rose, and in the early morning the large corral loomed out ghost-like against the sky.

Giving over the cattle to the foreman, Patrick, steadied by Petomics' sturdy shoulder, entered the house. Here he promptly swooned, and for weeks lay ill, escaping threatened pneumonia only through Little Beaver's devoted nursing.

In time the old life was resumed, only Patrick had many men to help him now. He was getting rich. Four years more and he was slated as a scion of the West. But for Little Beaver he could have hobnobbed with the aristocratic settlers pouring into the country. They looked askance at a man living with an Indian woman. This cut him. Lord ———, then without the handle to his name, had crossed his horizon, and Patrick already had a calculating eye on a young relative of his. Petomics must go. She loved him, he knew, and had served him for nine years for no return but a little kindness. It was too bad, but that was the way of the West. He hoped she would not make a fuss. He did not think she would.

He was right. She listened, at first not comprehending. When it dawned on her that her big white chief was sending her away, a look of dumb suffering settled on her face, and her cheek muscles twitched. That was all. She did not make a scene.

"There are no children, Petomics," he reminded her. The credit he took to himself that the fates had been too kind to send any wondering little half-blood children. What would have become of them?

"You will take your pony, Petomics?" he asked, "and all your pretty beads and clothes? I want you to have them."

At mention of the spotted pony, Little Beaver's eyes brightened, but dulled instantly.

"I take what I bring," she answered.

She went to her room—their room—and came back in her yellow leggings, her buckskin skirt and her bright plaid blanket.

Patrick's heart smote him. "You are going to say good-bye to your old white chief, Little Beaver?" he asked weakly.

She did not look at him. As though she had not heard she went out of the house, past the corral, and on toward the east. She was trudging back to Big Charcoal, her father, a hundred miles away.

An exceptionally pitiful case, you say? No. Patrick had done all he could. He had really been very good to her.

BERTHA JEAN THOMPSON.

STORM IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

"Above the weird twilight,
The hurrying centres of the storm unite,
And spreading with huge trunk and rolling fringe,
Each wheeled upon its own tremendous hinge,
Tower darkening on."—*Lampman.*

OR more than a week gigantic bush fires, far and near, had filled the air with smoke that made sun and moon alike, red glowing disks in a grey haze. This was the evening of the First of July and, properly enough, we had celebrated the day with fire-works. All day we had struggled with a fire that had appeared suddenly and unaccountably in the right-of-way on our beat, herding it carefully with our surrounding trench and widening our safety space of back-fire, only to have it escape, late in the afternoon, from our corral and go crackling and roaring through the bush, driven by a breeze that, in a moment, made worthless our work of the day. Disgusted and discouraged, we returned to our camp, set where the shore rose in a bluff of rock directly from the lake's edge, and then sloped back to a jack-pine ridge.

Supper was scarcely over when the first indications of the approaching storm appeared. We sat outside the tent to watch its progress, protected by a smudge from the flies, which were vicious. A solid mass of dark cloud received the descending sun and crept over the sky. A remarkable stillness seized upon all—intensified, rather than broken, by the scampering of our

red squirrel through the trees and the occasional anxious calls of a bird. Twilight descended suddenly. The unnatural appearance of the water, mirroring the darkened sky, yet catching a sheen from the dull glow that marked the still unclouded east, gave one a vague, uneasy feeling: errant gusts of wind ruffled the surface of the lake, spreading over the water in dark blotches with a sudden spritely motion. The darkness deepened: we watched the distant shore and the nearer islands slowly fade from view as though withdrawn by the mighty genius of the storm, and still we sat in silence on the cliff, listening now to the uneasy wash of the water against the rock and the restless swaying of the sombre jack-pines.

Then the wind came, at first in strong, imperative gusts, bowing the trees before it. A lurid flare of light lit up the western sky, where the forest fire roused itself to a new vigor, seduced by the blandishments of the wind, only to have its ambition checked a few minutes later by the distant rain. There was a flash of lightning, so intense that it blotted all from sight, followed almost at once by the crash of the thunder which echoed and re-echoed in a long rumble about the shore. Succeeding flashes showed the lake, all indecision gone, swept along by the wind, its waves—topped with flecks of white that were whirled along for a moment and then disappeared—dashing in foam on the rock beneath us.

In a few moments the rain reached us. The great drops splashed upon the rock without, and fell like hailstones upon the tent. From our retreat we heard the shrieking wind die away with the coming of the rain, and the pounding of the waves upon the cliff lose its vigor as the rollers of the lake were beaten down. The roar of the storm gave place to the quiet monotone of the rain.

V. Evan Gray, '11.

THE MOHAMMEDAN ZENANA IN PERSIA.

ISTORY with all its facts and the strong witness of human experience, testify that the most outstanding feature of the religions of the world, outside of Christianity, is and has been the degradation and slavery of womanhood. Mohammedanism is undoubtedly one of the greatest religious systems. A Mohammedan apologist may speak of its claims to morality and exalt its idea of Allah, its priesthood and its many other claims; but when you ask the apologist what Mohammedanism has done for its women, no satisfactory answer can be given. Some one has well said, "The only thing womanhood has received from Mohammedanism is moral corruption, mental stupidity, physical barbarity, social slavery and spiritual deadness." This charge is not at all an exaggeration, for Mohammedanism certainly has not uplifted its women, except that under the influence of Christian government her rights are to some extent recognized.

The life of a Mohammedan Zenana falls into two main divisions, childhood, to the age of seven or twelve, and harem life.

When a Mohammedan is asked, "Do you look upon all your children with the same degree of affection?" he answers immediately, "No! I am more happy when a son is born, one who will succeed me, keep up the family record, and support his parents when they become helpless. But, as to a girl, she does not belong to me, but is a *kesmet* of another man whom she shall marry." The writer well recollects several occasions when the message was brought to a Mohammedan father that a baby boy was born to him. The messenger received presents, and heard good words from his master. The father was well pleased to entertain the guests who had come to congratulate him. Festivity and music filled the air. But when a daughter is born, there are no gifts

given, no music, no festivity; the whole atmosphere is changed, as if death had visited the home. The mother and her infant will be the object of hatred to the cruel father and the rest of the family. Very few in the family, perhaps none, sympathize with her at her time of pain and sorrow. Said a mother, "Why should I not weep over my baby girl, who must endure the same sorrows I have known! She is of little value." A father with a passionate temper, annoyed by the crying of a sickly infant daughter, flung her out of the window, effectually and forever stilling the pitiful wail. He was no more punished than if it had been the kitten who had suffered from his rage.

When a boy is born no one is permitted to see his face for several months, because of the superstition that if anyone looks at him during this time the child may die. In order to preserve him from sickness, especially from the evil eye, verses from the Koran are written on an amulet and fastened somewhere on his body. On the eighth day he is circumcised and named with many religious ceremonies. But in the case of naming a girl there is no religious ceremony. A mother is very careful in caring for her son. She is ready to rock him to sleep and sing to him the sweetest baby songs. He is looked upon as the most precious *peshkesh* (gift) from Allah. There is nothing that will make a mother more angry than to hear someone cursing her by asking Allah to take away her son. But a Mohammedan girl does not receive much attention. After she is seven days old she is put in a cradle. If she cries the mother is often slow to attend to her. The unfortunate baby is often left crying until she can cry no more because utterly exhausted.

This short comparison will show that most Mohammedan people have not the right attitude toward their daughters. The slight change of attitude in Turkey and in Persia is due, not to Mohammedanism, but to outside influences in these countries. There is contact of the East with the West. But the greatest agency at work to-day is the Christian influence, exerted through the missionaries, which is arousing the East from her slumber.

A Mohammedan girl is taught how to cook, wash, sweep,

and especially to make the beautiful embroidery work and rugs for which the Persian women have always been so famous. This is about all the preparation a Mohammedan girl receives for her future life. All education is confined to the male sex. In exceptional cases some Mohammedans will secure a tutor for their daughters. This teacher is not a young man, nor yet a woman, for there are no professional women teachers, but a very old man, nearly blind. Though blind, he has the Koran fairly well memorized. When he enters the women's apartments he will take a seat at one end of the room while the pupil sits at the other; a few elderly women will be present also.

The educational system is closely connected with the religious system, which makes no provision for the education of women, except where there are mission schools, to which some Mohammedan girls go to study. Girls are very anxious to learn how to read and write, not only Persian, Turkish, Arabic and other native languages, but English also. But even the mission schools for girls are few. The majority of women are illiterate. If a letter comes to a Mohammedan woman she has to take it to a priest and pay him to read it for her. If she wants to write a letter she has to do the same. In one instance, a Mohammedan woman asked a *moullah* to write a letter to her husband. But he wrote such things as the woman would not accept. She asked him to erase them, at which he got angry and tore up the letter. Speaking harshly to the woman, he said, "Pay me for my trouble and go; do not come and bother me any more."

One of the questions frequently asked by Canadian young people is concerning courtship and marriage among our Oriental youth. The custom of the East is quite different from that of the West. Among Mohammedans a girl is often betrothed between the ages of seven and twelve, very seldom after twelve. In a few tribes a girl is sometimes betrothed before, or as soon as, she is born. Often two friends agree, if the one has a daughter and the other a son, to marry them. As soon as the girl is born she is taken to the home of the boy, and the mother of the boy takes care of the girl. A Mohammedan girl has practically nothing to say

about her own marriage. Her parents or the nearest kin have all the authority. In many cases she is compelled to marry a man whom she does not love.

Mohammedan young men do not call on their lady friends and prolong the tale—indeed a tale of long hours among Canadians. Nor do they correspond with each other, because of their illiteracy and religious scruples. Yet there is a symbolical communication. A *khanoum* (lady) will take some fragrant flowers, fine fruit, a few pieces of stone and string (each of these objects has a meaning), and wrap them up and throw them over the wall. The young man finds the parcel and reads it like a letter. He soon apprehends what the *khanoum* means. Or often a Mohammedan will send his mother or his sister to call on a girl for him. A young man once sent his mother to call on a girl for him. She returned from seeing the girl and informed her son that she was a girl of unexcelled beauty. After the bride was introduced to the bridegroom she took off her veil. The bridegroom, seeing her face for the first time, left the bride and took a seat at the other end of the room, with his face in his hands. The bride was very inquisitive. She wanted to know what had happened to her would-be husband. Addressing him, she said, "The most fragrant rose, the most precious stone, the pillar of my soul, if you are burdened with sorrow or sickness, share them with me. I am a substitute for your death." But the bridegroom uttered no word. She continued, saying, "This is our wedding day, the happiest occasion. Look straight into my face or else I shall collapse." The bridegroom still kept his peace. The bride asked again, "Tell me to whom shall I show my face and to whom not!" The bridegroom, in an irritated voice, replied, "For the sake of our prophet Mohammed, go and show your face to everybody in the world, but don't ever show it to me."

The father of a girl has the greatest authority over her. When he is approached by the representatives of the boy he will say, "My daughter is like a pair of shoes for your son," which means, "I am willing to make the engagement." It is at this time that the wedding-ring is presented. The length of the engagement may

vary from a month to four or five years. During this period the couple seldom have a chance to speak to each other. After the engagement two representatives are appointed—these may be the parents of the couple—to decide what, or how much money, the boy shall pay to his intended wife if he wishes to divorce her any time in the future without notice. The amount of *kaben* depends upon the financial standing of the contracting parties. A priest then makes out two documents in which the amount of *kaben* is stated, and these documents are kept carefully by the parties. A young Mohammedan may guarantee his right arm as *kaben*, which means impossibility of getting a divorce. Yet in spite of all this, a woman is divorced without getting her *kaben*. A husband often will abuse his wife, and she will be obliged to say, "*Kabinum halac, janim azad*," which means, "I submit my *kaben* to you and let my soul free."

The greatest expenses in connection with a wedding are the feasting and *parcha*. The wedding usually lasts from three to six days. Among aristocratic people it may last for about two weeks. The door is swung open, not only to the guests and friends, but for all people, even the beggars. *Parcha*, the wedding garments, is the burden under which many Orientals have been struggling from time immemorial. The expenditure often amounts to hundreds of dollars. Usually they buy from three to six suits for the bride; and the father of the boy has to bear the expense.

The bride is brought to the wedding on horseback. No one can see any part of the bride except her feet. She appears on horseback as a graceful red figure. The style of her garments is practically that of many generations past. At this time her father-in-law will throw some copper money upon her head to show his wealth and liberality, or as a sign of prosperity. But some throw raisins and candy as a sign of the sweetness of the occasion. The boys enjoy picking the raisins and the money from under the horse's feet.

The main feature of the last day is the opening of the bride's trunk. In it there may be a few dozen dresses, skirts and aprons.

Or, if the bride's father is wealthy, the trunk contains shawls, precious stones, a silver smoking pipe (*kalian*), cups of gold and real estate letters. These presents are often intended for public notice. Now the time has come for the guests to depart. In leaving all extend their congratulations and present their gifts. Women, in kissing the bride, say to her, "May your wedded life be happy and prosperous, with many boys but no girls."

Something may now be said of harem life. The word *harem* is synonymous with the word "home," and means forbidden or secret. Aisha, Mohammed's wife, it is said, originated the custom of seclusion; and for centuries no change has been made. Now, however, the "new women" of the East are asserting themselves. "New women" in Turkey and in Persia are throwing off their *yashmuk* (veil), thereby showing their desire to take their rightful place beside their Occidental sisters, who are queens in their respective homes, are born independent, and have breathed the air of liberty since childhood. The dark traditions and cruel customs concerning Mohammedan women have never fettered their lives. Their lot has not been life in a harem where blindness, degradation, and force reign, but not liberty and equality.

Islamism does not permit its women to appear in public, except when they are closely veiled. Especially is this the case in the cities. Even in their homes, the women's apartments (*andaroon*) are separated from those of the men (*bieroon*). Harem life is a life of cruel isolation. For centuries women of the harem have been isolated from society and have had no knowledge of the outside world, except such as they have heard from the members of their household, and seen in their limited field of observation. However, there are a few Mohammedans who do not approve of the custom of woman seclusion. These men have been influenced by modern civilization. The writer knows personally certain Mohammedans who, having lost their first wife, would not marry a second time, lest, perhaps, their children would not be treated properly by a second wife. There are some Mohammedans, too, who are willing to give to women their full liberty. Some Persian kings have favored women and given them

their rightful position. When the Persian Empire was founded the sun was in the sign of *Asad* (Leo); therefore the lion was taken as its emblem, and it has so remained, without the sun over it. About six hundred years ago one of the monarchs was so attached to his wife, the queen *Khooisheed* (sun), that he wanted to put her name on the king's coin. Therefore he put her face on a rising sun above the national emblem of the lion. To-day Persia is called the land of the lion and the sun. But cases of this kind have been exceptional, just as there are exceptions in all affairs of the world.

According to religious and political law a Mohammedan may have four wives at one time, but the number of concubines he may keep is unlimited. A Mohammedan may marry and divorce his wife for three successive times, but not a fourth time until she has been married to another man and divorced by him. Then her first husband may marry her again. According to the religious law, it is regarded as a cardinal sin not to marry. Even lepers feel the pressure of public opinion and are obliged to marry in accordance with the religious law.

The fact that a Mohammedan woman is apt to be turned away by her husband at any time, and without any guarantee of supporting her, leads often to dishonesty on the part of the women. As soon as she comes to her husband's house she begins to sell all she possibly can without being suspected by her husband. One Mohammedan sent two pounds of beef home, but to his surprise found no meat for his dinner. He was told by his wife that the cat had eaten it just a short time before. To satisfy himself her husband weighed the cat in the presence of his wife and found it to weigh exactly two pounds. Addressing his wife, he said: "If this is the cat, where is the meat, and if this is the beef where is the cat?" Because his wife could not give a satisfactory answer, he sent her away immediately.

If a wife accompanies her husband she never walks beside him, but always at a respectful distance behind, and no sign passes between them to indicate that they are together. A husband does not speak of his wife as such, but as my child, my

house, or the mother of such a child or something similar. A doctor once asked a man who had asked him to come and see his sick mother, "How old is your mother?" "Thirty." "How old are you?" "Forty." "How could she be your mother?" A bystander said, "It is his wife, but he does not like to say so."

An Oriental woman's first instinct is to efface herself. The Persian expression for women, "those who sit behind the *parda*" (curtain), shows that their duty is silence and seclusion. When the closed carriage of a princess passes, her servants, galloping on ahead, order all men to turn their faces to the wall, though all they could possibly see would be carefully-veiled figures. The beggar selling on the ground at the street corner is equally invisible under her *chader*.

Seclusion, lack of exercise, monotony that leaves the mind to prey upon itself, ignorance, early marriage, unhappiness, abuse and contagious disease bring upon the Mohammedan Persian women a great amount of physical suffering directly traceable to the system of Mohammedanism. Christianity is the only hope for these women. By Christianity we do not mean that form of it which is paganized and superstitious, which also degrades womanhood, but true Christianity as it is taught in the Gospel. The Gospel pours out golden teachings and thoughts as they come from the lips of the God-man, Jesus Christ, which have been a benediction to women, purifying their thoughts, building up their character, recognizing their honor and saving their souls. Christ did not speak of distinction in rank, race and sex. He set up the highest standard of equality and mutual dependence between the sexes. Christianity alone can say to women of the Mohammedan world, and of all the world, " 'Woman, why weepest thou?' be of good cheer, because the Christ has come to lift all men and women by his unfathomable love from the depths of all cruel human bondages and restrictions, and from the power of sin."

A. E. K., Theol.

A TURKISH MIRACLE PLAY.*

SOME time ago a miracle play was given in a mountain village near us, which answered exactly to the descriptions we read of the Miracle Plays of the Fourteenth Century. Two of our circle happened to be in that village on the day the play was given, consequently, we had a trustworthy description of it. The play was given by the Protestants of the village in their church for the benefit of the Orthodox Greeks, who are very ignorant of the Bible and of spiritual things, while the Protestants are very zealous, and, on the whole, much better educated. They have in their church a rule that no young man or woman may marry until he has learned to read. They have no pastor, but there is scarcely a church member who does not take his turn at leading the Sunday services, and all go out to neighboring villages to teach those who receive so much less instruction than they.

The text of this play was prepared in the village. It gave an elaboration of the story of Dives and Lazarus, in Turkish, for the Greeks of that region do not know their own language. Of course, there was very little attempt at scenery, and the costumes left much to be desired. Three angels (without wings) played a prominent part. They appeared at the death-bed of Lazarus and afterwards carried his body to Paradise, which was a region not far off, separated from the stage by a curtain of white gauze, behind which burned white lights. Hades was on the opposite side of the stage, behind a black gauze curtain, and lighted by *red* lights. From one region could be heard groanings and from the other singing.

A prominent feature of the play was the feast of the rich man and his friends. This feast lasted nearly an hour, and was watched by the large audience with the greatest interest. I was

*From a letter to a friend.

interested to hear that this was paid for by the men who enjoyed it—a truly just arrangement, don't you think? Lazarus and his dog lay at the foot of the platform during the feast. The dog's part was given to a man because, as some one suggested, the parts were too much in demand to justify wasting this one on a real dog!

Satan and his emissaries were very much in evidence, coming down among the audience, after the manner of the Middle Ages, and frightening the women and children. Satan had even learned a few words of English for the occasion, and came to one of the strangers, saying, "I want you." Abraham seems to have misunderstood his part in the play, for he appeared several times during the life-time of Lazarus, though he had nothing to say. When the rich man fell ill, a doctor was summoned. He came galloping in on a *stick*, which was gravely taken by a servant and led away to the stable in a corner; then the doctor went to the sick man and felt his pulse exactly in the manner of the missionary doctor.

Although it seems almost ludicrous to us, this play was deeply impressive to those simple villagers. They listened with almost breathless interest. We heard that these Orthodox Greeks were actually threatened with punishment if they should go; but they did go, in large numbers, and sat for four hours, afterwards walking home, a long distance, in the snow.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to F. D. Weir. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

V. E. Gray, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
A. M. Menhennick, '11 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. I. Ogilvie, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. Jeffery, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. Price, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLay, M.A. | I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

A. W. Wilson, '11. G. H. Thomas, '12. J. E. Howes, '12. Miss A. B. Turner, '12
A. E. White, Theol. F. A. McGregor, 13. A. R. Quirk, '13.
Marguerite Cole, Moulton College.
J. E. Anderson, Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

F. D. Weir, '13, Subscription Department. | H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Advertising Department

Vol. XX. March, 1911. No. 6

Editorial Notes.

In the last issue of The Monthly the result of the Prize Poem Competition was announced. Mention was made at that time of the poor response to the Prize Story Competition. Following is the result: In the undergraduate competition no prize will be awarded. In the graduate competition also, since all the conditions of the contest were not fulfilled, no prize may be awarded. It has been decided, however, to pay to Miss Bertha Jean Thompson, whose story, "Little Beaver," appears in this issue of The Monthly, the money offered for first prize.

At last the Kerr Debating Shield has passed into other hands. We take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the faithful, if not successful, work of our debaters, and to congratulate Victoria on their success this year. We cannot, however, as did

the donor of the shield in presenting it to Victoria on the night of the debate, express ourselves as hoping that they may hold it as long as McMaster has held it. The shield, which was first presented by Mr. H. L. Kerr to the Intercollegiate Debating Union for competition in 1906, was won by McMaster in the competitions of 1906-7 and the three succeeding years. Naturally, therefore, we feel a close attachment to it, and it grieves us not a little to be separated from it. We find some consolation, however, in the fact that a short separation very often serves to bind those separated still more closely together. With this thought in mind we shall endeavor to bring about a re-union next year between McMaster and the shield.

"The shield must come back to McMaster next year." Let these words be each McMaster man's motto. We would not lower the aims of the Debating Union to a mere possession of the shield. When we speak of the shield we include all that the Union is aiming at in the development of proficiency in debating. Let each McMaster man, then, do his share to bring the shield back. He can do so in at least two ways. One of these is to support the Debating Society that meets each Saturday afternoon. This society has a very important function to perform in our life here and deserves much more loyal support from the students than it receives. Here the first stages in the evolution of a debater are passed through. From the showing made at these debates the various Years have a criterion on which to work in choosing their inter-year debaters; and it is these latter debates that the Literary Society watches for inter-college debaters. Thus it can be seen how basic is the work of the Debating Society to success in intercollegiate debating. Then, too, let each man, when a debate is in course of preparation, hold himself responsible to watch, and even search, for material bearing on the subject under debate, and bring it to the attention of the debaters. A more general shouldering of the responsibility will do much to bring the shield back. McMaster expects every true son to do his duty.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. EVAN GRAY, '11.

"Ah, passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month! in praise of thee:
Yet though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.
For thou, to northern lands, again
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring."
—Bryant, March.

LTHOUGH our first dreams of Spring have been rudely dispelled by March winds and storms, threatening a return of Winter, of whom we seemed almost rid, there are unmistakable evidences that nature's rejuvenescence has been only temporarily delayed. Meanwhile, around the Hall attention and talk have turned to the election prospect. Annually March brings us the time for our choice of leaders for the next year in all departments of student life. The appointments are rightly matters of great importance to every student and to the school, and should reflect real honor and distinction upon the appointees to the various positions of responsibility. Yet, unfortunately, certain conditions have developed which make the conduct of elections very unpleasant for many concerned. Every year some friction and ill-feeling is aroused among the students which might be entirely avoided by the exercise of a little thought and common sense.

In the first place every student should be willing to serve the school, gladly and unselfishly, and be proud of an appointment in which She saw fit to recognize the worth of his service—that is, in some sense, an office-seeker. How often have you heard the stigma, "office-seeker," hurled at some unsuspecting aspirant for student honors as the extreme opprobrium! In reality this is a reproach upon the one who utters it, rather than upon the innocent candidate to whom it is addressed. The cause is that there has grown up in the school a *false* sense of

modesty which demands that a candidate should seem to be hesitatingly and apologizingly forced into an office rather than to accept it with alacrity as an opportunity for service to the school and for self-improvement. This attitude toward elections is operating to the distinct disadvantage of our student life by keeping the best men out of the competition and lessening the sense of responsibility with which offices are assumed. If these critics were half as zealous in the service of their school as the "cliques" whom they accuse of attempts at self-aggrandizement, there would be fewer mistakes made in the choice of our leaders and a better service rendered by them.

Then, too, the cry goes up annually that a certain Year is trying to get possession of all the offices of the school and monopolize control. This accusation is usually directed against the class in Arts which is about to enter the Fourth Year and is almost too foolish for discussion, if it were not for the fact that it is perennial. It seems quite clear that the Senior Year should assume the guidance and control of all school activities, since, in the usual case, they are best fitted for the duty. Graduates returning in Theology or other courses are less worthy candidates for responsible positions since they are more likely to be out of touch and sympathy with the undergraduate life, although to this, of course, there are exceptions. At any rate, it is but natural that to the Senior Year should be accorded the maximum influence in the direction of the school affairs.

There is a way in which we can greatly improve the spirit of our elections. It is to be fair in our considerations, careful in our judgment, and bold and above-board in all our actions.

Farewell to Leslie Whitelaw.—Frequently, of late years, the students of McMaster University have been called upon to bid farewell to some of their number who, yielding to the call of foreign missions, were on the eve of their departure. It was such an occasion which called together an unusually large number of the students at chapel time on February 14th, for it was understood that Leslie Whitelaw would set out the next day on his journey to China, his chosen field of service.

Dr. McCrimmon, speaking on behalf of the faculty, sketched very briefly the life of Mr. Whitelaw, as he had been able to observe it, noting his characteristic tendencies, which had always clearly leaned toward some such life work as that upon which he had at length definitely decided to enter. Dr. McCrimmon spoke of his influence as a boy in the home church at Wood-

stock, of the assiduity with which he had entered upon and completed his course in Woodstock College, of his steadfast adherence to principles as he studied in Toronto, and of the tireless way in which he discharged his duties as immigration chaplain in the city of Quebec. Dr. McCrimmon expressed the conviction that Mr. Whitelaw's efforts in China would meet with marked success.

Mr. W. A. Tilley, B.A., on behalf of the students of McMaster, voiced an affectionate farewell to the departing missionary. He spoke of the high respect and appreciation accorded him by the students and of the confidence in him with which they see him go to his difficult task.

When called upon to reply to the words of farewell spoken by both the faculty and the students, Mr. Whitelaw expressed his joy that at last the time was coming near when he was to realize the privilege of service in the sphere to which he had long felt himself called.

Immediately upon the closing of the service, the walls of the chapel resounded once more with the strenuous tones of the old slogan, which echoes and re-echoes in the ears of many of McMaster's sons scattered far and wide through many countries.

Final Inter-College Debate.—The Kerr Shield is no longer at McMaster. Let us relate the circumstances connected with that fact. On the evening of February 15th, the final struggle for the inter-college debating championship took place in University Convocation Hall. The subject was, Resolved: "That the immigration policy of the present Dominion Government, as hitherto carried out, is in the best interests of Canada." McMaster, represented by Mr. A. Ward, B.A., and Mr. James Strachan, upheld the affirmative; Victoria, represented by Mr. M. E. Conron, B.A., and Mr. E. J. Pratt, supported the negative. The affirmative argued that the policy had met an essential need for population, that it had given us quality as well as quantity in our immigrants, that it had been a restrictive, selective, and humane policy, that it had been basic to our national development, and that it had been efficiently administered. The negative charged that the policy had been inadequate, that the immigrants could not be assimilated, and painted a terrible picture of the country's future. The judges, Professor W. J. Alexander, Ph.D., Mr. John A. Patterson, K.C., and Mr. John M. Godfrey, B.A., did not reach a unanimous decision, but the majority decided that, in spite of the fact that McMaster had

won the shield seven times, they must break that "apostolic succession" and give the decision to the negative. During the evening Mr. E. J. Farmer rendered several pleasing piano solos and Mr. Norman Murch, of Victoria College, sang very acceptably and responded to an encore. The college songs of both sides were well rendered. Mr. Kerr, the donor of the shield, gave it into the custody of Victoria. He hoped that Victoria would retain the shield as long as McMaster had held it, and congratulated the latter upon the sportsmanlike manner in which they had accepted the decision of the judges.

Let it be known to our graduates that McMaster was worthily represented by two veterans of debate. They were men who had won for us in the past and in the estimation of those who heard the debate their reputation stands untarnished. Special recognition should be given to Mr. Newton, the song-leader, for his untiring and effective leadership, and to the students for their loyal support upon this occasion. To Victoria we offer congratulations. They defeated us with two strong debaters, enthusiastically supported by the college they represented. We request that the shield be well taken care of, for when we bring it back next year we want it to fill in the same old place.

The Freshman Chemistry Class.—Professor: "What is the coolest part of the flame?" Student: "I don't know." Professor: "Well, you had better find out, because some day you may want to know and I won't be there to tell you."

The Debating Society.—History repeats itself in the lives of institutions as well as in that of nations. Constantinople has fallen—which, being interpreted, means that the Kerr Trophy has been removed from our custody—but the Renaissance is in full swing. Never, so far as present knowledge goes, were debates, held under the auspices of the Debating Society, attended with such interest as those which are being held this year.

The first was held on February 4th, with Mr. C. S. Browne, '12, and Mr. G. H. Thomas, '12, in the van. The subject under discussion was, Resolved: "That the proposed commercial treaty with the United States is in the best interests of Canada." After a most animated discussion, the judges, Mr. H. F. Veals, B.A., and Mr. V. W. Price, '11, decided that the affirmative had won. Mr. J. Wearing, B.A., made a splendid critic. He spoke particularly of the improvement noticeable in the speeches of several speakers and of the great help the Society had proved to be to him.

On February 11th the Inter-college subject was debated, the affirmative being led by Mr. A. W. Wilson, '11, and the negative by Mr. E. T. Newton '11. The judges were Mr. A.E. White, B.A., and Mr. F. W. Waters, '11, who gave their decision in favor of the negative. The critic on this occasion was Professor I. G. Matthews.

On February 18th the Society again met for its usual debate, the spirit of which even the aftermath of the Lit. Banquet could not dampen. The subject was, Resolved: "That the granting of bonuses to industrial concerns is in the best interests of the municipality." Mr. L. S. Cutler, '14, and Mr. A. N. Jenks, '13, were the leaders. Mr. Campbell, '12, occupied the speaker's chair and Mr. A. E. Kelly, B.A., and Mr. C. S. Robertson, the judges' bench. Dr. Smith acted as critic. The negative won.

The advisability of perpetuating the Lit. Banquet was the subject of the discussion in the meeting of February 25th. Mr. F. G. Poole, '12, supported the resolution, and Mr. F. W. Waters, '11, "knocked" it. The judges, Mr. E. E. Sayles, B.A., and Mr. A. A. Affleck, '11, gave the decision to the affirmative. Professor Ten Broeke acted as critic. An especially pleasing feature of these debates is the attendance of new men and the interest they show by their speaking as well as their presence.

THE LAY OF THE LAZY MAN.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
"To-morrow morning I will rise
Before the sun lights up the skies.

I'll set this clock so it will ring
Before the birds begin to sing;
Its strident bell will me awake
An hour or two for work I'll take."

And when at an unearthly hour,
Next morn the clock with all its power
Made noise enough to stir the dead,
And woke the man upon the bed,—

Breathes there a man, I now repeat,
Who wouldn't chuck it in the street,
And back into the bed then leap,
And with a sigh go off to sleep?—*Ex.*

Caller: (to McMaster Co-ed).—"Was your bazaar a financial success?" Said Co-ed.:—"Yes, indeed! All the men had to walk home."

The Lit. Banquet.—The great undergraduate function of McMaster University, the Literary Society's Annual Dinner, was held in Castle Memorial Hall on Friday, February 17th. These yearly functions have been characterized by a regular crescendo of excellence and the concensus of opinion is that the last one was the "best ever." A splendid menu was provided; the standard of the speeches of both guests and undergraduates will be difficult to improve; the decorations were very artistically arranged; and a new record for attendance was established.

At the conclusion of the dinner, Mr. E. D. Gray, President of the Literary Society and Toast-master of the evening, proposed the toast to the King. Mr. E. E. Sayles then proposed the toast, "Canada and the Empire," in a very eloquent and patriotic manner. The Hon. Mr. Justice Riddell responded to the toast in a speech such as we rarely have the pleasure of hearing. He referred to Canada as the greatest alliance of free, democratic states in the world to-day, and pointed out in a brief sketch of English history how our ancestors had, from generation to generation, struggled against the different governmental systems of the country, and suggested that the struggle going on there to-day was the final great struggle for freedom of the masses. In conclusion he said that those persons who admitted that any change in the policy of the Government could change Canadian loyalty to the Empire slandered Canadians as he knew them. Throughout the speech there was evident the Canadian's passionate patriotism and loyalty to the Empire. The speech of Mr. George Tate Blackstock, K.C., who replied to the toast to "Canadian Public Life," proposed by Mr. J. E. Anderson, '11, was a masterpiece and will long be remembered by those who heard it. He said that Canadian public life must be considered by looking at the lives of the citizens who were responsible for the choice of Canada's public men. He believed that the political institutions of this country were not all they should be, but considering the little interest taken in politics by the citizens in general, the wonder was that these institutions retained the standard which they did. He regretted that, owing to this fact, such political careers as England boasted were impossible in Canada, and that Canadian public life was suffering thereby in the lack of outstanding figures such as graced Canada's first Parliament. He believed that every encouragement and opportunity should be offered the "common man," but the common man should be raised to the plane of Canadian public life and not Canadian public life lowered to the status of the common

man. Referring to the United States he said that we were greatly enamoured of her commercial progress, and in this she was to be emulated, but the danger was that we should follow her too far in political and judicial lines. He concluded by pointing out that we should maintain the Imperial ties and allow no policy to sever our English relations.

The Ladies were ably toasted by Mr. V. W. Price, '11, in a really excellent manner. The "Women of to-morrow" commanded his respect and eulogy. Miss Gertrude Pratt, '11, the Second Vice-President of the Literary Society, responded in a pleasing speech. The Rev. John MacNeill, B.A., then proposed, in his usual happy manner, the toast to "Alma Mater," which was responded to by Prof. I. G. Matthews. Sister Institutions were toasted by Mr. F. W. Waters, '11, and represented in the reply by Mr. G. C. Cline, of the School of Applied Science. Vocal and instrumental solos were given during the programme by Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, and Mr. F. A. McGregor, '13.

A NEW INSTITUTION has appeared in McMaster life to aid the student in the wise distribution of his wealth. The opportunities for investment are increasing with the years. Whereas in earlier McMaster times a student could discharge his indebtedness and unburden his conscience by a visit to the Registrar's office, now he feels himself debtor to every society representative armed with notebook and pencil. He may put off the evil day, but the pangs of conscience, continually aggravated by fresh solicitations, must ultimately induce the not-painless extraction. What we started out to say, however, was that a new institution, having for its aim the divorce of the student from the remnants of his wealth, last month came to being, in the form of the Ladies' Bazaar. To the uninitiated be it known, in the first place, that a "bazaar" is at once a social function, a fancy fair, and an institution for the legal evulsion of a person's loose change. In this last-named respect, the Bazaar of February 10th was an unqualified success: *vide*, the coffers of the Y.W.C.A. At the same time it is only fair to say that the bazaar did not seriously overburden even the most lavish purchaser. As a fancy fair, it gave evidence of an enormous capacity for hard work on the part of the McMaster ladies. Articles of every sort, so long as their uselessness was indisputable, were on the tables,—everything from the cheapest valentine to the high-priced cushion top, from tea cozies to hammered brass light-shades. In its social aspect, the Ladies' Bazaar was useful where many of our school

functions have lacked, inasmuch as it gave opportunity for the free, unconventional intercourse of ed. and co-ed. In all three respects the ladies well deserve to be proud of the innovation. Whether or not it is to become an established feature of the school life is not known. Considering it in one of the aspects mentioned, we very much question if a majority of the male students would clamor for its perpetuation; from another standpoint, probably many of the ladies would rejoice at its passing. Perhaps, however, in the mind of the Y.W.C.A. leaders the social advantages may so much outweigh the demerits suggested as to warrant the inclusion of the Ladies' Bazaar among the year's activities. In such event, we defer to their good judgment and assure the annual Y.W.C.A. Bazaar of future support.

Our Mathematical Professor has suggested the following as his idea of an ideal proposal. Clear?

U O a O, I O thee.
O O no O, but O O me.
Let not my O a O go,
But O O me, I O thee so.

Literary Society.—On Friday evening, February 3rd, Year '14 demonstrated its debating ability in the third of the series of inter-year debates, by proving that "Trusts are not in the best interests of society." Professors Trotter and G. H. Campbell presented the decision in favor of Mr. D. M. Sullivan and Mr. H. C. Hudson, who represented the Freshman Year. Mr. R. W. Wilkins and Mr. G. M. Holmes opposed the resolution for the Third Year. A much appreciated instrumental solo by Miss Logie, '12, and a very instructive reading entitled, "The Schoolmaster," by Mr. J. A. Moe, B.A., made up the other numbers on the programme.

One of the most interesting programmes of the season was that of Friday evening, February 24th. Miss E. D. Kellock, '11, favored the audience with a delightful vocal solo and was followed by an orchestral trio composed of Miss Logie, Dr. Swedelius and Mr. F. J. Halbhaus. "The University as a Melting-Pot" was the subject of a speech by Mr. J. Wearing, B.A. Mr. Wearing described four types of fellows who are sadly in need of the refining and moulding influences of this melting-pot, namely, the prig, the plugger, the bummer and the knocker. This address was of real live interest to the students and was felt to be decidedly appropriate. An excellent piano solo by

Miss C. Black was the next number, and Mr. C. S. Edwards, B.A., concluded the programme by the reading of one of Drummond's *Habitant* poems in his usual pleasing manner.

The Editor regrets that an article published in the last issue of The Monthly, under the title "Hammerings," was so unguardedly written as to be capable of misinterpretation. The abuses referred to in the article were the condition of the rooms in the Residence and of other student services. The phrase "yet no steps have been taken in the matter," should read, "yet no effective steps have been taken in the matter." The Chairman of the Student Body had made certain attempts to have these conditions remedied, but the Executive had never taken the matter up officially and no improvement had been effected. In justice to the Executive, it may be said that since that issue went to press, a considerable improvement has been noted.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Editor: Ada M. Menhennick, '11.

"When the shining, rough month March
Crumbles into sun and rain."

"A thousand shapes of joy
Sunlit and fair and wild;
All the bright dreams that make the heart of a man
As the heart of a little child." *Bliss Carman.*

"The spring was red with robins."—*Ethelwyn Wetherald.*

ALREADY in February the hillsides rang with "jilting falls and dashing streams." A crow crawled out of his retreat in the pines and sent his "caw, caw!" over the hills. By the middle of March, the ecstatic trills of the song-sparrow have gushed from every thicket, a blue-bird has reflected the bluest of skies and the brownest of earths in a mad scamper from fence-post to fence-post, and "clearer, purer, sweeter than all, the song of the meadowlark" has pierced the heart, even to exquisite pain, with tender long-drawn minor strains. The Western meadowlark is the counterpart of his Ontario cousin, except in musical production. By his ventriloquistic powers, he throws a funny, happy

little gurgle under the feet of the pedestrian and almost makes him step aside to avoid trampling on so sweet a voice.

The glorious days of March with their warm noon sun and frosty twang recall the first two weeks of May during a late spring in Saskatchewan. Crocuses and violets smiled on neighboring lawns, the leaves in Queen's Park showed their edges, Michigan peach orchards matched the sunset pink, but the plains were fast-bound, morning and night, with icy chains. Wild geese honked over the sloughs, and banks of snow hung under the curl of the Eagle Hills like foam beneath the crest of a wave. Then in a few days the sun gained the final victory.

> "I praise thee, Sun! Thou sheddest roses on the air,
> Diamonds on the stream, enchantment on the hill;
> A poor dull tree thou takest and turnest to green rapture,
> O Sun, without whose golden magic—things
> Would be no more than what they are."—*Chantecler.*

It will give the readers of The Monthly pleasure to hear of the productions of three of McMaster's women students in the literary field. Several of Amy Campbell's poems have already appeared in these pages. The Saturday *Globe*, in its book reviews, had the following: "Amy E. Campbell is a new writer demanding entrance to the inner shrine of Canadian poets. . . . . Readers have remarked her tender sympathies, her understanding of life and her versatility. All these qualities are increasingly revealed in the dainty volume which bears the title of "Heart Forget-Me-Nots." It is too soon to place Miss Campbell, but it can be said unreservedly that a few of her poems have an imagination and a poetic beauty that with a more seasoned experience and ripe judgment should give her a prominent place in the dwindling choir of Canadian singers. . . ." It mentions "Memories," "Dad," "The Lights of Home," "Old Pals," and "The Pine Trees' Ball." A delightful new poem of Miss Campbell's appeared in the *Globe* of Saturday, February 18th.

"Verses by the Wayside" is in gilt letters on a pretty brown book with deckle edges, which contains poems by Nellie Campbell Cowles. They show a wide range of interest. Among many religious in character, "A Sinner's Need" expresses best the feeling of the heart. "My Lover's Letter" is sad and sympathetically tender. A universal sentiment rises from "What is a Home?" and "When the Dear Lads Come Home," strikes a

patriotic vein with enthusiasm and swing. The last section contains "In Memoriam" verses.

Georgina Logie, '12, has a very interesting story, "The Legend of the Cliff," in the *Busy Man's* of February. It is a pretty Indian tale of the Okanagan Valley, illustrated very suitably by a well-known artist. A strange and mysterious cliff in the Rockies, around which superstition gathered, overlooked this valley. Before the white men came, a rash and renowned young chief of the Okanagan Indians penetrated the mystery of this cliff and hugged his secret in silence. Shortly after, he who had been indifferent to women, fell in love with and carried off as a prize the fair daughter of the chief of the Nicolas. Tsermanchouton used the secret of the cliff to destroy his pursuers, who included every able man in the tribe. Thus the old men and the women among the Nicolas were forced to abandon their reliance upon the spoils of hunting as a means of sustenance and to till the soil, and in this way the feud between the two tribes began. In the next generation poverty and the greed of gambling came to the Okanagans. Driven to desperation, the new young chief played a last game, won, made terms by means of the money with the Nicolas, who taught them the use of the plough, and peace was sealed for ever. Miss Logie is to be congratulated.

"O where is our college son to-night,
The child of our hopes and aims?
Does he theorize on the flight of light,
Or ponder o'er Latin names?"

"Dear lady, he's working to get in shape,
For the game in the finals with Knox,
Or 'tubbing' the freshmen—or 'pulling' the beds,
Or trying to mend his socks.

"He's calling perhaps on Dearie—or else,
He's stealing the Senior's pie,
Or making a yell, or smoking a pipe,
Or swimming down in the 'Y.'

"Or maybe he's talking of next year's Vice,
Or trading his 'math.' for a knife;
But, lady, don't worry, your college son
Is having the time of his life."—*Outis.*

The freshettes heartily agree with Professor ———, who in a recent lecture informed the class that "nothing is so interesting as a man."

"Whiles ower the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal-potion pretty."—*Burns.*

One day the post-office bristled with excitement over its first consignment of those white envelopes that suggest a change from library and hall to haunts dearer to feminine hearts. On a certain Friday afternoon later on, McMaster girls were seen walking briskly northward in groups of two, three, and four, enjoying the unusual sunshine, the keen air, the delightful roominess of the hill-top, and a sunset of colors that rivalled a landscape of Turner's.

On the 24th of February, Mrs. McLay gave an afternoon tea in her new home on Heath street for the women students and graduates of McMaster University, the professors' wives, and a number of other friends. The house looked charming with its new furnishings, glowing fire-places and candles. Daffodils and narcissus gave a bright spring touch. Something in the atmosphere made each one feel at home, especially in the study sanctum behind the drawing-room. The pleasure of the afternoon will not soon be forgotten by the guests; the seniors will carry the impression out with them unblurred by any other. It was their last college tea.

It is an ill wind that blows no one any good. During the short water-famine, a sophette had the pleasure of taking a lecture in the men's reading-room.

It grieves us much that on this page,
Though sundered far by time,
Two tales should stand, of sad visage,
To spread abroad a crime.

'Twas moonlight in the chapel hushed;
The rays of silver sheen
Streamed in mid shadows black, where blushed
Fair maids, but yestere'en.

The vaulted roof gave back no notes;
Strange freaks of eerie sound
Made lumps rise in the painted throats
That graced the walls around.

Those sainted eyes gazed in dismay—
What wreckage strewed the floor!
The remnants of bazaar array,
When slowly oped the door,—

"Oh, horrors, do our eyes agree,
This can't be angel shape!
Strange visitant, whoe'er he be,
His betters tries to ape.

"See! see! He glides, avoids the light,
His perspicacious eyes
Search nook and corner. Sure this wight
Some mischief doth devise.

"He flits in haste from booth to booth,
On this we may rely,
If this fair youth has set his tooth,
For sweets, he'll find or die!

"Now out of sight 'neath gallery dim,
He keeps a silence vast;
Like Samson, may it fall on him
If ever he should 'dast.—'

"Our breath is held, end this suspense,—
Yes, he has found that bottle
Of olives 'mense; our fingers tense
Stretch out his throat to throttle."

A cloud crept o'er the moonlit sky;
When light once more returned,
Closed every eye, gone every spy,
A deathlike stillness yearned.

A Senior's suitcase in the morn
Contained NOT EVEN A STONE!!
All those who held the last in scorn
This deed, too, must condone.

PROVE that a cup of coffee is a good place to store cats.—Euclid, Book I., LXIX (revised version).

A cup of coffee is a pleasant draught,
A pleasant draught is fresh air,
A fresh air is a new tune,
A new tune is a pleasant exercise,
A pleasant exercise is skating on the ice,
Skating on the ice is a dangerous pastime,
A dangerous pastime is jumping off a train,
Jumping off a train is the resort of tramps,
The resort of tramps is a hay-mow,
A hay-mow is a good place to store cats.

Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. Axiom I.

Therefore, a cup of coffee is a good place to store cats.—*Ex.*

WHAT have we done to deserve a descent from our lofty state? For three days the front doors were held open for us by an obsequious and well-trained porter. Why were our hopes buoyed up? Alas, for the good old days!

The Bazaar.

Under the most favorable conditions, our first great commercial enterprise, the Y.W.C.A. Bazaar, was launched. And it proved to be a success! With the Chapel as main floor of the emporium, we might well compare it with Eaton's or Simpson's,—and not to our disadvantage either. Pretty booths, instead of straight rows of counters; well-displayed articles instead of boxed-up dry-goods; and the very essence of sweetness itself to wait upon you, instead of a nasal-toned clerk who would say, "No, we hain't got it. Two circles to the left."

'Tis four o'clock! The sale is on! You enter and are immediately seized by a couple of fair co-eds and led to participate in the mysteries of the grab-bag. "Oh, yes, you always get something for your money,—and it's only five cents a grab. This "something for your money" proves to be but two clothespins, and as the next man grabs a book or a toy horse, you try again, and are rewarded this time by a box of hair pins.

Then the Seniors' pretty crimson booth attracts the shopper. What wonderful bargains are to be found here! Amongst them are noticed—A genuine hand-embroidered collar bag of real Irish linen; patent opening; valued at $1.00, Friday special, 99 cents.—Classy neckties; extensive assortment; guaranteed to be becoming; all at lowest prices.—Skating caps; all sizes and colors, only 75 cents.

The large stencilled pennants, found at 'Twelve's stall, are just right, and with one, of course, you buy a cushion for your room. Here is advertised, "The latest book on the market, 'History of Year '12,' written by two of Canada's foremost women; bound in morocco. Extra Special, 25 cents." Here again is displayed an item for all gentlemen, "Hand-embroidered McM. socks; most popular brand ever sold. Everyone wants a pair, so orders will be taken."

Then our shopper purchases a very pretty picture from the Alumnae section,—and a collar and jabot. Now your sweet tooth asserts itself, and instinctively you hie to the next circle for a box of McM.'s best fudge. "A man is known by the candy he sends."

Lured on by sweet strains of music, finally you arrive in the tea-room,—a Japanese bower where charming Osan and pretty Ohara, clad in their gay Oriental kimonas, serve you with dainty refreshments, and perhaps entertain you with tales of their motherland.

But bargains are still to be had, so to the fray you return. A novel idea greets you,—tiny '13 pennants attached to small hockey sticks. "I must have one, and also that college tablecloth," you explain. More flaring ads. are flaunted. "Bedroom slippers; size 6. Reduced to $1.25." "Extensive assortment of valentines, 4 for five," etc.

However, our Bazaar would not be complete without Madame X. Y. Z., the famous palmist and clairvoyante, who has read palms before all the crowned heads of Europe ever thought of reading palms. After having all the joys of the future foretold, the final purchases are made at the Freshies' attractive booth. "Great sacrifice sale. Darning-bag, fully equipped, valued at $2.25. Sacrifice sale, price $1.50." "Shaving-balls, two for 25 cents." "Initialled handkerchiefs of pure Belfast linen. Any desired letter." And so the special items run, until every need of man has been looked after.

So, after all, our Bazaar was worth while. For we cleared $169.75, $25 of which has gone to support a Bible woman in India, $15 to Miss MacDonald's work in China, and next summer, a large contingent will go to the Y.W.C.A. conference in Muskoka.

Freshette (in butcher shop): "Will you please send up a leg of beef?" Butcher: "A what? I beg your pardon, but what do you want?" "A leg of beef." "I think you must be mistaken." "Oh, no, indeed." After some argument, the freshette was induced to call up house by 'phone. "I was mistaken. Please send up a leg of lamb."

Miss MacDonald, of Japan, spoke to the Y.W.C.A. on the 1st of February, at a most interesting and helpful meeting. She told of the present-day need for Christian work among the young women of that country. Many thousands of women students are now studying in Tokio: among these the Y. W. work is fairly well organized, more than fifty per cent. being enrolled as members. Mission study and Bible study classes are carried on enthusiastically. Work has also begun among the factory girls. Last year, in Tokio, the manager of a certain factory, though not himself a Christian, expressed the desire that Miss MacDonald begin association work among the employees. Of the fourteen hundred girls employed therein, one hundred had already been enrolled in Y.W.C.A. classes.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: V. W. PRICE. '11.

"News fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless and horrible."

cMASTER I., 3, Trinity, 3.—On the afternoon of February 3rd, McMaster lined up on the Trinity College Rink, to overcome if possible the lead of one goal obtained by Trinity in the first round of the series. Only some forty men, whose loyalty led them to forsake the pleasures of "Little Vic." for a season, were present to cheer for the green and black. The puck was faced off at four-thirty. After a few minutes' lively controversy McMaster drew first blood. But Trinity soon evened up. Again our fellows scored and before the Anglicans could do likewise, half-time was called. Early in the second half, Trinity twice managed to reach our goal. Shortly before the whistle blew, Dobson, on a pass from Cline, landed another counter for McMaster, making the final score three for each.

The game, though rough in spots and not a win, was exciting from start to finish. One of our men, whose social duties were very pressing, could not play. In spite of this fact, the work of the home team was consistent and more effective than in the previous game. The victory would have come to us, without doubt, had it not been for the splendid work of the Trinity goal-keeper. Trinity thus qualified to meet Varsity II. for the championship of the western district of the Intermediate Intercollege League.

McMaster line up: Goal, Wilkins; point, Silcox (capt.); cover, V. E. Gray; rover, Dobson; centre, B. McCrimmon; right wing, Cline; left wing, Fairchilds.

VARSITY III., 2; MCMASTER II., 0.—On February 4th, McMaster II., playing on soft ice, failed to score against Varsity III., in our second game of the junior series. The half-time and final score was 2—0 in favor of the Blue and White.

McMaster line-up: Goal, Price; point, L. McCrimmon; cover, V. E. Gray; rover, Fairchilds; centre, N. Davies; right wing, G. Davies; left wing, J. Graham.

Varsity III., 6; McMaster II., 1.—The return game with Varsity III. took place at the Mutual Street Rink on February 9th. Suffice it to say that we lost. The half-time score was 1—0 and the full-time score stood 6—1.—McMaster *one*.

Inter-Year Games.—The various inter-year differences have been settled. The tumult has died away, the mists of excitement have vanished and the Year 1912 has emerged wearing the laurels of the hockey championship. All the games had much in common and it would therefore be unnecessary to delay the reader with an itemized account of each. The characteristic features of the contests may be summarized thus: They were keen, close encounters (except in one instance); the total time of all players on the boards was seventy minutes; much dessert and confectionery changed hands; there was the never-failing, lasting presence of the faithful sophettes at all games.

In tabulated form the results stand thus:

January, 24th.—'11 vs. '14; won by '14. Score 1—0.
February 1st.—'12 vs. '13; tie. Score 5—5.
February 7th.—'11 vs. '13; won by '13, Score 6—0.
February 13th.—'12 vs. '13; won by '12. Score 3—1.
February 15th.—'12 vs. '14; won by '12. Score 4—2.
February 20th.—'13 vs. '14; won by '14. Score 17—5.
February 21st.—'11 vs. '12; won by '12. Score 5—2.

'Twelve, 4; 'Fourteen, 2.—The teams of Years Twelve and Fourteen met on February 15th, in what was admitted to be the deciding game for the hockey championship. The ice was in excellent condition, permitting a fine display of skill and a good deal of combination work. In the first half no scoring was done until just before time was called, when Dobson made the juniors happy. With only one minute to play after this goal, the freshmen worked a nice combination rush and bulged the Third Year net, tieing the score for the half. In the second period, 'Twelve was more successful. Three counters were added to their list while 'Fourteen were securing one. The game ended with the score 4—2, both teams going strong and the juniors in the lead.

Year Twelve Championship Team.—Goal, Wilkins; point, Silcox; cover, Browne; rover, Dobson; centre, Howard; wings, Campbell, J. Graham. The First Year secured second place in hockey.

The final standing of the Years in points secured from the various inter-year victories, is: 'Thirteen, 70; 'Eleven, 56; 'Fourteen, 46; 'Twelve, 36; Theology, 8. Thus do the sophs become the proud possessors of the Matthews' Cup.

Basketball.—The Y.M.C.A. students' basketball series is over. First and second places were secured by the two teams from McMaster. The championship trophy was won by the "Wobs," who made a record of eleven successive victories without a single defeat. We congratulate them upon their success.

The Time For Action Has Arrived.—During the college year, which is fast drawing to its close, the feeling of the Student Body has been smouldering quietly, but has now burst forth into flame. That the conditions of student life have been woefully affected by the loss of the Athletic Field, no one who has this year come in contact with the Student Body can deny. The editor of this Department believes that we are at a critical moment in the life of our University. One fact must be realized, and that is that the question of athletic accommodation is one of vital importance to the students of this institution. We maintain, therefore, that any problem which is of such concern to the Student Body of our University, is necessarily of vital importance to the University itself.

Having realized the rapidity with which spring and summer would give place to another fall, it was essential that such strong student feeling should culminate in some definite form of action. The Student Body met under the direction of the Athletic Association on February 28th, and unanimously passed the following resolution which had been prepared by a previously appointed resolution committee. To attempt any justification of the resolution is altogether unnecessary. Since it crystallizes the student opinion which has been formed during the past five months and a half, it most adequately justifies itself.

Copy of resolution passed unanimously at a general meeting of the Student Body held under the auspices of the McMaster University Amateur Athletic Association, in the Castle Memorial Hall on Tuesday, February 28th, 1911:

"Whereas, the Athletic Field of McMaster University was disposed of by the Board of Management without any reference to the voice of the Student Body, and

"Whereas, the provision made by the Board of Management for the athletic accommodation of the students has proved entirely inadequate because,

"First, the grounds of Aura Lee, after repeated and urgent requests by the Athletic Association, were secured too late to admit of entering rugby teams in the usual competitive series, and

"Second, these grounds were, moreover, altogether too small for the requirements of inter-year athletic contests, and

"Third, although we appreciate the action of the Board of Management in providing free admittance to the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, this has failed to meet the needs of the students for physical exercise, less than twenty-five per cent. (25%) of the students who were granted free tickets having taken advantage of these; and

"Whereas, lacking this athletic accommodation, the following serious conditions have developed:

"1. The membership of the Athletic Association shows a large decrease, especially in the junior years, and unless a field is provided for next year, the Association will be unable to collect the necessary membership fee and will, in all probability, be forced to disband; and

"2. There is strong dissatisfaction and uneasiness among the students, accompanied by a decline in enthusiasm and interest in the various branches of college life, which have resulted in a decided lowering of the moral tone of the school; and

"Whereas a definite promise was received from an authorized representative of the Board of Management last spring that the interests of the students would be fully consulted and met in this matter, and that satisfactory arrangements for an athletic field would be made before the return of the students, this promise, in the respectful opinion of the students, has not received adequate fulfilment;

"Wherefore we, the students of McMaster University, do most earnestly bring this matter before the notice of the necessary authorities and respectfully urge,

"1. That an athletic field, suitable for all purposes in connection with the athletic life of this University, be secured by the Board of Management.

"2. That this field be secured early enough in the coming summer so that notice of its possession may be inserted in the calendar as a guarantee to returning and prospective students of proper athletic accommodation for the next college year.

"3. That an express guarantee that this will be done be given by the Board of Management to the students before the expiration of the present college year."

This resolution, as it appears above, has been presented to the Board of Governors of the University. Anticipating the co-operation of the faculty and graduates, copies of this resolution have been forwarded to members of both these bodies.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: F. H. JEFFERY, '11.

REV. Alex. McDonald, who died, January 21st, in the Strathcona Hospital, was admitted *ad eundem gradum* in Theology to McMaster University from Woodstock College. It is over thirty-seven years ago that Mr. McDonald left Ontario to do missionary work in the West. Many of the strong Baptist churches of the West to-day trace their beginning to the faithful work of Mr. McDonald. We extend our sympathy to those left to mourn his death.

J. F. INGRAM, B.A., '99, is at present engaged with Dr. Stackhouse in arousing the laymen of the United States. He is employed in connection with the Laymen's Missionary Movement across the line.

J. A. WALLACE, B.A., '03, who has been engaged in Y.M.C.A. work at Foo Chow, China, has started for home by way of India, the Holy Land, Egypt and Great Britain. Mr. Wallace intends to settle on his farm near Simcoe, Ontario.

T. H. MARSHALL, B.A., '08, in December last settled in Dayton, Ohio, where he is pastor of the First Unitarian Church.

P. A. MCDIARMID, B.A., '03, who is at present in Montreal studying French, is planning to return to the Congo at the end of June. He will resume work as a missionary.

REV. W. E. MATTHEWS, B.A., '05, B.Th., '07, of Brandon, Manitoba, underwent an operation for appendicitis at Toronto General Hospital in the early part of February. Mr. Matthews

has recovered sufficiently to go to London, Ont., where he will spend some time at the home of his parents.

P. E. Baker, B.A., '00, we learn, is ranching in the vicinity of Bowisland, Alberta.

A. H. Fairchild, B.A., '01, Principal of the High School, Parkhill, Ont., has been appointed to the principalship of the Weston High School. He will enter upon his new duties April 1st.

F. B. Dixon, B.A., '03, is retiring from the principalship of the High School of Nanaimo, B.C. He intends to take up a homestead in the West.

Here and There.

Editor: A. I. Ogilvie, '12.

T is just as easy to go through life looking for the good and the beautiful instead of the ugly; for the noble, instead of the ignoble; for the bright and cheerful, instead of the dark and gloomy; the hopeful, instead of the despairing; to see the bright side instead of the dark side. To set your face always toward the sunlight is just as easy as to see always the shadows, and it makes all the difference in your character between content and discontent, between happiness and misery, and in your life, between prosperity and adversity, between success and failure.

—*Selected.*

Shading it Close.—'14 (who has just cashed a cheque)—"I don't think this money's right." Cashier—"Would you mind counting it again, sir; I think you'll find it correct." '14 (having done so)—"Yes; but you be careful, young man—it's only just right."—*Martlet.*

KNOWLEDGE.

"So many Aprils came and went
Before I learned one little part
Of all the joy each fragile day
Hid in its heart.

So many Summers hastened by
Before I caught their secret spell,
And read in bloom and leaf and sky
Life's miracle.

Would that Youth's eye could see the grace
And wonder of the drifting years. . . .
Grown old, their loveliness we trace
Through blinding tears."

—Charles Hanson Towne, in *Harper's Magazine.*

THE following lyric from *The Third Road and Other Songs*, by Kathleen C. Greene, appears in the *Oxford Magazine.* To be sure, it is plain, simple, straightforward work, yet its very simplicity and directness, we think, make it worth while:

The winds are all asleep on frosty nights,
The trees are silent and the water dead,
Only the stars, a thousand living lights,
Are burning overhead.

The rising moon, her silver wings unfurled,
Moves up the sky and drives the stars away,
She scores the surface of the dumb white world
With shadows white and grey.

We reprint also a gracefully turned picture from the *Vassar Miscellany*:

EXILE.

Alfalfa fields, at twilight purple-gray,
Where western prairie bounds the curve of sky,—
A narrow road that has nor tree nor bend,—
A toiler from the mill who passes by.

A figure with a tinge of Old World grace,
Deep color in the kerchief knotted free,
Young eyes that hold a hint of Athens' gleam,—
A longing for a sunlit, azure sea.

"Now, then, men," cried the gallant captain, "fight like heroes till your powder is done, and then run for your lives, I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."—*Wasp.*

RAH! RAH!

The hen stood on the river's brink
And gave her college cry,
Until a frog in pained surprise
Politely asked her why.
She said, "Kind sir, you see that duck
Out there upon the water?
Well, that's a winning college crew,
And I'm its Alma Mater!"—*Ex.*

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

Ohio Wesleyan has a Senior honorary organization called the Jester's Club. Besides fathering the undergraduates they publish a paper known as *The Bauble* with the significant motto, "Squeeze the lemon, let the juice squirt where it may."

Columbia University hopes to begin work on a $1,000,000 athletic stadium shortly. About 19 per cent. of the funds required are in hand. The plans call for the filling in of the Hudson River for four blocks, as far out as the bulkhead line, to provide a site for the structure.

Princeton statistics show that the average expenses of a college student at that institution for four years are $3,675, or about $919 a year.

To protect graduates from poor investments after they leave college, the University of Michigan is giving a special course in "Gold Bricks" and other spurious metal.

The sophomores at Pennsylvania spirited away the president of the freshman class and concealed him for eight days, keeping him from classes and the festivities of the Thanksgiving holidays.

Freshmen at the University of Wisconsin are not allowed to walk on the campus. They are compelled to run from building to building with their caps in their left hands.

The University of Chicago is offering an evening course in magazine writing.

Dr. James K. Paterson, President of the University of Kentucky, has recently retired. In point of service, he is the oldest college president in America, the duration of his career being forty years.

Wisconsin University has an arrangement by which all students may have the privilege of medical advice, calls, and medicine at the rate of $1 per semester.

At a regular meeting of the Yale Debating Union, the question for debate, "Resolved, that Yale is fifty years behind Harvard," was decided in favor of the affirmative.

The forestry class at Minnesota, after fighting fire for sixty hours, saved the Isasca State Park from total destruction.

At the invitation of the students of the Levant, the Ninth Conference of the World's Student Federation is to be held in Constantinople in April of this year. It is surely a remarkable sign of the times in Turkey that such a conference should be held there. Oxford, England, and Tokio, Japan, were the last two meeting places.

At Yale.—The average yearly expenditures for the Senior Class during the college course was as follows: Freshman, $1,022; Sophomore, $1,085; Junior, $1,125; Senior, $1,158.

Cornell has a prodigy in the shape of a 16-year-old graduate student. Nicholas Wiener is now doing his second year of graduate work, specializing in philosophy. He graduated from high school at 11, and from Tufts College at 13. After a year at Harvard, he won the Sage scholarship at Cornell. Wiener is specializing in philosophy, which he plans to teach. He was able to read and write at two, and is only rivalled by the Harvard prodigy, William James Sidis.

Willie Rose
Sat on a tack,—
Willie rose.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:—*Oxford Magazine, Baylor Literary, Solanian, Trinity University Review, Notre Dame Scholastic, Camosum, Philomathean, Schoolman, T. C. D. Acta, Varsity, O. A. C. Review, Vox Collegii, University of Ottawa Review, Collegian, Martlet, College Index, Queen's University Journal, Colgate Madisonenis, Manhattan Quarterly, Allisonia, Manitoba College Journal, Vox Wesleyana, Philograph, Lux Columbiana, St. John's College Magazine, Victorian, Argosy, University of Virginia Magazine, Bessie Tift Journal, Acta Victoriana, Dalhousie Gazette, Vox Lycei, Oracle, Western University Gazette, University Monthly, Mercerian.*

High Finance.—Nurse (taking his temperature)—"Sir, you are in danger—your temperature is 104."

Business Man—"When it reaches 105 sell."—*Lampoon.*

Il y avait une jeune femme de la Niger
Who smiled as she rode sur une tigre
Quand they returned from the ride
La jeune femme was inside
Et le smile on la face de la tigre.

—*Ex.*

"Mother, ought one to say that a hen is sitting or setting?" "I don't care, my son, what worries me is, when a hen cackles, is she lying or laying?"

The lad was sent to college,
And now dad cries "Alack!"
He spent a thousand dollars,
And got a quarterback.

Fussy clergyman (fater the ceremony).—"Is it cistomary to kuss the bride?"

Editing a college paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle headed. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items; if we get out, we are not attending to business. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not somebody will say that we stole this from an exchange. So we did.—*The Armour Institute Fulcrum.*

WHY NOT?

Why not be kind in word and deed?
The world hath many a broken heart;
We might assuage the wounds that bleed,
And soothe through sympathy their smart—
Why not?

Why not be pure in every act,
And pure in every wish as well?
Youth's innocency kept intact
From sin's defiling touch and spell—
Why not?

Why not obey each impulse high,
Each prompting of the soul within
That moves the wayward will to try
A nobler character to win—
Why not?

—*Selected.*

Did You Know?—The exchanges each month are placed in the reading-room on the day when our own Monthly is issued. We would call attention to this because many students miss a great deal by not becoming acquainted with these magazines.

They contain a host of good things which are open to all. As an indication of this we submit the following articles for your consideration. In our opinion they are decidedly worth while and merit special mention:

The Educated Woman.—A Macdonald Conception.—O. A. C. Review.

Scott's Women.—University of Ottawa Review.

How Great Men Have Crossed the Bar.—Collegian.

The Importance of the Post of Organist and Choirmaster and the Power of Music in the Service of the Sanctuary.—Allisonia.

A College Education as Related to a Business Career.—Vox Wesleyana.

Sports in England.—St. John's College Magazine.

What Universities Can Do for Canada.—Queen's University Journal.

Prose Poetry.—University of Virginia Magazine.

Teaching as a Life Work.—Argosy.

Tariff—Its Present Day Influence.—Bessie Tift Journal.

The University Situation in Ontario.—Western University Gazette.

TAILORED BY

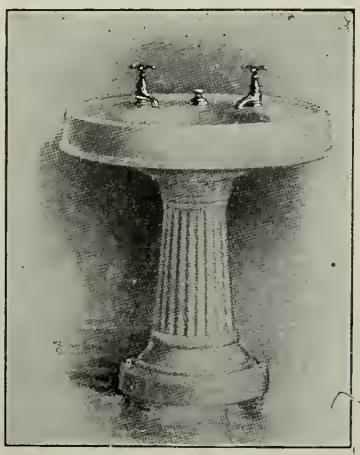
Lowndes

TORONTO

FINE CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

THE LOWNDES COMPANY, LIMITED

142-144 WEST FRONT STREET, TORONTO



Do You Intend to Remodel Your Bathroom ?

We would like to have you examine our stock of

SANITARY PLUMBING FIXTURES

and quote you prices on installing same in your house.

Our prices are reasonable and our work first-class in every respect.

The Bennett & Wright Co.

LIMITED

72 QUEEN ST. EAST

TORONTO, CANADA

Purchasers please mention this Magazine.

McMaster University Monthly Board of Publication, 1910-11

Top row, left to right—A. I. Ogilvie, '12, Here and There; H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Adv. Dept.; A. W. Wilson, '11, Reporter; Prof. I. G. Matthews, Consulting Editor; G. Thomas, '12, Reporter; F. D. Weir, '13, Sub. Dept.; A. E. White, Theol., Reporter

Second row, left to right—F. H. Jeffery, '11, Our Graduates; A. B. Turner, '12, Reporter; W. G. Ramage, '11, Business Manager; F. W. Waters, '11, Managing Editor; Prof. W. S. W. McLay, Consulting Editor; A. M. Menhennick, '11, Women's Dept.; V. E. Gray, '11, Around the Hall

Third row, left to right—V. W. Price, '11, Athletics; F. A. McGregor, '13, Reporter; J. E. Howes, '12, Reporter; A. R. Quirk, '13, Reporter

The
McMaster University Monthly

Vol. XX. APRIL, 1911 No. 7

ALTARS.

Ye barren peaks, so mightily outlined
In naked rock against the viewless sky,
Your rugged grandeur mocks my human pride,
And rouses it to passionate reply.

Ye scorn the foot that treads your pathless ways,
The voice that breaks your primal solitudes,
Yea, e'en the eye that views your serried heights,
The ear that hears your canyon interludes.

Yet know that when your music-making brooks
Have buried you beneath the conquering sea,
And mingled heart of stone with oozy mud,
The topmost summit with the level lea,

This ear shall hear the deathless song of life,
This eye shall see beyond the outmost skies,
This voice shall sing soul-music, and this foot
Shall tread the love-lit paths of Paradise.

Should I, then, born immortal, bow to you,
Who are but transient mounds of earthy clod?—
O, glorious heights! I kneel in humble awe
To worship at the altars of my God.

Bernard F. Trotter, '14.

PIONEER ALEXANDER McDONALD.

Born March 1st, 1837; died January 21st, 1911.

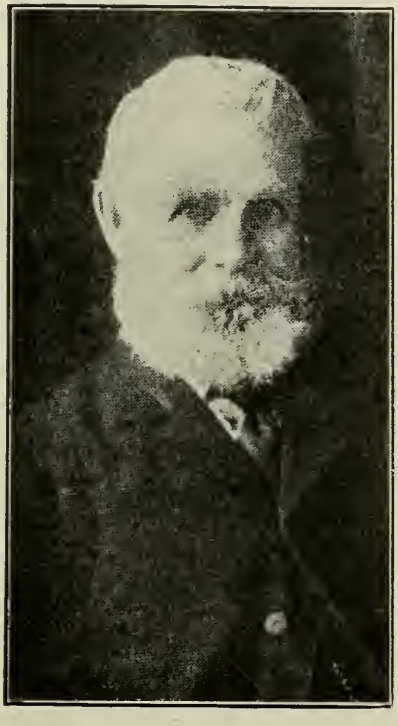
HE multitude that "no man can number" is ever increasing. Not a few who have taught or studied in our colleges and universities, both men and women, have joined the swelling throng. Among the latest to leave us and go to them was that man of courageous faith, of abounding energy, and of sweet and humble spirit, Rev. Alexander McDonald — our pioneer missionary to the Canadian West. He laid the foundations of our splendid Baptist work in that new land, and through the years he has done much to inspire and shape it.

The subject of this sketch first saw daylight in the township of Osgoode in 1837. Like many another who has made a true success of life, he was born on a farm. From his parents and the environment of a Godly home, young McDonald received a cheerful disposition and a sterling character. To work in the open while tilling the soil, he owed strength of bone and sinew, which stood him in such good stead during those strenuous years in the West. To the training at home and school he was indebted for the beginnings of a mental equipment which made him the possessor of a robust and well-balanced, if not of a brilliant mind.

While yet a youth he was regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and was baptised by McPhail, of sacred memory. How much the youth was moulded by the consecrated minister, who can say? The power of life upon developing life is tremendous.

As he labored on the farm and studied at Morrisburg High School, the call came to follow his Lord and to become a fisher of men. For him to hear was to obey. He soon had made his decision and began preparation for the responsible work of the gospel ministry. Both he and his parents felt that such a calling demanded the fullest possible equipment.

We can well imagine that that was a tender and a memorable day when the son and brother bade farewell to the home folk and turned his face toward Colgate University, New York. He afterwards continued his studies in the Canadian Literary Institute, Woodstock, completing the Theological course under



the immortal Fyfe and his co-adjutors. It will be recognized that the foregoing was a very protracted course of study for those days. Evidently the McDonalds had a lofty appreciation of the equipment required for the most exacting calling. In this they are worthy examples to parents and young people

in our day when educational privileges are much more accessible to all than they were some fifty years ago.

We take it as an indication of good judgment upon the part of this young preacher that he did not seek ordination until he had completed his college course, and that he did not get married until a year later.

During the sixties a few settlers were beginning to straggle into the Canadian West. Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, was but a village of five or six hundred and was noted chiefly for its beautiful sunsets and muddy streets.

In these older Provinces in those days our Baptist leaders were men of both vision and courage. Although Home Missions were pressing and educational work but poorly equipped, and our Foreign Missions just launched, they determined to enter in and possess the new land. In the far West, as in the distant East, to which Timpany and McLaurin, fellow-students of McDonald's, had lately gone, great victories were to be won through toil and sweat and sacrifice. Where could be found the man worthy and able to set up the standard and begin the conquest of new Provinces? He must be a man of physical strength, tenacity of purpose, mental endowments, heroic faith, dauntless courage, and resourceful. The demand was great; but McDonald measured up to the requirements. He nobly responded to the call of his brethren and the appointment of the convention. In 1873 he became the first Baptist minister west of the Great Lakes. That must have been an interesting, but very trying journey to his field of labor, before the days of railroads. A vivid imagination may suggest how it was accomplished.

When Mr. McDonald reached Fort Garry there was no Baptist church or meeting there. Indeed, so far as known, there was but one Baptist in all the region east of New Westminster, where a little company had recently begun a prayer service. But the missionary immediately began to visit and preach and, as a result of his labors, a church of nine members, of which he and his devoted wife were two, was organized

in 1875. This was the first Baptist church in the Canadian West. Those were the days of small things, but in that little church there were the life and power of God. That noble pastor had the faith which "is the evidence of things not seen." With the eye of the seer he beheld the handful of corn shaking like the Cedars of Lebanon. He lived to rejoice over the organization of more than two hundred churches, with a membership of fourteen thousand three hundred believers, and to see the insignificant village displaced by the metropolitan city with a population approaching two hundred thousand inhabitants.

One can well imagine that those early years were full of strenuous toil and care, of hopes and fears. Working from Fort Garry as a centre, Mr. McDonald ministered to a wide parish. He was counsellor, guide and friend to all. There was much travelling through cold and heat, wet and dry, by horse and buckboard. He was the messenger of inspiration and salvation to many a lonely settler, and the much appreciated preacher of the gospel to groups of hearers in schoolhouse or private home. There was no call for missionary comity in those days—there being ample room for all.

With tenderness and wisdom he developed individual and church life. His work was thoroughly done—he built for the ages, ever adhering to scriptural teaching. It is well for the Baptist cause that foundations were laid by such a masterbuilder. He has left an example both in spirit and method which his successors may well exemplify. Happy was the pastor who followed him in any charge.

For nine years McDonald ministered in and from Winnipeg. Then for ten years he was the pastor of a church in Grafton, N.D. In 1893 he returned to Canada and settled in Edmonton. Here he founded two churches, also one in Strathcona and another in Laduc. Each of these enjoyed his pastoral care for some years. He also acted as general missionary for some time.

He several times visited his native Province, and was always an honored guest in any Baptist gathering, whether in

the West or East. In 1910 he returned to Ontario for a change and rest. He spent the early weeks of that year amid old scenes and with the few remaining friends of his early years. He was full of cheerfulness and vigor. Special services were being held in the Ormond church during his stay in that vicinity. In these meetings Mr. McDonald took great interest, preaching a number of times with great power and blessing.

For about a year before his decease he had no regular charge, but did much supplying. During this time he made his home in Strathcona with his eldest son, Mr. J. Hamilton McDonald, editor of the "Strathcona Plaindealer." He and Mr. R. A. F. McDonald, teacher in our college in Woodstock, are his only surviving children.

After a brief illness he fell asleep on January 21st, 1911. Impressive memorial services were held in Strathcona, and later in the First Church, Winnipeg. Those who knew him best loved him most. His brethren held him in high esteem not for his ability, or learning or because he was the pioneer; but for his courage and strength and faithfulness, and for his sympathetic interest in his brethren and their work. They honor him because he never for himself sought honor, or position, or material reward. He gloried in the advance of the cause, but never sought glory from it.

When the history of Baptist work in the Canadian West is written the name of Alexander McDonald will appear in capital letters across the page. If a true record of his labors could be printed it would make thrilling reading. His monument is his splendid work, and his record is on high. May the mantle of his fidelity rest upon our coming ministry.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."

S. S. Bates.

TRACKS IN THE SAND.

HE environment of animal life in the tropics does not afford the same opportunity for study as is found in the temperate zones. In the region of the equator there is no equivalent for the crisp weather of the fall and early winter of the more northern or southern latitudes. This, with lack of snow, takes away much of the zest of an otherwise interesting pursuit. Still-hunting is an art in the tropics, for instead of the beautiful imprints of foot or wing or feather one must be satisfied to study tracks in the sand and tufts of broken nibbled grass. Yet, even with these discouraging features, the study of animal existence is not without its meed of pleasure for the interested one.

In the point of size, perhaps also of age, the elephant is the king of the animal domain in the tropics. Concerning this beast there is considerable misapprehension in the popular mind. He is judged of largely by the meek and mild specimens generally found in circus parades, laboriously toiling along gaudily decorated with varied-colored trappings. An elephant he surely is, but such a specimen would have a poor reception in the councils of the kings of the valleys and plateaus of the tropics. The real elephant is wild and free, knowing many things, yet ignorant of chains, keepers, pikes and other paraphernalia of civilization. He knows the geography of the great valleys, where the best paths lie, where the danger-points are located, where the natives plant peanuts and Mandioka and the missionary cultivates the mango and other fruits, of which labor he is an ardent admirer and is often the one who profits most by it. Incidentally it might be mentioned that there is no more skilful thief in the tropical animal world. He is also aware that a dark night is the best time to travel, beginning the journey at sundown and continuing until daylight, when

he deems it wise to seek the shade of a tree overhanging a stream, which having found he wades in, lies down, and with the point of his trunk upon the bank, seeks repose. The foot-print of the elephant is circular in form, the toes being scarcely distinguishable, while the uneven surface of the sole of the foot is clearly indicated.

In the deep valleys one frequently meets with a tunnel-like formation having a diameter of about six inches. This tunnel is found close to the ground and made by the passage of a long, narrow body through the matted grass. It is the pathway of the python, a reptile of large size and possessing great crushing power. During the day he inhabits the valleys, passing the time coiled up in the grass or more frequently in the crotch of a large tree. His favorite articles of diet are chicken and young goat. His prey is killed by winding his lithe body about it and crushing it. Then he licks it over with a frothy saliva and proceeds to swallow it. This snake is not poisonous and very rarely attacks human beings. The snake stories of Africa are worthy rivals of the fish stories of more civilized places. The Mayambula snake was killed many years ago, but the tale is still growing.

On the sand banks that slope into the waters of the Congo River one often finds an impression as if a small log had been pushed off into the water. This is the mark of a crocodile that has been stretched at full length upon the warm sand and, alarmed at the sound of a gun or the approach of a canoe, has slid off the bank into the water. No animal is more feared than the crocodile, and for good reason. Often on opening one that has been killed there is found in the stomach the bangles and bracelets worn by the natives. Such evidence is an overwhelming proof of guilt. Only a very few of those caught by the crocodile ever escape. On the registration rolls of schools and churches the cause of death is frequently given thus. "caught by crocodile." The "crock," as he is called, is a keen fisher, preying upon the fish that throng the rivers and streams and he finds it very convenient to be at home in the

neighborhood of the nets of the Congo fishermen. It is difficult to study the crocodile, for manifestly it must be done at a safe distance. The native often puts to the test the knowledge of the white man by asking him, "Did you ever see the tongue of a crocodile?"

VOLNEY A. RAY, '03.

A VISION OF MY COUNTRY'S PAST.

Prize Oration.

OME time ago I visited our Dominion Capital and stood on Parliament Hill. As I paused in admiration of that majestic home of my country, of its stately statues, and its crouching cannons, and as I thought of their tremendous significance, the mist gathered in my eyes. For the moment it seemed that the veil which separates the past from the present was rent, as the veil in the ancient temple, and, in imagination, I peered afar into the distant past.

The tide of five hundred years was rolled backward; the Gothic structure faded from my eyes; the cataract of the Chaudière, dashing its spray heavenward, received once more the tributes to the great spirit, Manitou,—and I stood alone amid a mighty wilderness. Alone,—No! Across my path bounded the fleet-footed stag; the earth trembled with the thundering steps of countless bison; in the distance was heard the dismal howl of the hungry wolf. Anon, the air was filled with the weird cries and fierce war-whoops of a strange people. These were the Red Men, the inhabitants of smoky wigwams, the hunters of the wilds, the worshippers of the Spirit of the woods, the children of the forest!

Suddenly the scene was changed. I saw a boy standing by the sea-girt shores of France. He gazed away over foam-capped waves to the place where sky and ocean meet, and from

out of the mists that dimmed the western horizon there came to him the call of the deep. The boy grew to be a man. Ever the distant blue of the ocean invited him. He responded! and I saw the gleam of his stately sails as they were wafted up the rock-bound waters of the great St. Lawrence. I saw him as he took possession of this vast dominion in the name of Francis I. I saw him as he won to himself the confidence and admiration of the natives. I saw him discouraged, and cast down, and his men dead and dying of the scurvy; and then I saw him, full of devotion to his king, and faithful to his Church, plant the tall Cross and fleur-de-lis upon this boundless waste.

> "In the forests of the north,—while his townsmen mourned his loss,
> He was rearing on Mount Royal, the fleur-de-lis and Cross."

This was Jacques Cartier, Sailor of St. Malo, the most heroic mariner of his day.

He passed, and in his footsteps came another, a greater, and even worthier, Samuel Champlain. In his left hand was the commission of King Henry IV; in his right fluttered the flag of old France. Thrilled by an absorbing passion for discovery he sailed from harbor to harbor, establishing trading-posts, founding colonies, "planting the lilies of France, bearing with them the shadow of the old regime." Upon the ashes and ruins of Stadacona he laid the foundation of a city to be known afterwards as the Gibraltar of America. This is one of his enduring monuments to posterity. But his glory does not rest on it alone. Every effort, be it exploring, founding cities, controlling a wealthy fur-trade, or maintaining his right before the English cannon,—all united to honor him as the "Father of Canada."

Before he had laid down his life, toiling for the country that was so near his heart, there was enacted before me the beginnings of a drama than which the world, perhaps, can boast no grander. Amid a background of primeval forest and trackless wilderness, moved the dauntless trapper, the undis-

mayed explorer, the intrepid *coureur de bois*, and the self-sacrificing Jesuit-priest. Brébeouf and Lalemant, and a host of others, in the inmost recesses of the forest, everywhere sowed the seeds of civilization. Madaleine de Vercheres played her part as a fair Canadian heroine. Daulac and his sixteen companions bade their friends farewell forever, and went forth to fight, and die, that their city might be saved. But not all won their laurels on the field of battle. Talon brought peace and prosperity to the troubled land. Father Marquette, Jolliet, and the restless La Salle, penetrated the heart of the savage continent. Frontenac appeared, before whose dreaded frown even the fierce Iroquois quailed and dropped the tomahawk.

Swifty passed the scenes of expansion, of boundary disputes and petty raids. The curtain rose upon the climax of the drama. This was the Seven Years' War. The long succession of grim experiences, of Fort William Henry, of Louisburg, and of Ticonderoga, culminated in the fateful struggle on the Plains of Abraham. Amid the solemnity of the sable night, the English boats drifted silently down the current. Seated in the stern of one of these was the genius of the enterprise, General Wolfe. His was the only voice that broke the intense silence, reciting in a low tone, those prophetic lines:

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour,—
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Soon afterwards the soldiers had gained their position above the frowning heights of Quebec, and awaited the outcome. Within the city, ever and anon, resounded the roll of alarm-drums and the din of startled preparation. At last the white uniforms, reinforced by the darker militia, the *coureur de bois* and the whooping Indians, advanced from behind the walls, and charged madly on the English—but in vain! Before the two united volleys of the British line, the French gave way.

They fell like wheat before the sickle. Scarce half an hour, and the impregnable rock which had gazed upon the heroic efforts of Jacques Cartier, of Champlain, and of Frontenac, the rock which had hitherto defied attack, now beheld passing beside its storied walls the sturdy British soldier. When the morrow's sun rose behind those eastern hills it smiled upon a new country. Over the citadel that crowned the ramparts, no longer floated the fleur-de-lis. That had been torn down forever, and in its stead waved the Cross of St. George. Canada had been born again into the grander life of freedom, of liberty, and of prosperity. Nestled at the feet of her generous protectress she enjoyed her own laws, her own customs and her own usages. In vain did the cunning Pontiac devise a desperate outrage. Before long all races and all nationalities had clasped hands and all hearts throbbed in unison. In vain, too, did the great army from the south endeavour to force the young colony to join them in rebellion. The thundering boom of the cannon in the fortress of Quebec was the defiant answer to intruders, and slowly the defeated and disappointed troops retraced their weary steps.

Soon another mighty multitude turned their faces toward the north,—but not rebels these—nay! They were a people whose loyalty to the Cross of St. George, even war and persecution could not quench. I saw them as they separated from their friends, from the homes of their ancestors, and the graves of their dead, and plunged into an unknown wilderness. Amid untold privations they set up their rough log-cabins, and cheerfully started life anew. They felled the forests, seeded the valleys, built the cities, peopled the plains; yes, they transformed the wilderness into a garden. History remembers these as the United Empire Loyalists, but we shall ever love and honor them as the founders of this beautiful province, the makers of Canada, the noblest characters and the loftiest patriots America had yet produced.

A few years of peace and of constitutional development rolled by, then a dark cloud gathered on the southern horizon.

Urged on by selfish ambition, the American colonies determined to deprive the Canadians of their flag, and of their allegiance to the Empire. But such was not to be! Brock quickly gathered his forces, resolved to defend our frontier even unto death. I saw him carry the Union Jack up to the enemies' stronghold at Detroit, and back again to the roaring Niagara, everywhere achieving victory. I saw him lead the small but faithful band of loyal soldiers to honor and immortal fame at Queenston Heights. I saw him as he fell, fighting bravely, and witnessed the stern determination for revenge which seized English and Indian alike. No power, no force of men, no mighty arm was strong enough to check them now. Reverently they took the blood-stained banner from the hands of their dead hero, and bore it to glorious victory at Stoney Creek, and Beaver's Dam, at Chateauguay, where the valour of the French shone again with all its ancient lustre, and on the frightful field of Lundy's Lane. I saw the brave Tecumseh, the heroic Laura Secord, and many others, as they strove until the Stars and Stripes was driven from our soil, and the Union Jack waved triumphant in the breeze.

The reign of peace began, all too soon to be broken by the cries of rebels. I saw Papineau, whose magnetic personality and fiery eloquence drew many to the standard of revolt. I saw William Lyon Mackenzie voicing his convictions in the House of Parliament and fighting for them on the field of battle. I saw him upon the cliffs of Navy Island, with his arms calmly folded behind his back, gazing steadfastly out over the solemn current of Niagara to his native land, an outlaw and an exile. Though radical in the extreme, these men had not fought in vain. The silvery stream of freedom broadened shortly into a boundless ocean, and responsible government, the aim and ambition of every enlightened race, became the common heritage.

A new thrill sped through my veins when I beheld Sir John A. Macdonald, the first of our statesmen, surrounded by the "Fathers of Confederation," planning the union of the dis-

connected colonies. With careful mind and steady hand, they laid the foundation and reared the superstructure upon which generations as yet unborn might build a mighty nation. This was a triumph the sword could not claim:

"Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than War."

Ottawa was ultimately chosen as the capital of the united Provinces, and Canada set forth upon her enviable career under as safe, sound and solid auspices as any State whose bark has been committed to the stream of time.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was built and proved a band of steel joining ocean to ocean and connecting Province with Province. The veil of the Great Lone Land was lifted, the sea of mountains crossed, and an ever-increasing tide of men, women and children from every nation and from every clime flowed toward the broad wheat fields of our glorious West.

Thus, from a few disjointed colonies, with but weak bonds of cohesion, with restricted trade and slight intercommunication, in a very short span, Canada grew into a commonwealth which challenged the admiration of many countries, and attracted the attention of the world!

Breaking in upon this period of prosperity and profound peace, came the fearful roar of shattering artillery, borne on the ocean breeze. England was at war! Canada would not let her bear the burden alone. Three contingents bade farewell to home and country, and sailed away to uphold the honor of the flag and the unity of the Empire in South Africa. Of all the countless hosts who marched to immortal honor and undying fame on the deadly veldts, none surpassed our own brave boys. And when the strife was over, "and the war-drums throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furled," with banner and with banneret, with strains of enlivening music, with thunder of cannon, and in gorgeous processions under arches of triumph, I saw them, welcomed back to the homeland!

Softly the sun was sinking to rest behind the distant Laurentides. As the last crimson ray died out of the sky, so van-

ished the glorious "Vision of My Country's Past." As I roused myself from its mystic spell, I thought, "Oh, surely, with such a history, and with the warm blood of such heroes pulsating in the veins of her children, Canada is destined to occupy no mean place among the nations of the world!"

James D. Morrison, '14.

MAKING A MATCH.

SHALL not conceal the fact that match-making has been for some time a live question at our house, but I see plainly where I shall be obliged to make some explanations. Please do not get the idea that the question holds our attention because my mother has three unmarried daughters. Far worse than that, we have an uncle who is a bachelor. When I add to this that he is also a farmer, you will agree with me that we were perfectly justified in doing what we could for him.

Now Uncle Jack has always been rather fond of Mary Pains; but she treated him so abominably that I told him there wasn't any use in his hanging around her any more—she didn't know a good thing when she saw it. Of course, I admit that a girl must treat a fellow shabbily sometimes, or he will get too "chesty." But Uncle Jack is shy,—painfully so; and when a girl acts the least bit independently, he immediately arrives at the conclusion that she has no use for him; which, of course, is absurd.

As I suggested before, when Mary Pains "threw Uncle Jack over," we decided to take up his case.

Now Sara Burns and I have always been very intimate, and I easily persuaded her to spend her vacation with me at Uncle Jack's. It was a delightful summer. Those long, happy days

in the woods, in the hayfields, in the hammock! Sara and Uncle Jack were getting along famously. She liked him, I could see, and he gradually lost a great deal of his bashfulness. I began to have hopes of it being a "match," when one evening as they returned from a drive, I heard her call him "Uncle Jack."

Not entirely discouraged by the failure of my first attempt, at Thanksgiving I brought with me to my Uncle's, a young widow, who, I had reason to believe, was not entirely averse to a second matrimonial venture. I am free to admit she led him a life for a time. In the interest of self-preservation he was obliged to flee from the house, returning only when he was assured that the coast was clear.

Still the fact remained that his home was without a mistress —a lamentable state of affairs. You will admire my perseverance when you learn that at Christmas Uncle Jack greeted me again, and became acquainted with my dear friend, who had also been a friend of my mother, Miss Susan Brown. It rather hurt me to find that my uncle's welcome was not as hearty as usual, but I wisely attributed it to his domestic worries.

It did not take long to see that Miss Susan was not making a hit with Uncle Jack. She was very attentive, it is true, and most kind. It was "You're sure there's no draught where you're sitting, Mr. Jones?" or, "Take this apple, Mr. Jones, that one has a bad spot on it," or "Do you wish to sit here, Mr. Jones? I dont mind that seat at all."

Now I wouldn't blame you for not believing the rest of my story, but I assure you, it is only too true. One morning Uncle Jack came to me,—it was the first time he had seen me alone since the advent of Miss Susan,—and without the least provocation said a word which I could not possibly reproduce; but from his subsequent remarks I gathered that it would be wisdom on my part to "take that creature away,"—those were his very words,—if I wished to preserve the sanity of my poor uncle.

We went. Naturally for a time I felt indignant that my uncle would say such a wicked word to me, but eventually pity overcame my anger, and I forgave him.

A week ago I wrote to him describing convincingly the joys of married life, and promising to find a really superior girl to accompany me to his place next summer. To-day I received the following telegram:

"Do your worst, I've got Mary now. Married yesterday.—Jack."

JESSIE KEE, '13.

THE CONVERSION OF THE PUNCHER.

HE Puncher lived in one of the worst quarters of London. In that overcrowded human hive, poverty and wickedness stand in strange and saddening contrast with respectability and affluence. From a main thoroughfare such as Oxford Street, resplendent with the glitter of shops and travelled by the motors of the rich, one may step aside and in a few minutes' walk find oneself in the midst of squalor and wretchedness and crime almost beyond the conception of us who live in spacious and happy Canada. The streets are lined with monotonous rows of shabby, cheerless homes. All who dwell there are poor to the verge of starvation. Some, of course, are honest workingmen, but many are thieves, pickpockets, hooligans. The women are slatternly, harsh in speech and hardened in feature; the children are dirty and ragged. To walk down the chief street of such a district on a Saturday night or a Sunday morning, when the whole neighborhood is on the street doing its shopping and enjoying its joyless leisure, is to gaze on scenes that haunt the memory for days and weeks, and that almost make one despair of the possibility of civilizing such degraded humanity.

It was in such a district that the Puncher lived—indeed lives, for the story I am going to tell is not fiction but sober fact. Startling as the narrative may seem, it is, I believe, absolutely true in every detail. Born in a loft over a stable—a "mews" they call it in London—he was brought up amid stable boys and cabbies. Schooling he had little. Headstrong and violent, he would not brook control by any one, and was turned out of nearly every school in the district as an incorrigible. While yet a mere boy, he was twice arrested for petty thieving.

His one ambition was to be a prize-fighter. He trained under a famous pugilist, and before long was the hero of the neighborhood, for among the lower classes of London to be a champion fighter is to have a passport to fame. His name—the Puncher—tells of his prowess and of the hero-worship of the district. He fought the best fighters of the city and downed them all. He was never beaten at his own weight. So great was his reputation that at one of his fights not less than sixteen members of the House of Lords were present. When the National Sporting Club was organized, it was he who was chosen to open it with a fight with another bruiser. In a word he was the Johnson or the Jeffries of London.

Naturally, he quickly became rich. In the hey-day of his notoriety he married and set up a house with a carriage and servants. During all his fighting days he had been a hard drinker. Sometimes he entered the ring so drunk that the referees objected to his fighting. His iron constitution, however, withstood all the abuse to which his fast living subjected it. Now that he was rich he gave himself over to incessant debauchery. Finally, he set up a betting establishment in connection with horse racing, and his popularity gained him a host of patrons who trusted his honesty but whom he fleeced without remorse. The police grew suspicious of his methods and in a short time the once popular Puncher was shown to his former friends as a blackguard and criminal. At one stroke he lost his good name and his great wealth. Embittered by his downfall he sought refuge in drink. From October, 1904,

to October, 1905, he was seventeen times convicted, chiefly for drunkenness. He did not care for food; drink, and drink alone, could satisfy the insatiable craving of his appetite. Deeper and deeper he sank in the mire. One can hardly imagine that in the whole of England there was a grosser beast in human form than the Puncher.

Verily, he had made worse than a failure of his life. What hope could there be for betterment? Neither the home, the school, nor the church had been able to touch him with one good influence, and when they had failed so completely whence was the power to come that would make him a new man?

Amid all his degradation, however, he still kept one treasure in his heart, love for his eldest son. Unknown to the Puncher, this boy had become a member of the Salvation Army, that wonderful organization that has done so much for fallen humanity in the great cities of the world. Moved with pity for his father, the boy sought him out in his wretched haunts and pleaded with him to give up his life of sin and return to the happiness of home. The Puncher laughed. "Me! a Salvationist" he cried, with utter contempt. To him the idea was a huge joke. He chuckled with laughter and got uproariously drunk to relieve his feelings. He spent the day in the cells.

The next day was Sunday and a bitter day it was for him, for he was forced to do without the liquor for which he thirsted. Suddenly he heard the sound of a band. At once he knew it was the Salvation Army, and he thought of his boy. He could not help contrasting his wretched state with the free and happy condition of his son. He was overcome with remorse for his past life and with longing for something better. He made a vow to lead a decent life. He knew it would be a hard fight, but there was enough man in him to tell him that it was worth while to make an effort. Next morning he was sentenced to a month's hard labor.

The month in gaol produced an unexpected result. The thought of reformation became hateful to him; he wondered how he should ever have been so weak as to imagine it as desir-

able. Yet he still loathed the life he had led. Life had cheated him of his due and was not worth living. There was a way of escape left, however. He would murder his wife and die game on the gallows. Such an ending was better than ignoble life. A strange fancy that seems to us, but the Puncher it fascinated with the glamour of romance. Leaving the prison at the end of his term, he bought a butcher's knife and a basket of food, and went home to his wife. He proposed a reconciliation with her, and suggested a visit to a music hall. Fearing violence if she refused, she agreed to go with him. As they came out of the house, they were met by a Salvationist, a converted drunkard and wife-beater. The latter invited the Puncher to the Army meeting and on his refusal left him with these parting words, "God has got a better life for you, and you know it." The Puncher bolted into a public house. His wife waited outside for the man who was to murder her.

As the Puncher stood drinking at the bar, he had a vision. He saw that his wife was murdered and that he had died game. He saw himself dead, but he knew that he was not happy. He saw the world pointing at his son, and saying, "That's young ———, whose father was hanged for murdering his mother." A burning sense of shame and horror swept over him. At that moment he was a changed man. He hurried out of the bar. "I'm going to join the Army," he said to his amazed wife. He went up to the penitent bench and cried out to God to be merciful to him a sinner. He declares that he cannot describe the sensations of that moment, but he knows that a weight was lifted and that he felt light as air, clean and happy.

The Puncher's conversion was the sensation of the district. "The Puncher's got religion" was on everybody's lips. On the following Sunday thousands flocked to see him march in the ranks of the Army.

His life henceforth was a visible proof that he was a new man. His home was once more happy. Tobacco and drink no longer had charm for him. He worked hard by day and at

night was always at the Army. But he was not content with being happy himself; he longed that others should taste the same joy. He had discovered God's secret and wished his fellows to share it. His longings have been fulfilled, for the example of his life and the words he has spoken have led others into the new life.

"Did it last?" someone asks. We are all apt to be sceptical about sudden conversions, for we all know of cases of what the Army calls backsliding. Once, and only once, the Puncher fell. Enticed by a companion into a saloon and coaxed to drink, depressed with worry and chilled with cold, he yielded to the tempter and fell to the floor dead drunk. He thinks the liquor was drugged, but whether or not, he had fallen. Reeling home through the streets, he was a pitiable sight. There was silence as he passed along, for even the lowest could not fail to be sorry that the Puncher had fallen. Some followed him to his home, expecting that he would cut up rough. To their astonishment the Puncher came out of the house in the red jersey of the Army. He marched straight to the Army barracks and up to the penitent bench and there prayed for forgiveness and strength. In his drunken stupor he had clung with pathetic certainty to one idea, namely that he would be safe if he could only get into his uniform. Truly that was a God-given thought.

From that day to this he has kept the faith. It has been no easy task, either. His life is sad, even though in his soul there is peace. His wife has little sympathy with him; his children have no care for his religion. He has to work hard for his daily bread. His companions are often scoffers at what he holds dear. He might easily leave the neighborhood and lead an easier life elsewhere, but instead of doing so he remains and is admitted to be the strongest force for genuine religion in the district. "The Puncher," says one who knows him, "has spent hours and pounds trying to reach his old companions. He is chiefly unhappy because he has not saved more than he has. He seems to think of nothing else. He's

always talking about it, in his quiet low voice, and with that queer straining look of longing in his sad eyes."

Such is the story of the Puncher's conversion. In my telling it is shorn of much of the compelling interest it possesses in the original, for the above narrative is only an imperfect condensation of the story as told by Mr. Harold Begbie, the English novelist, in "Twice Born Men." Mr. Begbie's book is one of the most remarkable publications of the past year. It is neither a novel nor a tract; yet it is as enthralling as any novel of the year, and more effective than a tract. It is a human document of great power, a book that grips the reader in the first chapter and holds him to the last page. It contains ten sketches similar to that of the Puncher, true stories of ten men sunk in the depths of almost inconceivable sin, who have been lifted out of the mire through the agency of the Salvation Army in London. The present age is apt to forget the fact of sin. The vivid pen portraits Mr. Begbie has drawn leave an indelible impression of the desperate wickedness of the human heart. At the same time his book must fill one's heart with hope, for if the vile wretches he describes can be reclaimed, then any man may be lifted up and set on his feet through the power of Christianity.

M.

The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to F. D. Weir. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

V. E. Gray, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
A. M. Menhennick, '11 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. I. Ogilvie, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. Jeffery, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. Price, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLay, M.A. | I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

A. W. Wilson, '11. G. H. Thomas, '12. J. E. Howes, '12. Miss A. B. Turner, '12
A. E. White, Theol. F. A. McGregor, 13. A. R. Quirk, '13.
Marguerite Cole, Moulton College.
J. E. Anderson, Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

F. D. Weir, '13, Subscription Department. | H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Advertising Department

Vol. XX. April, 1911. No. 7

Editorial Notes.

The Editor wishes to take this opportunity to thank the Literary Society for re-appointing him to edit The Monthly for the academic year, 1911-12. With such a capable staff of associate editors and reporters as has been appointed, the work of publishing The Monthly, which has this year been a very enjoyable work, should be none the less so during the coming year. The following were the appointments made: Associate Editor, J. E. Howes, '12, Around the Hall; Miss A. B. Turner, '12, Women's Department; F. A. McGregor, '13, Here and There; E. E. Hyde, '13, Athletics; Reportorial Staff, Miss J. Kee, '13; E. T. Newton, Theol.; G. H. Thomas, '12; J. R. Turnbull, '12; G. M. Goodfellow, '13; H. C. Hudson, '14; B. F. Trotter, '14. E. D. Campbell, '12, will be Business Manager, with F. D. Weir, '13, and T. J. Wilson, '14, in charge of the Advertising and Subscription Departments, respectively.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: V. EVAN GRAY, '11.

"There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April breezes
Till breathed with joy as they wander by."

—*Bryant.*

OLLEGE news for March and April comprises mainly a report of elections and election campaigns. Every organization in the school has had its Annual Meeting and its election of officers, with all their concomitant excitement and fun.—It is perhaps well that these last moments of freedom from the pall of exams. should be kept as frivolous as possible.—The campaign meetings prior to elections have proven themselves this year a worthy innovation and have had much to do with improving the general spirit of elections. To all the new office-holders the Department offers its congratulations and best wishes.

THE MONTHLY has also had its changes in management. The staff of "Around the Hall" herewith surrenders its editorial toga and reportorial quill with the usual formula—"We wish for our successors in the work as much pleasure as we have experienced in our term of office." Our sincere thanks are due those contributors to this department, other than the staff.—and they have been many—who have so readily given of their time and wit to aid the Department and have received no public acknowledgement of their work.

MR. J. E. HOWES, '12, the editor-elect of this Department, has already done excellent work on THE MONTHLY in a humbler capacity and will, we feel sure, be most successful in his conduct of this column. We wish for him the same indulgence, and forbearance of criticism, that we ourselves have received.

A CHEMISTRY DINNER.—A most novel and enjoyable lunch was served in the Chemistry lecture-room during the noon hour

of Friday, March 3rd, under the auspices of Dr. and Mrs. Tingle, the guests being Prof. and Mrs. McLay, Prof. and Mrs. Matthews, and Dr. and Mrs. Smith, who represented the faculty, and the Third and Fourth Year classes in Chemistry. Our chemistry lecture-table generally has an appearance of its own, but it never looked as it did this day. It was a work of Art in terms of Science. At each end, a water-bath, supported on an iron stand and heated by a bunsen flame, was utilized to warm a large evaporating dish containing an ample supply of a tasty meat preparation, which was served to the guests in the small evaporating dishes with which they came provided. Between, arranged symmetrically with respect to a beautiful bouquet of flowers, the other provisions were arranged on glass plates or in erlenmeyer flasks, large watch-glasses, graduate tubes, pressure flasks, casseroles, or gouch crucibles, according as their physical properties required. Tea was pepared in a 5 l. flask by treating the dry tea leaves with boiling water and passing the resulting solution through a filtering apparatus. It was served in glass beakers, stirring rods taking the place of spoons. Coffee, prepared by a similar method, and distilled H_2O were also provided. The meal was concluded by a dessert of fruit salad and jelly daintily dished up in half orange-skins. The guests endeavored to show their appreciation of the kindness of their hosts by heartily partaking of all that was so bounteously supplied, and, judging from the satisfied and happy faces of all at the end of the hour, they were successful.

The Debating Society's Elections.—The closing scene in the drama enacted by the Debating Society was played to a record house on Saturday, March 25th, 1911. The *dramatis personae* were the various candidates for election and the leading part was taken by Mr. A. N. Jenks, who freely responded to encores. The feature of the play was the contest for the Presidency, between Messrs. McGregor and Hyde. The struggle was intense, but Miltonic eloquence at length triumphed, and "that one talent which is death to Hyde" won for McGregor the confidence of the assembly. In the race for Vice-President the earnestness of D. A. Bates was exceeded only by his verbosity. His rival, E. G. Black, notwithstanding his geometrical method of argumentation, was considered a doubtful proposition and declared not proven. The climax of the drama occurred when the contestants strove for the position of Secre-

tary-Treasurer. The Ottawa comedian. H. C. Hudson, played at a disadvantage, having forgotten his playbills. L. S. Cutler, in the midst of a stirring peroration, was overcome by stage fright and retreated to the wings. A. N. Jenks also ran. The comedy was closed by the singing of the Irish national anthem led by D. M. Soolivan. Just before the curtain fell the caste for next year's company was announced: Honorary President, Dr. B. Franzen-Swedelius; President, Fred A. McGregor, '13; Vice-President, D. A. Bates, '13; Secretary-Treasurer, D. M. Sullivan, '14.

Oratorical Contest.—Oratory is, of course, no *sine qua non* of an oratical contest. Folk are not usually expecting real oratory in an undergraduate competition, albeit they came in large numbers on March seventeenth. They may not have looked forward to any display of genuine oratorical ability—but it was there, and in a marked degree. The speeches in every case were of a very high order, and the audience was generous in its tokens of appreciation. Each of the four Years in Arts and the class in Theology was represented on the programme. The speakers and their subjects were: B. A. Fisher, Theol., "Oratory: Its Value to the Student;" J. D. Morrison, '14, "A Vision of My Country's Past;" E. E. Hyde, '13, "The Call of Canada to Her Colleges;" I. F. Fitch, '12, "David Lloyd-George;" V. Evan Gray, '11, "Canada's Destiny." Professor McLay, Professor G. H. Campbell and Rev. W. A. Cameron passed judgment on the orators and decided that the representative of the Freshman Year, J. D. Morrison, had proved himself worthy of the highest honors. The presentation of the gold watch-fob, given by Mr. Harry Ryrie, was made by Professor Matthews, Honorary President of the Debating Union. This is the first year in which this contest has been won by a freshman. Musical and literary numbers were given by Mr. Carl V. Farmer, Miss E. D. Kellock, and Miss Firstbrook.

Extracts from the speeches at the Athletic Banquet.—It was a dark night. When he came to the crossroads he hesitated as to which way to take. The darkness prevented him reading the sign-post which stood there. The lamp upon his bicycle was out. He searched his pockets for a match and found only one. With difficulty he climbed the post, struck the match and read—WET PAINT.

A small boy in response to a request from his teacher for

an essay on the human body, submitted the following: "The human body is divided into two parts, the head and the abdomen. The head contains the brains, if any. The abdomen contains the five bowels,—a, e, i, o, u."

An Irish priest was one day discussing spiritual things with one of his parishioners. "Ah, Pat," said he, "just think of the glad re-union of the Judgment Day." "And will the men from Cork, and from Ulster and from Ballymeenic be there?" asked Pat. "Yes, all will be there." "Then," said Pat, "I'll bet ther'll not be much judgin' done the first day."

The introduction of Bible instruction into the public schools of Minneapolis was being discussed by a number of the trustees. One of the gentlemen said he could not venture an opinion, since he had never read the book. Accordingly one of his friends lent him a copy, which he took home for perusal. A few days later, when returning the book, he was asked his opinion of it. "Well," he said, "the Old Testament is all right, but I don't approve of the New. It's all for boosting St. Paul and never once does it mention Minneapolis."

A little Scotchman was one day chased by his wife, who flourished the rolling-pin after him. The little man was not to be caught, however, and sought refuge under the bed, with these words, "Ye can pummel me and ye can pummel me, but ye can no break ma manly speerit."

Y.M.C.A.—All lectures were cancelled on the afternoon of March 24th in favor of the final general meeting of the Y.M.C.A. After the transaction of some items of business and a solo sung by A. E. White, the Rev. M .C. McLean, of Ossington Avenue, gave an inspiring address on the subject: "The world the best place in which to live." The world, he said, offers unrivalled opportunities for the development of Christian character and for Christian service. Miss Jackson then sang very sweetly, after which Mr. Warburton, the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in Toronto, addressed the meeting. In a very humorous and spirited way he advanced many strong reasons why college men should devote their lives to Y.M.C.A. work. The officers of the Y.M.C.A. for next year are: Honorary President, Chancellor McKay; President, A. L. Tedford, '11; Vice-President, M. R. Hartley, '13; Treasurer, Dr. Trotter; Recording Secretary, R. L. Knight, '12; Corresponding Secretary, W. E. Morrow, '13.

THE PLUGGING SENIOR.

This message sure is something great,
The richest of the season,
And though, 'tis true, it's slightly late,
The poet has his reason.

A Senior gay—who's living yet—
Made bold to ask the right
To visit one, a seniorette,
A certain Friday night.

The lady, who, we hear, was pleased,
Took pains a date to cancel;
Her evening dress she nicely creased
And made some fudge, the damsel.

The evening came and all seemed fair;
The maiden's cheeks were ruddy;
And weary hours she waited there—
The man was in his study.

At ten o'clock,—he didn't swear—
But spoke one word, 'twas "rotten."
He kicked and pawed and tore his hair,
The date he'd clean forgotten.

The Athletic Campaign Meeting.—The candidates for office in the Athletic Association held their preliminary field-day on Wednesday, March 29th, when they were given a try-out before the members prior to the elections. Messrs. E. E. Sayles, H. R. H. Silcox and C. S. Browne, entered in the Presidential dash, gave as their platform an unalterable determination to obtain an athletic field at any cost, though Mr. Browne had several other planks up his sleeve. Unfortunately for himself, Jethro Graham, who was entered in the race for the Vice-Presidency, was disqualified for tripping at the second hurdle, where he blithely told the Association that an athletic field is "what we needly bad." The entries in the only event in which a purse was hung up—the Secretary-Treasurership—were J. E. Howes and H. C. Cline. On the former's failure to toe the mark at the starter's pistol, Mr. Cline had somewhat of a walk-over. R. V. Howard, elected by acclamation to the position of Business Manager, gave a two-minute exhibition, by request.

Then followed a free-for-all paper-chase, in which E. D. Gray led the sleuth-hounds and A. W. Wilson, the hares. Mr. Wilson was never once cornered, which could scarcely be said of the leader of the pursuers. The curse of society—alcohol—

was then dragged into the ring by enquiry as to what became of forty cents' worth of rum which had been purchased, ostensibly, for the use of the trainer. Accusation followed accusation and insinuation was hurled after insinuation in this most unfortunate and much-to-be-regretted discussion, but the onus of the evidence rested upon Mr. Sayles and Mr. Fitch as the two most concerned. Mr. Sayles proved a lullaby by stating that it was taken by someone while he was asleep, which by the simple mathematical process of elimination left Mr. Fitch to bear the brunt of the accusation. The meet was brought to a close at 2.00 p.m. by the ringing of a gong in the main hall.

What about the McMaster spirits? Apply to E. E. Sayles (Theol.).

The Literary Society.—The Literary meeting on March 31st took a somewhat novel form in the shape of stump speeches from the candidates for office for 1911-12. Sometimes, the stump was more in evidence than the speech, but the Society is to be congratulated on its new departure, and without committing ourselves to the support of any particular candidates, we may assert that the Literary Society Executive of next year will certainly make itself heard around these halls. After a selection by the McMaster Orchestra, which took the place of the time-honored brass band of election periods, E. J. Whan, '12, and F. G. Poole, '12, put forward their respective claims to the office of President. Their platforms bore about the same relation to each other as those of the two parties in the Ontario Legislature. C. B. Crowe, '13, and G. H. Ellis, '13, the aspirants for the office of First Vice-President, then amused the audience with a number of funny stories. The ladies who covet the office of Second Vice-President scored a decided hit by the brevity, conciseness and sanity of their speech. Variations, many and amusing, were provided by the other candidates, which are deserving of more mention than space will allow. After the speech-making came a recess for social intercourse, during which refreshments were served. Mr. T. Wearing, B.A., rendered two of his always-appreciated readings, and the entertainment was brought to a close with the McMaster song and yells.

At the later election meeting held Friday evening, April 7th, the following executive was elected for the year 1911-1912:—President, E. J. Whan, '12; First Vice-President, C. B. Crowe,

'13; Second Vice-President, Miss F. Wells, '12; Recording Secretary, R. Wilkins, '12; Treasurer, G. M. Goodfellow, '13; Corresponding Secretary, N. Davies, '14; Secretary of Committees, J. H. Fairchild, '14.

Student Body Elections.—The election of officers of the Student Body was held in the chapel Monday evening, April 3rd. The following were chosen to administer affairs for the coming year: High-Kakiak, A. E. Kelly, B.A.; First Vice-Kakiak, E. D. Campbell, '12; Second Vice-Kakiak, J. R. Turnbull, '12; Secretary-Treasurer, H. Merritt, '13.

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Editor: Ada M. Menhennick, '11.

O dreams ever come true? Yes, all can agree to that now and shout themselves hoarse in favor of all the dream-books and almanacs available. The wildest dream has been to have a soft spot on which to lay throbbing heads between lectures, a bit of drapery to screen the light from tired eyes, and some soft padding to deaden the dragging of weary feet upon the floor. Who dreamed it? "A Fair Co-ed, once upon a time." For enlightenment, read very carefully in the November issue for 1909, the drama of the dream. To quote from Act II., "A rosy light fills the room, disclosing the Fair Co-ed seated at operating table. Enter Fairy Godmother.—Thrice waving her magic wand over her head, she mysteriously taps each article of so-called furniture, upon which table, settees, kitchen chairs, puny mat and all, suddenly become animated and bounce out of the room. . . . The fairy now follows out ideas suggested by the Star, and with the aid of a number of stage-hands pulling wires from below (nobody would guess they were members of the Faculty and Board of Governors), the whole place is soon transformed. A warmly-tinted rug reclines on the floor, and filmy curtains clothe the naked windows. Sofas, rockers and study tables appear . . . ." Enough! Do not spoil the effect by hinting that anything else is needed.

Such a prediction has been almost literally fulfilled. To come down from an ecstatic state on the top of the step-ladder and to sit down calmly on the second-to-bottom step while stating matters to the uninitiated is descending from the ridiculous to the sublime. At the earnest request of the Women's Student Body, who felt that its æsthetic sense was merely in the germ, the Governors of the University granted a hundred and fifty dollars for the furnishing of the ladies' sitting-room. Result,—a liberal house-cleaning, a healthy brown tint on the post-office, a beautiful Axminster rug in soft greens and tans, écru fish-net curtains (what matter it if one pair has no hem? It is not the fault of the money. Anyway, the W.L.S., inspired to generosity, provided them as its share), three cosy, green wicker-chairs, and the two settees strengthened and upholstered neatly in green to last the next twenty-five years.

"O hush, mine heart, and take thine ease,
For here is April weather;
The daffodils beneath the trees
Are all a-row together."

Might have been overheard in the Faculty Room.—1st Prof. (despairingly)—I much fear that the young ladies will now be later for classes than ever. 2nd Prof. (sighing)—Or else miss them altogether. 3rd Prof. (cautiously)—We might substitute the Popular Science Monthly for the Ladies' Home Journal. Even with a comfortable chair . . . I should judge . . . from observation . . . 4th Prof. (meditatively)—I wonder, now, if I couldn't give . . . ah, let me see, . . . yes, there are two of the Parthenon . . . 5th Prof. (confidently)—How do you suppose the young ladies stand those pictures of the "departed and undeparted saints" upon their walls? 6th Prof. (modestly)—And yet it is rather a satisfaction, I declare, to be able to slip in such a convenient place during a spare moment, and gaze on one's self in the different stages of development. 7th Prof. (comprehensively)—From the worm to the butterfly, eh?

Gong.

Mysteries haunt the springtime as naturally as sap mounts in the tree. But who could not solve the clean white shirtwaist question in regard to a cerain year? These articles of apparel appear at all times accompanied by a repressed feeling of excitement in the wearers who disappear at odd hours, may be seen

speeding southwest, return in an hour's time, collapse into a chair, gasping, "O girls, he said I had the most be-e-auti-ful profile!" If a Senior is seen prostrated on the sofa, she is cruelly left to recover as best she may, because she has just "had her picture took." That is all.

"The thrush is back with his old note,
The scarlet tulip blowing;
And white, ay white as my love's throat,
The dogwood boughs are growing."

It would be considered an unpardonable breach of college etiquette if one failed to mention exams. at this stage. To offer comfort is like carrying coals to Newcastle, but not for the same reason. Do not, if you value your future happiness, pray for a row of firsts, for the sameness of the result will pall upon the overtaxed brain and produce a mental disease similar to that which attacks the lonely western settler. Henry Van Dyke's "Monotony" expresses it delightfully:

"If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

"If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

"If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief
And rest from weary laughter,
In the quiet arms of grief."

To initiate the new furniture, the President of the Women's Student Body—will someone charitably inclined devise a more euphonious and breath-saving title?—invited the professors and the girls to partake of afternoon tea. In anticipation it was a trying ordeal. To advance with outward calm and inward quaking and engage in conversation with men before whose searching glances we are wont to tremble—horrors! who could muster the courage! But when they so obligingly ignored cut classes and neglected work, we forgot our nervousness and admired the beauty of our surroundings, praised the wit of the assembled guests, and even looked calmly, if not admiringly, on the family portraits decorating the walls.

The afternoon tea was an unqualified success. Those of us who found it hard to come, found it still harder to tear ourselves away. Everyone agreed that the President proved a most delightful hostess, and the hope was expressed more than once that the event would not be the last of its kind in our college life.

"The lilac bush is sweet again;
Down every wind that passes
Fly flakes from hedgerow and from lane:
The bees are in the grasses."

W. L. S.—On March 2nd, in Castle Memorial Hall, "The Merchant of Venice" was given under the direction of Mrs. Fenton-Arnton. This reading attracted the usual delighted audience and equalled in every way the performance of past years. The characters were: Antonio, Mildred Adam; Bassanio, Edna Batchelor; Salanio, Letha Kortum; Salarino, Mayme Montgomery; Gratiano, Maude McLaurin; Portia, Evelyn Kellock; Nerissa, Marjorie Fairbairn; Balthazar, Frances Lepofsky; Shylock, Edith Pratt; Prince of Morocco, Ruth Denovan; Launcelot Gobbo, Margaret McDonald; Old Gobbo, Madeline Young; Jessica, Elsie Ashall; Leonardo, Annie Haines; Lorenzo, Olive Wilkins; Tubal, Freda Wells; Salerio, Minnie Currie; Duke of Venice, Gertrude Pratt; Clerk in Court, Ruth Denovan; Stephano, Hazel Watson; Musicians to Portia, Gladys Jackson and Gertrude Carey; Attendants to Duke, Hildred Kemerer and Irene Stillwell; pianist, Isabel Kellock. Shylock and Bassanio were impersonated in a particularly clever and forceful manner by Miss Pratt and Miss Batchelor. The students in the gallery rendered their part of the programme to the huge enjoyment of the audience. Mrs. Fenton-Arnton was presented with a bouquet of tulips tied with yellow ribbon.

Elections cause the air fairly to vibrate with excitement. "Who for which?" is on every tongue. Nominations for office for next year were received on March 27th. Then the freshettes gave a half-hour programme of excellent quality. Edith Pratt's piano solo was enthusiastically enjoyed. Readings were given by Mary Fowler and Ada Found. Nellie McIntosh sang, and Bessie Farmer gave an exhibition of club-swinging to music, which made every girl feel that she wanted to get up and try it, too. Never mind, some day, McMaster girls will have an opportunity to devote some strength to athletic and gymnastic

achievements. Mrs. Arnton's criticism took the form of praise. The President, Evelyn Kellock, and the executive are to be congratulated on the success during the whole year.

"And grief goes out, and joy comes in,
And care is but a feather,
And every lad his love can win,
For here is April weather."

Y.W.C.A.—The Society is deeply grateful to Mrs. Gilmour for her generous gift. Through it they were enabled to undertake some work in the city. It has been contributed toward the support of a Biblewoman in connection with the Memorial Baptist Church, and thus will further the down-town work in which the McMaster girls are always interested. The connection between the College Y.W.C.A. and the city has been felt this year more vitally than before, and particularly did we enjoy a profitable hour spent at the Sunday afternoon meeting of the Guild on McGill St.

On Wednesday, March 22, the election of officers was held and the Executive for 1912 is as follows: President, Mildred Adams; Vice-President, Jessie Stenhouse; Secretary, Mary Fowler; Pianist, Margaret McDonald. The Society, on the recommendation of the Council, decided to send nine delegates to Muskoka, including the one who should represent the W.L.S. A new office, that of Secretary-Treasurer of the Muskoka Fund, was created, and Miss Hazel Watson appointed to fill the position for the next year.

On March 29, a very interesting meeting was held, and one which formed a fitting close to a successful year. After the opening exercises the retiring President, Miss Steinhoff, to whose tact and enthusiasm in the work much of the year's success has been due, made an apt address and gave the robe of office to her successor, Miss Adams. When the inauguration of officers had taken place, Miss H. Robinson, '13, gave a delightful solo. Then all adjourned to the Ladies' Room and thoroughly enjoyed a social time over divinity fudge, while reminiscences of the past and plans for the future were discussed regarding the Muskoka Conference.

(With thanks to Robert Service).

Can we forget, dear comrades, as we leave these halls forever,
And roam the wide, wide world o'er, while our youth is very sweet,
How we worked and played and studied in the days forgotten never
Along the halls of dear old Mac—the wide-world at our feet?

Of course, the halls of dear old Mac. are not all fun and gladness,
There's study e'en to weariness, yet O, we love it so;
And on we came exultantly with ne'er a thought of sadness,
And tramped the halls of dear old Mac.; but now we have to go
And leave the halls of dear old Mac., where dreams of greatness came,
The magic halls of dear old Mac., those dear-loved halls of fame.

M. Y., '11.

And now to you who receive the reins, be easy at first with the horse. He has not been driven at his racing pace for all to stand and admire, nor has he been allowed to dwaddle in every leafy lane. His gait has developed a uniformity that has often been monotonous, even to the driver. This next corner? Yes, that is the place. . . . Whoa! Don't dare mention that it is the last time. . . . Drive on quickly now so you will not see the tears being wiped away. Good-bye.

"Sag?
Was will das Schicksal uns bereiten?"—Goethe.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: V. W. Price, '11.

"To return to *the* subject."

EVIEWING the issues of the past year the editor finds that "Athletics" has had a different target for each month. Now we draw the bow for the last time and prepare to make the final shot. The pile of seven arrows has dwindled to one, and that lies waiting to be put in place. On each occasion the arrow was directed somewhere; we hope it hit the mark. Now the seventh is in position and aimed to follow its immediate predecessor. The cord is tightened and the shot is made:

The Athletic Banquet.—Friday, March 24th, was important in the history of Athletics in McMaster. It was the day of the annual banquet of the Athletic Assoeiation. To say that this event was a success in every way, may seem to our outside readers like stating the impossible. Through this column you have heard much concerning the condition of athletics in McMaster; you have heard much about the need of an athletic field; and

you have heard much about the lack of College spirit. How at the present time could we hold a successful athletic banquet? The explanation lies just here. Every member of the Association brought to the dinner a feeling of the importance of an athletic field in our University life; each man went away confident that his feeling was more than justified, and that definite and determined action on the part of the Association was necessary.

President V. E. Gray, after welcoming the unusually large number of guests, proposed the health of King George V. This was followed by a delightful selection by the University orchestra. Mr. R. C. Matthews, B.A., the donor of the Matthews Cup for inter-year competition, then presented that trophy to the champions for 1910-11. Mr. H. C. Cline, President of Year Thirteen, expressed the pleasure of his year at receiving the inter-year championship cup. The toast to "Athletics" was proposed by Mr. F. G. Poole, '12, who showed the important work performed by athletics in the intellectual, physical and moral life of the student. Dr. Barton, of Toronto University, was enthusiastically received when he rose to reply to this toast. He dealt in a very forceful way with the practical benefits to be derived from the development of the body. After Mr. A. E. White, B.A., had given a splendid rendering of "Mary of Argyle," Mr. E. D. Campbell, '12, proposed the toast of "Track Sports." He appealed for a more thorough training in preparation for Field Day. This, he said, would necessarily result in an improvement of many of the College records. Mr. W. H. Firstbrook, B.A., responded in a witty speech. His text was, "Every moment spent out of doors is never misspent." He looked forward hopefully to a not far distant day, when we should have a new field with ample facilities for training in every line of athletic activity.

At this juncture Professor McLay, in the absence of the Chancellor, presented the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal to Mr. F. J. Halbhaus, '11, the First Association Medal to Mr. G. M. Goodfellow, '13, and the Second Association Medal to Mr. H. H. Graham, '14. The badges were presented to the various Field Day victors, and emblems were granted to the following: F. J. Halbhaus, A. W. Wilson, F. W. Waters, E. D. Gray, V. E. Gray, H. R. H. Silcox, F. G. Poole, G. M. Goodfellow, W. Ashmore, H. H. Graham, A. E. Kelley, V. W. Price.

Everyone was then pleased to hear another selection from the orchestra. The toast to "Our Athletic Field," was proposed

by Mr. E. E. Sayles, B.A., who voiced in eloquent and forceful language, the attitude of the members of the Association toward this subject. After remarking the ludicrousness of toasting a nonentity, the speaker called attention to the lack of enthusiasm and McMaster spirit in the student life of the present year. "We, as students," said he, "are the ones who must suffer from such a lack, and if we stand by, making no effort to help ourselves, we deserve to suffer. Believing, then, that the lack of adequate campus accommodation and of inter-college rugby is responsible for the present low ebb in the morale of our student life, it behooves us, as men, to make a determined and united effort to secure a proper athletic field for next year. Slightly changing the wording of the toast, let me ask you, gentlemen, to rise and drink to 'The Athletic Field we need.'" After a period of vigorous applause, Professor Farmer rose to reply to the toast. By way of introduction, he compared our present attitude toward a campus to that of the little boy in the nursery rhyme, who, bereft of his pet, cried, "Oh where, oh where, has my little dog gone." The Professor then in a broad, sane fashion, reviewed the present situation. He said that, though our first business as students is study, yet athletic training is essential to all-round development, and that field sports meet a need in college life which can be met in no other way. In conclusion, the Association was promised the hearty support of the Faculty in its efforts to secure an athletic field for the coming year.

President Gray then said, "Gentlemen, we have heard that the McMaster spirit is dead around this place. What are we going to do about it? We must do something. Let us rise and give the old yell as we haven't given it for the past twelve months." We did, and as the old slogan was hurled forth from every lung, it was evident that we meant business, and we do! The banquet was at an end.

Thus flies the arrow forth! The bow lies idle waiting for the new archer, Mr. E. E. Hyde, to shape arrows for another seven months' conflict. We wish him all success.

The Athletic Elections.—The annual meeting of the Athletic Association was held on March 31st, and the following officers for 1911-1912 were elected: President, E. E. Sayles, B.A.; Vice-President, R. Wilcock, '12; Secretary-Treasurer, H. C. Cline, '13; Business Manager, R. V. Howard, '12.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: F. H. JEFFERY, '11.

[The two following articles have been received from graduates and contain some interesting news concerning many McMaster Alumni.]

cMASTER ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF CHICAGO.—To McMaster graduates at the University of Chicago, it seems at times as though part of the old school had been moved across the border. There is the same intangible bond, the same spirit, and, to some extent, the same interests as in the olden days, and there is not a man in the "colony" who is not a McMaster man through and through. There is, of course, a more constant fellowship among those living in residence than with those outside. But approximately once a month the call is sent out to all the McMaster braves to gather for a "pow-wow." On the last of these occasions the Maritime Province Baptists were the guests of the McMaster Association. The after-dinner speeches were distinctly worth while and dealt with outstanding Canadian problems. The speakers were Prof. Bonner, Prof. Case, Mr. A. C. Watson, Mr. Erb and Mr. Dakin. At these McMaster dinners the talk is often of "problems" and "situations," but on some occasions we simply push back our chairs and tell stories of the good old days in the old hall from the year '96 to the year '10. In addition to the men at the college, Dr. Hugh McKechnie, Rev. Bradford Pengelly and Mr. S. T. Foster come up from their respective labors in the city and contribute to the success of these gatherings.

The personnel of this McMaster colony changes from time to time. Nelson Harkness is now preaching in California and Reuben Harkness has taken his place in Chicago. Norman Ware leaves at the end of the winter quarters for six months in the Canadian West, returning next fall to resume his work in Sociology. "Dan" Buchanan receives his Ph.D. degree in Mathematics this June, and E. A. Armstrong returns to his missionary labors at the end of the spring quarter. "Ernie" Parsons, in the New Testament Department; A. C. Watson in Systematic Theology; A. E. (alias "Kid") Haydon in Comparative Religion, and Roy Weaver, "Bill" Donald and "Sam"

McMullen in Political Economy, are staying with the game and doing the McMaster brand of work. "Ches." New leaves for England at the end of the spring quarter, returning to complete his Chicago work next spring.

McMaster Men in the Province of Alberta.—McMaster is well represented in the young Province of Alberta. She has little to be ashamed of in her men and women in that prairie and mountain Province. Her graduates are holding leading and honorable positions laying the foundations for the future of that potentially wonderful country.

As might be expected, a number of McMaster men are engaged in the work of ministry. J. C. Sycamore, B.A., '96, M.A., '98, is the highly esteemed pastor of the First Baptist Church in Calgary. This organization is investing in the vicinity of $90,000 in a new church site and building. H. L. Kempton, B.A., B.Th., '03, is the pastor of the Crescent Heights Church, a live institution in that prosperous sub-division of Calgary. C. T. Holman, B.A., '09, M.A., '10, leads the Baptist denomination in the thriving town of Wetaskiwin, while W. R. Telford, B.A., '97, M.A., '09, until recently pastor of the churches at Didsbury and Olds, now devotes his whole time to the work in the latter place.

In the educational field, R. H. Roberts, B.A., '07, M.A., '08, is mathematical master of the High School in Edmonton. "Bobs" is very highly esteemed in the Capital City. Just across the ravine of the Saskatchewan River, C. A. Curtis, B.A., '08, presides over the Department of Physics and Chemistry in the Strathcona Collegiate Institute. J. J. Stapleton, B.A., '08, M.A., '10, is the dignified principal of the Wetaskiwin schools. "J. J." stands for business, and he is making things go well. Carstairs still retains the services of G. W. Gorman, B.A., '05, as principal of her school. George has refused some of the best positions in the Province, as he prefers the work in Carstairs. W. G. Carpenter, B.A., '05, is principal of the Calgary Collegiate Institute, to which building a $40,000 addition is in course of construction. D. A. McKerricher, B.A., '02, is McMaster's representative among the Public School inspectors of the Province. His headquarters is at Pincher Creek. V. E. Reid, B.A., '02, B.Th., '08, is also in the teaching profession.

Business has claimed quite a number of the McMaster men in Alberta. D. Dack, Theo., '83, is engaged in the grocery business in the rapidly growing district of Crescent Heights.

Real estate engages the time and attention of T. J. Bennett, Eng. Theo., '92; J. B. Paterson, B.A., '96, and A. C. Newcombe, B.A., '00. It is wonderful the opportunities for making money this line of business offers at present in Calgary. R. V. Bellamy, B.A., '02, M.A., '08, a Rhodes Scholar for Alberta, is in the machine business, a very lucrative business, in Edmonton. Raising horses is the specialty of R. W. Trotter, B.Th., '95. Mr. Trotter is the owner of the beautiful Glenbow ranch, a very valuable tract of land a little to the west of Calgary. E. J. Reid, B.A., '99, is another prosperous rancher at Cremona, west of Carstairs. Many a well-qualified professional man is plain farmer in Alberta, but is making money for all that. P. E. Baker, B.A., '00, is homesteading in Southern Alberta and incidentally helping out in the Home Mission field. He is a believer in the "Back to the Land" movement.

In a fully equipped law office may be found C. A. Grant, B.A., '02, of Edmonton. Mr. Grant is a member of a prosperous law firm and is doing well in his chosen profession. M. S. McArthur, B.A., '05, is a partner in the leading firm of lawyers in Lethbridge. Stan. enjoys his work and a successful career as a lawyer lies before him. W. V. Poapst, B.A., '04, has his sign as a lawyer exposed to the public in Lethbridge. He is a thorough Westerner who will make a success in law.

A few lady graduates reside in Alberta. Mrs. J. C. Sycamore (M. E. Dryden, B.A., '96), holds a high place in the esteem and admiration of the members of the First Baptist Church of Calgary. Her charming personality has won her a host of friends outside as well as within the church. Elora Alway, B.A., '08, is now Mrs. G. W. Robertson, of Strathcona. Miss F. A. Eby, B.A., '09, resides at home in Calgary. Last term she qualified as teacher for the Province by attending the Normal School at Calgary.

Quite a number of McMaster's boys and girls have found their way to Sunny Alberta. The country is large, the opportunities are many and there is room for as many as care to come; and more, there is a need for such men and women as claim McMaster as their Alma Mater.

Rev. T. H. Cornish, B.A., '00, died at Mentone, California, March 6th. His remains were brought to Pontiac, Michigan, where he was pastor before taking a post-graduate course at the University of Chicago. To Mrs. Cornish and relatives we desire to express our sympathy.

S. J. Bates, B.A., '07, M.A., '09, who has been pursuing graduate work in Chemistry at the University of Illinois, has had his Fellowship renewed for next year with an additional cash allowance. He has also been honored by being elected a member of the Phi Lambda Upsilon Chemical Fraternity.

G. H. Brock, Theol., 1890, for twenty years missionary in South India, under the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, expects to return to India next fall.

Thos. Wearing, B.A., '09, pastor's assistant of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, has accepted the invitation of the Eglinton Baptist Church to become their pastor. He will begin work in May.

J. H. Hunter, M.A., '99, principal of the Academy at Cowansville, Quebec, has recently passed the examination for School Inspector in that Province.

MOULTON COLLEGE ALUMNAE.

HE news of the Alumnae Society must this month, of necessity, be very short, for the editor pleads absolute lack of material. No executive meetings have been held this winter, and, as yet, absolutely nothing has been done regarding the Evangelia Settlement Scholarship, though we believe the sum of money necessary for it has been collected. Here certainly is the opportunity for anyone of our members, who is interested in Settlement work in all its phases, to enter the life of Evangelia House, to live with the girls, think with them, play with them, in short, to be one of them, for the two weeks, which will probably prove all too short.

Another month or so, and Alumnae Day comes round again, with delightful and unfailing regularity. Let us hope that this may be a record meeting. And here might an idea be suggested. Every year Moulton sends forth her band of graduates, ready to become strong and willing members of the Mother Society, but we do not see their names on the Alumnae executive, nor do we hear their voices raised on Alumnae Day, either in objection

or approbation. Why should this be? "Too shy," murmurs one young graduate, fresh from the Fourth Year class-room, "too young," says another. But no, it is the younger ones that the Alumnae wants, to gather under her maternal wing, and to train up in the business of the society. The occupant of the editorial chair could only own to sweet seventeen when the full dignity and importance of being an Alumnae was thrust upon her. So take courage, ye young and aspiring Moultonites. Come joyfully to the Almunae meeting next June. Sit not in solemn silence on the back seats, but march proudly to the front, raise your voice, if only to object, vote your own way, not your neighbor's, and, above all, show that the youth, and, perhaps, inexperience, of Moulton's younger daughters are no bar to her becoming part and parcel of the Alumnae executive. Then let us look forward to a splendid meeting in June, and though missing every year some of the old familiar faces, let us fill the breaches with these new and vigorous members, whom we know must exist.

In closing, the Editor begs to tender her tribute to Miss Norah Shenstone, who for so many years has held many important offices in the Alumnae Society. Her business ability, her unfailing tact and charm, and, above all, her willingness to shoulder responsibility, have combined to make her almost indispensable in the society, and though good wishes and congratulations will follow her to her new home, yet the Alumnae as a body heaves a very wistful sigh, wondering who will fill her vacant place.

Congratulations to Mrs. Hewlett (Mary Craig, '02), on the arrival of a baby boy, and to Mrs. Welstead (Retta Gordon, '05), who rejoices in the advent of a little daughter.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: J. E. ANDERSON.

"An' so for mak' some pleasurement—we geev wan large soirée."

N the evening of Friday, March 3rd, the college celebrated its annual "big night" in the guise of a soirée. The "Gym." was converted into an assembly hall of most attractive appearance, and here the guests gathered for the programme portion of the evening's entertainment. The readings of Mr. Lawrence J. Lugsdin, Toronto, were sympathetically interpreted and well merited the hearty applause with which they were greeted. The Sherlock Male Quartette was much appreciated, Mr. McKendry, in his character songs, proving to be a universal favorite. Selections rendered by the Tony Cortese Orchestra very happily punctuated the festivities of the evening. During the intermission the dining-room and the museum vied with each other for the patronage of pilgrims, and each demonstrated conclusively that the committees in charge of the function had directed their energies well. Long after the hour for the sounding of the "College curfew" the guests dispersed and the sound of revelry ceased.

FOR THE REMAINDER of the year we are to be minus our Principal. Owing to the exacting duties that have burdened him of late, his health has been impaired; and hence the Senate have very generously granted him leave of absence for two months. Mr. MacNeill has decided to seek rest and recreation in Europe. We wish him *a bon voyage* and a genuine rejuvenation.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY, under the direction of Elgin Ewing and Guy Purchas, is characterized by enthusiastic activity. The Saturday evening meetings are well attended; the interest manifested in the discussion of questions of local and national import augurs well for the perpetuation of the debating spirit around our halls. The Literary Societies are also doing aggressive and useful work; the programmes display interest, talent, and careful preparation.

Having failed to realize our expectations in the hockey realm, we are now determined to make a name for ourselves in association football. As a team has been entered in the City League under the captainey of "Scottie" Linton, we discern trouble in store for the down-town championship aspirants.

On March 25th the basketball team journeyed to Hamilton to have a tussle with our old rivals at the H.C.I. The "Mountaineers" proved to be impregnable on their own battlefield, and won, the score being—64 to 31. On the last day of March the Hamilton boys came west for a return game. Hamilton, as usual, got off to a good start, having things all their own way in the first half; and in spite of the determined strenuous efforts of our fellows in the second period, the visitors were ahead when the gong rang. Score: H.C.I., 30; Woodstock, 22. Woodstock team: Pirie, Adams, Pipher, Beasley and Harris.

Here and There.

Etitor: A. I. Ogilvie, '12.

E has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the trust of pure women and little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.—Emerson College Magazine.

Discrimination.—"What do you charge for your rooms?"
"Five dollars up."
"But I'm a student——"
"Then it's five dollars down."—Cornell Widow.

Probably Would.—"That sentence is not incorreet," said the professor, "but it sounds odd to the English-speaking ear."
—Harvard Lampoon.

THIS IS YOUR HOUR.

This is your hour—creep upon it!
Summon your power, leap upon it!
Grasp it, clasp it, hold it tight!
Strike it, spike it, with full might!
If you take too long to ponder,
Opportunity may wander.
Yesterday's a boy of sorrow,
No man ever finds to-morrow.
Hestitation is a mire—
Climb out, climb up, climb on higher!
Fumble, stumble, risk a tumble!
Make a start, however humble!
Do your best and do it now!
Pluck and grit will find out how.
Persevere, although you tire—
While a spark is left, there's fire.
Distrust doubt; doubt is a liar.
Even if all mankind jeer you,
You can force the world to cheer you.

ENVOY.

Quicksands underlie the pleasures;
'Neath the rocks are hidden treasures.

—*Selected.*

The University of Virginia Magazine contains some excellent poetry. We quote "Sounds at Sunset," which we consider one of the best bits of verse of the month:

The Setting sun sounds in the sky
Its golden notes;
Up from the waters echoes fly.
The day devotes
Its strength to make the final strain
Of music sweet.
Then dim and dimmer colors wane,
The noon-day's heat
Re-echoes faint and fainter till
The evening's soft
And silv'ry lullaby doth thrill
My soul aloft.

Professor (in Senior Math.)—"The work of reviewing mechanics is a cursory matter." Students—"Hear! Hear!"

We acknowledge receipt of the following exchanges: Mercerian, Notre Dame Scholastic, Philograph, T.C.D. Mitre, Dalhousie Gazette, Oxford Magazine, Varsity, Philomathean Monthly, Lux Columbiana, Martlet, Viatorian, Camosun,

Madisonensis, Western University Gazette, O.A.C. Review, Collegian, Queen's University Journal, Acta Victoriana, Trinity University Review, Argosy, St. Hilda's Chronicle, Acadia Athenaeum, Schoolman, Hya Yaka, Trinity Archive, University of Virginia Magazine, Vox Wesleyana, Manitoba College Journal, Baylor Literary, Acta, Daleville Leader.

Most of us are apt to become impatient at the apparent inconsistencies in other languages, forgetting that our own is by no means perfect. *Punch* gives us some variations in *ough:*

Jacques loves the English tongue, although
He finds the spelling tough,
And when he does not really knough
He does a little blough,
And spells the termination sough—
Making the queerest stough.

For when he tries himself to plough
His way with trouble through
The words he jotted down just nough,
He finds it will not dough;
He gazes stupid as a cough,
And fails to find a clough.

When back across the Channel's trough
He sails, as pale as dough,
He fears his countrymen will scough
To see his spelling gough
Even in French a little ough
And hardly *comme il fough.*

The Georgian contains two excellent poems—"Aspiration" and "A Song." The theme of the first is the hopelessness of reaching the goal of one's aspiration:

"Ah! but our leaping, frantic spirits soar
Far up the airy heights; the misty sky,
The clouds surpassed, attempts the void on high;
Each star attained, a step we rise, to more—
But never goal."

A Frenchman who was having a great deal of trouble to distinguish the genders, while he was beginning English, went to an Englishman for some assistance, and said: "I have some questions I wish to ask you, but I dislike to cock-roach upon your time." "Not cock-roach," replied the Englishman, "but heneroach." "Ah, ah—those genders again," said the Frenchman.—Ex.

'Arf a hinch, 'arf a hinch,
'Arf a hinch honward,
'Ampered by 'obble skirt,
'Opped the "400."

Of the many excellent articles that appeared in the college magazines during the past month we submit the following as being decidedly worth while: Chantecler, Mercerian; Law and Literature, Notre Dame Scholastic; Medicine as a Profession for Women, St. Hilda's Chronicle; The Isben Problem, Collegian; The Farm-Home and Its Environment, O.A.C. Review; Journalism, a Neglected Profession, Manitoba College Journal; For and Against the Commission Form of Government, Madisonensis; Mary Baker Eddy and Her Cult, Vox Wesleyana.

Upon her lips I pressed a kiss,
The rhyme for this, you know, is bliss.
I squeezed her dainty little waist
Until it was reduced to paste.

My ardour I could not contain,
I sipped her lips and sipped again,
And finally bit off her head,
For she was made of gingerbread.
—Yale Record.

A crowd had gathered round the man who had fainted. The inevitable joker asked loudly, "Has he kicked the bucket?" "No," replied a bystander; "he has only turned a little pale." —Martlet.

A little rule for cheering us,
As on our way we grope,
Is just to keep on hoping,
That our hope won't end in hope.

If you don't laugh at the jokes of the age, then just snicker at the age of the jokes.

Among the Colleges.

New York University has a loan fund of $18,000 from which students who need it may obtain assistance. In most cases the promissory note given is payable two years after graduation. The interest received is added to the principal, so that the fund is constantly increasing.

There are 52,456 students enrolled in the universities of Germany this year.

The enrolment of Columbia University exceeds that of any other university in the United States, with 7,958 students.

A Harvard Club has been established at Chicago to welcome all Harvard men who find themselves in the city.

Thirty-seven universities abroad were founded before 1420. A few of them whose names are familiar are: Oxford, England, 1200; University of Paris, 1200; University of Parma, 1222; University of Salamanca, Spain, 1243; Cambridge University, 1257; University of Vienna, Austria, 1365; Heidelberg University, Germany, 1386; St. Andrew's University, Scotland, 1411.

The course at Yale has been changed so that the work of the first two years is non-elective.

Harvard is to have a novel course in its summer school this coming season, when there will be classes to help teachers in learning how to aid their pupils in deciding on their vocation in life. The lectures are to be given by the director of the Vocational Bureau in Boston.

Daniel Waldo Field, a millionaire shoe manufacturer, has entered Harvard at the age of 45.

The women of the University of Minnesota have started a campaign to secure the right of voting in the athletic association elections.

University of Washington has its own printing plant and prints its publications.

The latest innovation in college athletics is "Crowd-ball," invented at Wisconsin. The crowd ball itself is an inflated leather thing 24 inches in diameter. The game, which is played on a football field, has no rules whatsoever. The opposing teams may be of any size provided they are equal. The object is to push, kick, throw, or carry the ball beyond the opponents' goal post. No downs are called; any tactics are fair.

AN IDEAL.

To think the things that God desires,
To do the things that Love inspires
To keep the heart full of the fires
Of youth,
That's living.

D. C. McKay

THE CHANCELLOR

THE FACULTY

Peter Sinclair Campbell, M.A.

Professor of Greek.

Malcolm Sinclair Clark, M.A.

Professor of German.

James TenBroeke, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Philosophy, Psychology, Logic and Ethics.

Robert Wilson Smith, B.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Biology, and Curator of Museum.

Elias Miles Keirstead, M.A., D.D.

Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics.

William Findlay, M.A., Ph.D.

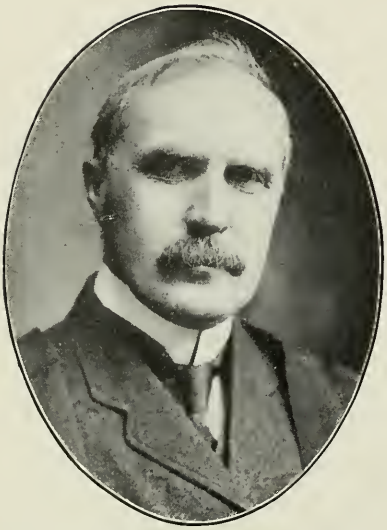
Professor of Mathematics.

A. Lincoln McCrimmon, M.A., LL.D.

Professor of Political Economy, Education and Sociology.

John Dales, M.A.

Professor of French, 1906-1909.



Joseph Leeming Gilmour, B.A., D.D.

Professor of Church History.

J. Bishop Tingle, Ph.D.

Professor of Chemistry.

Isaac Geo. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

Professor of Hebrew and Aramaic, and Old Testament Theology.

John L. Hogg, M.A., Ph.D.

Professor of Physics.

Glenn Howard Campbell, M.A.

Professor of Latin.

Edmund H. Oliver, M.A., Ph.D.

Lecturer in History, 1905-1909.

Thomas Trotter, B.A., D.D., LL.D.

Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology.

W. S. Wallace, B.A.

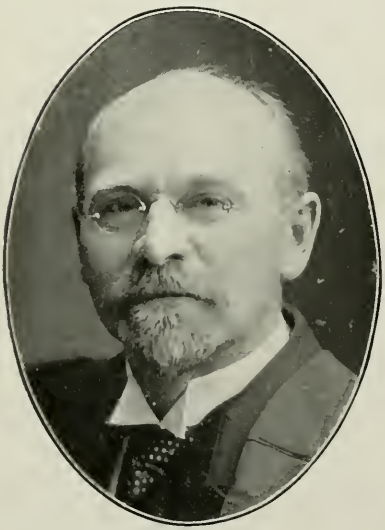
Lecturer in History and Assistant in Greek.

W. H. McNairn, M.A.

Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy.

Bernard Franzen-Swedelius, Ph.D.

Lecturer in French.



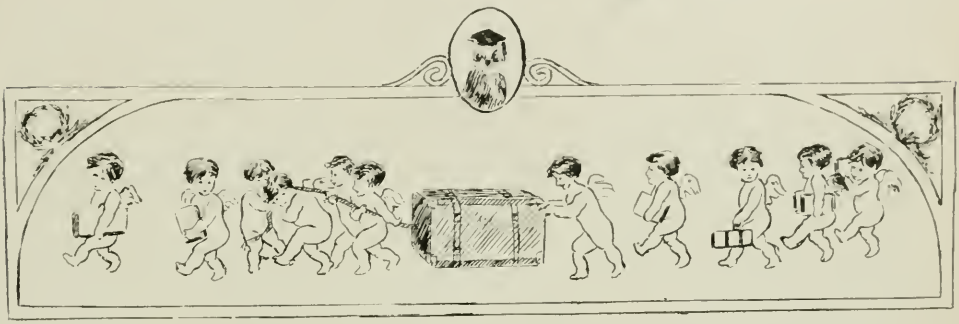
Paul Wilhelm Mueller, B.A.

Lecturer in German, for Session 1910-11.

Elven John Bengough, B.A.

Registrar.

The
McMaster University Monthly
Graduation Number, 1911
VOL. XX. TORONTO, MAY, 1911 NO. 8



History of Year Eleven

From the four corners of the earth we came by the surest means of conveyance that would bring us to McMaster's learned halls in September, 1907. We were the future illustrious members of Year '11. With bated breath and trembling hearts, but with an outward appearance of calm, we found our way down the long hall to the chapel, where we were made to feel the seriousness and importance of this new career of college life on which we were entering. With a true appreciation of our privileges as college students, the members of Onety-one set out on the thorny road to knowledge. Alas, how thorny it was only a freshman can know! With a meekness and humility of spirit really wonderful to behold, we submitted to untold tortures and cruelties. In the dead of night the freshmen were rudely awakened from their dreams of home and asked to sing or speak for the amusement of an enthusiastic audience, who devoted the time to impress upon them the McMaster colors, green and black. The poor little freshettes carried the seniors' heavy lunch baskets along the Lambton Road and when they reached a river side were rewarded for their efforts by being made to go through a circus parade on the bank. But why should we further make known these dark deeds? Our gentle natures shrink from thus relating the unkindness of our fellow creatures.

On October 2nd Year '11 met in one of the classrooms of the Science Building to organize itself into a Class, thinking that this act might increase its importance in the eyes of the other members of the Student Body. After much thought and discussion the following officers were elected: Honorary President, Professor McLay;

President, R. J. Gould; Vice-President, Miss Ruth Denovan; Secretary-Treasurer, Leon McCrimmon. Representatives were also appointed to the University societies, the captains of athletic teams were elected, and the numerous other offices of the Class duly filled.

Having completed the rather arduous task of organization we felt equal to all emergencies. The emergency was not long in com-

ing—whether being prepared had anything to do with its haste or not we cannot say. The very next morning we were told that Field Day would take place in one week. That seemed a very commonplace event, but gentle whispers reached our ears as to the fate of him who was unfortunate enough to be a freshman on that day. There was nothing to do but face the situation, and when the time came we were well prepared with banner, yell and suitable apparel. The usual events took place, but they were not very keenly watched by us. We were mustering all our forces for the coming onslaught, the "freshmen hustle." But when the crucial moment seemed to have come, instead of any sounds of warfare there was heard the announcement that the sophomores would entertain the freshman class at 8.30 that evening in the dining room. We had evidently made an impression at last. Three cheers for Onety-one! Was it the banner, the yell, or the apparel that had achieved the honor? The sophomores banqueted us most royally, nor did we murmur when they took our freshmen companions away from us and inflicted themselves upon us.

With keen delight we looked forward to that great and austere occasion, known as Founder's Night. In solemn conclave we talked and planned for weeks beforehand. Our room was a miniature of the forest primeval in its wealth of cedar boughs, and we wonderingly admired it. Some of our fellow-students were unkind enough to make disparaging remarks on our cosy-corners. They complained that it required a step-ladder to reach them. We ask why they did not instruct us in this branch of college life in which they were more learned than we?

Rugby and association football absorbed the attention of the athletes until Christmas. What delightful visions does that word conjure up of monster turkeys, steaming puddings, hot mince pies

and toothsome dainties of the jolly festival. But alas! poor freshmen that we were, we had not yet learned by painful experience that Christmas made for other things. Our days were spent with sines and cosines, and at night St. Nicholas and Mr. Horace got hopelessly entangled. In Horace we read of big walking canes, oranges

and candy sheep, while St. Nicholas slipped a book of poetry, Latin Odes, into our stocking. Two weeks of such delightful feelings and all the terror of examinations lay behind us. Before, stretched wide fields of ice and snow. We rested from our intellectual tasks and skated, played hockey and, best of all, had a sleigh drive. These were our palmy days. Nothing less than the largest van in the city, drawn by six horses, would please us, and in great state we drove through the land, evoking admiration from all onlookers. The remainder of this pleasant evening was spent at the home of Miss O'Hara.

Having become college "undergrads." we felt the importance of cultivating our mental powers. It was not in the field of athletics, but in that of debating we showed what we could do. Though mere freshmen our eloquence was more convincing than that of any other Year, and when Messrs. Newton and Gould defeated the seniors, we gained for ourselves the debating championship.

It was not long before we realized that our first year of college life was over. It had been an epoch-making year in our lives. We had worked and played and formed fast friendships, but above all we had learned to appreciate the value of honest effort and went forth resolved to do greater things in the future.

For five short months we separated, but when the autumn leaves began to fall we gladly turned our footsteps toward our Alma Mater. It was a pleasure to be back again and welcome the newcomers, but a sorrow to see that some had not returned.

Once more we gave the guidance of our life into the hands of an able executive. Professor McCrimmon was chosen to fill the place of Honorary President; W. Ramage was elected to the arduous position of President; and Miss Bessie Arkell to that of Vice-President. It was urged upon us that our first duty to the College was to take the freshmen in hand. When Field Day came around, notwithstanding the noble example set us by Year '10, we decided that "hustled first and banqueted after" would be the ideal way to civilize the freshmen. And that is the way we did it.

Having performed this urgent task we gave ourselves up to a round of gaiety. On a frosty night in January we met at the home of Professor McCrimmon. The hours slipped away all too swiftly, while sturdy sophomores were instructed in the useful art of trimming hats. Then came the long walk home, for it was the wee small hours and the cars had ceased to run. This year we certainly invented something new in the line of decoration. The morning

of Founder's Night saw a curious and wondering audience outside our Year room vainly trying to ascertain the meaning of the bundles of straw that lay strewn about. But in the evening admiration was not lacking for the pretty room that had emerged from that same pile of hay.

We gladly placed our talents at the disposal of the Literary Society. Misses Kellock, Murray, Montgomery and Jackson have added greatly to the success of the programmes, while Mr. Newton

has sung not only at literary meetings, but also at the annual literary banquets.

When we gathered as "Jolly Juniors" in the fall of '09, we found that we were reduced to the rather startling number of twenty-three. But what we lacked in quantity we more than made up in quality, for had we not the largest number of girls in the School! Before the year was out we could boast of fifteen co-eds and seventeen Lochinvars. Class parties gave us no trouble. There were no disappointed late-comers. Every laddie had his lass and things went beautifully.

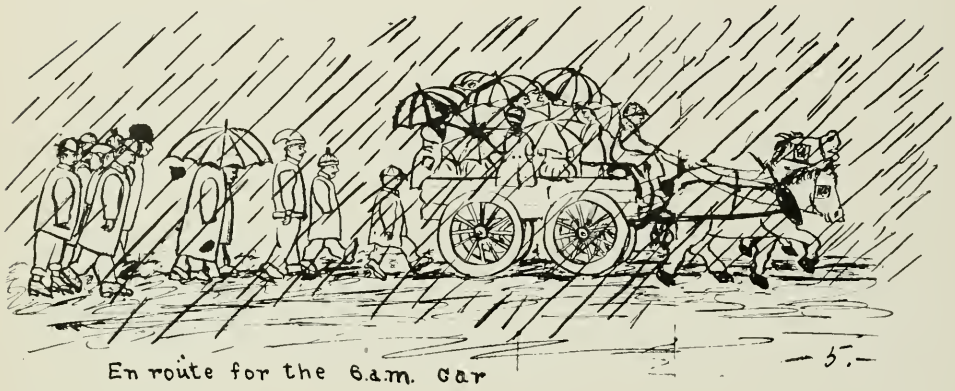
This year not only had several of our members failed to return, but there were many changes in the faculty. Our popular history lecturer, Dr. Oliver, had accepted an appointment on the staff of the University of Saskatchewan. We regretfully saw him leave us, but welcomed Mr. Wallace in his place. Mr. A. W. Pratt came as our new lecturer in French and Mr. W. H. McNairn as lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy.

The appellation "Jolly" having been thrust upon us, we endeavored to live up to it. With Professor Glenn Campbell for Honorary President; Mr. V. E. Gray, President; and Miss Sadie Iveson for Vice, the prospects for a happy and successful year seemed bright. To begin with, we felt a longing for the '09 debating cup and chose Messrs. F. W. Waters and V. E. Gray to uphold the honor of our Year. Our confidence was certainly not misplaced, for they successfully defeated their opponents. Then Messrs. E. D. Gray and F. H. Jeffery came together with Theology in the final struggle for the cup. With skill and eloquence they overcame the arguments of the Theologues and for the second time in our history we carried off the championship in inter-year debating.

While Messrs. Cook and Peary were on their famous dash for the pole, the Juniors were kept in constant communication with them and learned the minutest details of their experience. In our eyes it seemed only just that we should give the world the benefit of our first-hand information, and when Founder's Night came around, we displayed a correct representation of the pole itself. The pole stood straight and upright in the centre of the room, with icebergs and snow surrounding it and the northern lights shedding a mellow and everchanging color on the deserted scene. The respective huts of Messrs. Cook and Peary were quite distinct in the foreground, and from the door of one emerged the feet of Mr. Cook. He was enjoying a most needed rest after his strenuous efforts. Mr. Peary himself called upon the Juniors and assured them that their representation was faultless.

Although we had reached our third year, the memory of our freshmen sleigh ride was still green, and we longed to be freshmen

just for one night. When Miss Moore sent us an invitation to her summer home at Lorne Park, Year '11 promptly hired a van and set forth. We had a splendid time—as only the participants can tell. After a delicious oyster supper we played games to our hearts' content. Musical chairs was the favorite and from that time dates



Mr. E. D. Gray's famous whistling orchestra. We reached home in time for lectures the following day.

On February the fourteenth, the Juniors were out for another frolic. This time it was an old-fashioned valentine party at the home of Miss Gladys Jackson. Our costumes were wonderful to behold,

as the gallant men of Onety-one can testify. With true old-time games and delicious supper, we passed one of the most enjoyable evenings in our history.

The one remaining duty of our Junior year we performed with our best grace. We gave the annual dinner to the graduating classes and sent them from us with our hearty good wishes.

As September came around once more it was with mingled feelings that the members of Year '11 returned to the College halls. It seemed impossible to realize that we had come to our last college year. Could it be three whole years since we had first come together? How very quickly they had gone! But we realized that there was no time for mere indulgence in reminiscences. The responsibilities of our new position bade us to be up and doing. We appointed Chancellor McKay as our Honorary President; Mr. Affleck, President; and Miss Madeline Young, Vice, with Mr. Bennett as Secretary to keep track of the various doings in Class meetings, we hopefully set out on the last stretch for that much-coveted treasure, a B.A. degree. Even at this late date we could welcome some new members. Varsity had contributed three and McGill, B.C., one.

This year we planned to do great things and we did them, but to celebrate our seniority we first had a picnic. The eighth of October proved a glorious day, and with frying-pan, corn-popper and coffee-pot, we took the car for Scarboro Bluffs. Once there we descended the bluffs and had our pictures taken, then climbed up again, a more difficult undertaking, and soon had a fire burning merrily. Everyone participated in not only the preparation, but also the eating of such delicious things as pork and beans, weiners and marshmallows. When the fire died down we sat around it and sang our college songs, and it was only the gathering dusk that turned our footsteps homeward.

Work followed in real earnest. One of Onety-one's cleverest members, Mr. F. W. Waters, and Mr. Strachan, of Theology, succesfully debated against University College and won for McMaster her thirteenth consecutive victory in the field of inter-college debate. Nor does Mr. Waters only debate. He has represented the Year on The Monthly Board both as Editor of Athletics for the year '09-'10 and as Managing Editor for '10-'11. As yet Year '11 had not shown that athletics was her forte, but when Field Day came around once more, surprises were in store for the other Years. We succeeded in scoring thirty-six points, Mr. F. J. Halbhaus winning both the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal as well as breaking several College records. Hope ran high for the Matthews' Cup, but notwithstanding the fact that we stood second at the end of the rugby season, losses huddled heavily on our backs and our hopes were blighted.

In the inter-year debates Messrs. V. W. Price and E. T. Newton won the first of the series for Onety-one, but when the final

took place we remembered our freshmen days, and following '08's generous example to us, yielded the palm to the freshmen. We were also called upon to provide an opponent for the semi-final inter-college debate. Mr. V. E. Gray, '11, and Mr. T. Wearing, B.A., '09, responded to the call to do service for their Alma Mater, and both in style and matter defeated the redoubtable men of Knox.

This year a new and important organization in the College life has begun. Owing to the increase in women students it seemed advisable to form the co-eds into a student body with a representative head. Miss Ada Menhennick is the first girl to fill this position. Not only has she made this a success, but with great skill has edited the Woman's Department of The Monthly.

Founder's Night passed and examinations were safely over when we began to think of the Literary Banquet. With Mr. E. D. Gray as President of the Literary Society and Miss Gertrude Pratt as Second Vice, it could not be other than a success. Year '11 was justly proud of her members. Mr. Gray proved himself a most competent toastmaster, while Mr. V. W. Price, in proposing the toast to the ladies, gave one of the cleverest speeches ever heard in the College. Miss Pratt literally covered herself with glory by her witty reply.

After these strenuous months, our Vice-President, Miss Young, thought we all needed a little relaxation and planned a skating party for us. This, we are afraid, must be our last frivolity, for time is quickly passing and the end of our college days draws near.

For four short, happy years we have been together as a Class. Now, as we go forth to fill our various spheres in life, we take with us helpful lessons learned by our contact one with another. Our hope is that whatever may be our sphere of usefulness, we will ever be loyal sons and daughters of our Alma Mater and worthy to be called members of Onety-one, McMaster.

RUTH DENOVAN.

Roll Call of Year '11

A is for Anno Domini
Nineteen Eleven
A great year by Jiminy!
When Bs we were given.
For Archie AA Fleck
Our year's hoped president
For Miss Arkell & Anderson
Whose virtues are evident.

B is for Batchelor this time a
young lady,
And for Bennet who's dunned
for ladies already
C for Miss Chidley the maid
from Newmarket
D for the present Miss
Denovon; mark it
For Dodge and Miss
Davis a cute decorator
Then E is for Evan
Gray

F is our Al debater
who for Fockler
preachs with
might

Then G is ~ ~ ~ My Gee Whizz!
Yes! G is for Dwight

G stands for Gilmore
And H is for Halbhaus
Our sprinter who goes
At a rate just tremendous.

I for Miss Iveson her
Charms entertaining
J is for Jefferey for a
Doctor he's training.
K for Miss Kellock who sings,
And of course
L is for Leon
Who kicks
Like a horse

M for Memmenich
The ladies fair
Editor
And Miss Murray
Whose playing will never discredit
Her
With Matthews and Male
We' keep fresh in our memory
Misses McGill and McKeen
McLean and
Montgomery
Their virtues too many to
Give in this summary.

N is for Newton in song
For renowned
O means O'Brien for
Why she is known

P for Miss Pratt the Lit's gifted Vice
And the Toaster of Ladies the brilliant VanPrice
Then R is for Reddie and manager Ramage
Whose hand guides the Monthly and guards it from damage

S is for Steinhoff name to be altar-ed
And dab artist Smith
Art complet ely
He's slaughtered
T is for Twiss who is thinking of teaching

And Tedford of the Comeg
Ere long we'll be preaching
W for Wilson or otherwise Shakespeare
And Waters, for scholarship scarce was a competer
For Wood and Miss Whetstaff
And now ends our song
With Y for a Lady
Will'll not always be Young

H. D. Smith '11

" . . . . . those, who, after long
And weary expectation, have been blest
With sudden happiness beyond all hope.'

—*Wordsworth.*

Archibald Albert Affleck.

"Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man."

Archie cautiously entered this life some years ago in the County of Renfrew, within sound of the River Ottawa. Almost immediately he began to speak Latin and Greek. After following the plow and chopping trees for a number of years, during which time he received his primary and secondary education, Archie decided that he was not appreciated in the east and so he came west to Woodstock College. While there his assiduity was rewarded by high standing in all subjects and the Robertson Scholarship in English. He entered McMaster University in the fall of '07. During his first two years he was an unknown quantity, owing to his retiring disposition. As a Junior, however, the students recognized his worth and this year he has occupied the honorable positions of President of the Fourth Year, First Vice-Kakiak and Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. The Scholarship in Classics barely escaped him in his second year, but in his third year his efforts were rewarded. After seven years of college life with a number of his classmates the general verdict is that the longer you know him the better you like him.

Ambition: To settle down.
Failing: Fondness for class-meetings.
Pet phrase: "Now, we don't want to rush this thing through."

John Ernest Anderson.

"Or gang ye East, or gang ye West,
Ye'll ne'er find a lad like Earnie."

Ernie, so well known to his classmates of McMaster, emanated from Lindsay. He started his scholastic career in the schools there, then began to labor in the School of Practical Science, and finally brought up at McMaster in the fall of 1907. He has the Scotch gift of logic, abundance of wit, exceptional abilities as a debater and withal is a good fellow in every sense of the word. Ernie's versatility and skill were shown not only in clever after-dinner speeches and debates but also by his executive powers as President of the Debating Society. We need scarcely add that he can study hard on occasion and make others toil, as is seen from his reputation as a Woodstock master. Best of all, he is no misogynist. Law is to be his chosen profession, and the Supreme Court his ultimate goal. Scotch canniness, coupled with Ernie's talents, are sure to make his career a success.

Ambition: To go east.
Failing: "Feeds."
Pet phrase: "Shucks."

Bessie Matilda Arkell.

"The good stars met in your horoscope
Made you of spirit, fire and dew."

At the tender age of three, this maiden with the snapping black eyes and convincing air alarmed her relations in Teeswater by propounding the most stupendous problems of philosophy and doctrine. Nature-reared, taught her facile flow of language from the music of birds and brooks, she soon outgrew the public school and attended Walkerton High School with others of McMaster's brightest and best. After a successful year's teaching in Mildmay, she followed the footsteps of her illustrious brother, and came to McMaster. Joining Year '11, she helped to carry the yellow banner as Vice-President in her sophomore year. Bessie has identified herself with all the interests and activities of the College. The Y. W. especially has found in her an invaluable member, and all the little Jacobs and Rebeccas of the Jewish Mission have learned to love her. We predict for Bessie's future signal success, as she follows duly the prescription: One-half hour of Nature's Sweet Restorer, daily, after meals

Ambition: To teach the Word's worth to the heathen.
Failing: Sleeping in.
Pet phrase: "Drat it!"

Edna Grace Batchelor.

"She's pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant to think on."

She came from the City of Brantford,
Came down to the old U. C.
She took the gown and mortar board
And the Moderns specialty.
But one day as she passed McMaster
And gazed on our vine-clad wall,
She vowed it would mean disaster
If she couldn't come there in the fall.
So she came to us next November
And paid in her little fee
And became a loyal member
Of our University.
In the "Merchant of Venice" this season
As "Bassanio" she charmed us all
And we're glad that she found a reason
To come to McMaster Hall.

Ambition: Judges' favorite for Nov., 1915.
Failing: Skipping lectures.
Pet phrase: "Oh, joy!"

Roy F. Bennett.

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow nature had written —Gentleman."

Roy F. Bennett enjoyed the distinction of first seeing the rays of Phœbus on Christmas Day, 1890, near Oshawa, Ont. His auspicious birth, together with his early aspirations for knowledge in the public school at Harmony, paved the way for the rapidly-succeeding triumphs which have marked his youthful career. After obtaining his Junior Teachers' and Senior Matriculation Certificates from the Oshawa High School in 1907-8, Roy bethought himself of a University education and wisely concluded to enter McMaster. Roy never was a freshman; he deemed it wiser to join Year '11's ranks as a sophomore. He served his Year efficiently in rugby and hockey; he aroused the confidence of his classmates in his position as Secretary-Treasurer in his final year; he proved himself equally capable in solving the problems of Mathematics and Physics, in which he specialized. Roy has thus "made good" and we can safely predict for him a brilliant future.

Ambition: Professor of Physics.
Failing: Mathematics.
Pet phrase: "La petite chose!"

Edith S. Chidley.

"And true she is,
As she has proved herself."

"You don't know 'Willie'?" "'Willie' who?" "Why 'William' in 'As You Like It,' and the head of the household of 'Billy and Hannah.' Yes, I thought you knew him, *her* I mean." "Willie" is distinguished for three things: He (Oh dear!), she, talked before she walked (and has never left off); she never was known to be cross, and she can teach, though as beseemeth "William" she is modest of her ability. "Willie" made his, no, *her*, bow, as William should, in the country, in Salem, Ont. Being a minister's daughter, she has moved about considerably, living in Keswick, Ont.; Standfordville, N.Y.; Newmarket, Ont.; Randolph, Vt., and Oshawa, Ont., where she attended high school. She entered McMaster with the Class of '11, and preferring to know how to conjugate *parler* rather than *amo* turned to moderns and history. Edith will not graduate with her Class on account of illness in her final year, but Class '11 will always consider her a member.

Ambition: To drive a limousine car.
Failing: "Her studie was but litel on the Bible."
Pet phrase: "A(h)men!"

Etta Davis.

"What I will, I will, and there an end."

Etta first appeared among the inhabitants of this planet in the town of Hensall, and there she will always be found, according to her own statements. Even at the early age of five years her enquiring mind could no longer be satisfied in the domestic realm, and she became one of the brightest scholars in the public school of her home town. Having exhausted the well of knowledge there, she wandered on to Clinton and then to Exeter Collegiate. Matriculating from the latter, she became a popular freshette at University College and was initiated in the mysteries of the Sigma Beta Pi sorority. The Fates had decreed, however, that she should become a graduate of McMaster, and, therefore, in October, 1910, she joined the Class of '11. What further the Fates have in store for this dark-eyed maiden is not for us to say.

Ambition: To pass.
Failing: The Princess.
Pet phrase: "Come and help me with this Latin."

Ruth Denovan.

"A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

At Toronto, in Ontario, a little baby lay,
And she was very winsome and smiling all the day.
Signs of a Co-Ed to be,
Even then her friends could see.
To McMaster, in Toronto, there came, o'er books to pore,
A maiden fresh from Moulton, with her prizes by the score.
Vice of Year '11 was she—
A fairer maid, you rarely see.
At 16 Selby Street you'll find the maiden of this rhyme,
And often in her happy home we've met for a good time.
Ruth's a student through and through,
Yet there's little else that she can't do.
Helping Year '11, at learning to keep house,
At playing for our big Lit., at cutting out a blouse.
Future what has it to bring?
See the diamond in the ring!

Ambition: To be neat.
Failing: Firsts.
Pet phrase: "I must hurry home and see if there's a letter."

Robert Dwight Dodge.

"To drawen folk to heven by fairness,
By good ensample, this was his bisynesse."

Robert Dwight Dodge was born in the village of Brouseville, near Cardinal, Ont. He received his public school education at Mainsville, and afterwards attended the collegiate at Iroquois. From there he came to McMaster, entering with Year '11. During his course he has formed many friendships. In manner he is somewhat reserved. He has done good work on the inter-year hockey team, and has always been an ardent supporter of his Year and his Alma Mater whenever an athletic contest has been held. His favorite study is theology, and he intends to come back to McMaster next year to take special work in that line. We predict for him a bright future in that pursuit.

Ambition: To establish the doctrines of the Church.
Failing: "Girls, girls, girls."
Pet phrase: "Brethren and sisters."

Charles Edmund Fockler.

"C. E." spent his boyhood days on the farm, and in imbibing his elementary knowledge of the "three R's" in the old schoolhouse of the romantic little village of Bloomington, which is situated about thirty miles northeast of the city of Toronto. In further search after education he spent a few years in attendance at Markham High School, from which he matriculated, and then journeyed to the "Limestone" City, where two years were spent in Queen's University. For a few years his time was occupied with preaching and pastoral work, and, lastly, in a final attempt to grasp the essentials, he decided to join Class '11 in McMaster as a necessary step in the preparation for his life work.

Ambition: To be a minister.
Failing: His hair.
Pet phrase: "No, my name is not 'Faulkner'."

Ross Earlby Gilmore.

"A man of mark."

Spring Brook farm, they say, is the place where he began his career and spent a few idle years playing football and shinny, building doghouses and roaming the woods testing the incense properties of dried mullen leaves. A public school course at Ringwood, Junior Matriculation, Part II. Junior Teachers', and a year at Senior Matric. work at Markham High School, where he excelled as an explosion artist and caused his master to understand the emotions of a proud father's heart, all gave him an incentive to higher learning. He entered McMaster with Year '10, where the office of Class Bard revealed his æsthetic self and soccer his athletic powers. On account of a long illness last spring he was forced to postpone his graduation until this year. The upper regions of Science Hall have been his favorite resort. Next year he will return for post-graduate work in Chemistry, after which he will pursue a thorough examination of the unknown initialed Ph.D. His quiet determination will make him successful and his cheerful disposition in all circumstances will win him many friends.

Ambition: To be a chemist.
Failing: Likenesses.
Pet phrase: "Holy Cats!"

Edwin Dwight L'Allemand Gray.

"Although in infancy a little wild,
They tuned him down amongst them."

Dwight is justly proud of his birthplace, for it was at Eden he first saw light. After seven years of Paradise, Dwight removed his family to Woodstock, where, in the intervals of cultivating the acquaintance of the truant officer, he made a cursory study of the public school system. In 1900 he entered Woodstock College and during the next four years, under "D. K.'s" careful guidance, became most proficient in the fine arts of "knocking." Graduating in '04, Dwight re-entered "the Garden" and for the next three years devoted his spare time to pure-bred cattle and fast horses. However, the lure of "Old Mac Mac" proved too strong; so, shedding his jeans and bidding farewell to the hired man, he joined '11. After two years of Mathematics and Physics, he transferred to Economics, Physics and Chemistry—a course rather popular of late. Dwight has taken a keen interest in all spheres of college life; he has been an ardent conserver of student traditions and institutions. We foresee for him a brilliant career, whether it be building a new transcontinental railway or reforming the sociological status of a nation.

Victor Evan Gray.

"I must to the barber's; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face."

He is not such a surprise when you know his birthplace was the Garden of Eden. Being driven out of here —in a buggy—Evan spent the next seven years of his life at Brantford. When fourteen V. E. had secured his Senior Matriculation from Woodstock Collegiate and in the fall of 1907 he became a McMaster freshman. Here, by his clear insight, executive ability, power of expression and general popularity, Evan has made his influence felt in every department of college life. That his activities have been varied and his course a strenuous one, witness the following: President of Year '11 as juniors, President of the Athletic Association, winning inter-college debater, Class Orator, member of the first hockey team, Editor of "Around the Hall" in The Monthly, and last, but by no means least, "*black*-listed" at Moulton. As a scholar Evan has had a brilliant record, winning in his second year the scholarship in Mathematics and Physics, and this year the Robertson Memorial Scholarship in Social Science and a Scholarship at Chicago University, where he will pursue post-graduate work next year. He intends to train for the Bar.

Ambition: Prime Minister of Canada.

Failing: Fondness for Black.

Pet phrase: "Now, what's the joke?"

Sadie E. Iveson.

"And true she is,
As she has proved herself."

Now, Sadie I. was from Metcalfe town, where the cool east breezes blow,
But she left her home in the east, you see, to McMaster Hall to go.
She was always gay, and her happy way many friends for Sadie caught,
Though she'd often say, in her own frank way, just exactly what she thought.
On a winter day, you could always say, Sadie'll be off for a skate,
Though 'twas bitter cold, 'twas always told how she kept the rink till late.
In our Junior Year, it was very clear, Sadie'd make a splendid Vice.
For our Women's Lit, she wrote minutes fit, to the "Y" gave good advice.
In our College "Y" we made Sadie I. holder of our swelling purse.
And all she's done or in work or fun, it is hard to put in verse.
She was always bright and her step was light, she was loved by every one,
And the students all, in the coming fall, will grieve her course is done.

Ambition: Canadian tennis champion.
Failing: Frankness.
Pet phrase: "Oh, laws!"

Frederick Herbert Jeffery.

"Prattle fantastically on disease,
Its cause and cure."

Jeff first began to blaze out his trail on a farm near London, Ont. He continued it through the schools of London to the end of his second year in the Collegiate Institute, through the Forest City Business College, and in 1901 entered the roadmaster's office of the C.P.R. in that city. His trail then follows the C.P.R. through the freight offices of Owen Sound and Fort William and in the fall of '06 runs off into that which Class '07 of Woodstock College is blazing. The following fall it enters McMaster. At McMaster Jeff has studied Science as his "special," and called often on his brother. He is a champion inter-year debater, and in his final year edited the "Our Graduates" department of The Monthly. As a student Fred is a faithful, conscientious worker, and as a man he has gained an enviable reputation among his fellows. This fall he will commence a medical course.

Ambition: To revolutionize medical science.
Failing: Fondness for German.
Pet phrase: "Come into the garden, ——."

Evelyn Kellock.

"Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein."

It was a grief to a certain small girl in Perth that she could not have birthday parties on the lawn in November. However, such a catastrophe was not allowed to cloud the sunshine she spread through her public and high school life. During the latter, Evelyn played on the championship basketball team and took a hundred on a paper on the "Merchant of Venice." After junior matric. came a tour of the eastern cities. On the elevated summit of Mount Royal Evelyn was inspired with a desire to expand her life and rise to intellectual heights. At once she decided to come to McMaster. This maid in hair-ribbons moved her family to Toronto and was greeted in the College with, "Is that child coming *here?*" In a three-and-a-half-year course, Evelyn took all firsts in her second year, was Vice-President of the W. L. S. in her third, and finally showed remarkable capacity as its President, to witness, the success of a reception, Mrs. McClung's recital, and the "Merchant of Venice." Yet there was always time to keep up the sunshine and to skate. This summer will find Evelyn on the prairie, training the young idea and preparing her M.A. in English.

Ambition: Deaconess in Shacktown.

Failing: Afternoon tea.

Pet phrase: "Don't wake me up, I'm dreaming."

Leon Ross McCrimmon.

"Who knows nothing base,
Fears nothing known."—*Owen Meredith.*

Leon was first introduced to the world at Port Royal, Ont., but early in life migrated to Woodstock. Here he obtained his public school training and then entered Woodstock College, matriculating in the spring of '07 and at the same time completing the English scientific course. In the fall of '07 he entered McMaster. A love for the pigskin was developed on Woodstock College campus, and in Toronto he has made himself known as the famous punting halfback of McMaster University. He has been twice captain of the first rugby team and has always taken a prominent place on the different teams of the Year in inter-year contests. As a freshman he won first place in the high jump. His special was Science, in which course he won the Shenstone Scholarship. As a sophomore he was Secretary-Treasurer of his Year and in his last year was Vice-President of the Athletic Association. He intends to teach.

Ambition: Professor of Chemistry.

Failing: Long-punts.

Pet phrase: "There's some class to that."

Georgina McGill.

Seven years she grew in sun and shower,
Then wisdom said, "A richer dower
Is waiting here for you.
To the rural schoolhouse you shall go,
And listen well, and I will show
You all things strange and new."

This Georgie did. But nature soon
For some years claimed her as her own,
This gentle dairymaid.
Then she to Guelph Collegiate went;
On gaining knowledge was intent—
A prize her toil repaid.

Next came she to McMaster Hall,
Where she has won the love of all:
Steadfast and true is she.
And hers are also Wisdom's fruits,
Old English, Greek and Latin roots,
As well as History.

Thus reads the record. The work is done.
Parchments and hood by her are won.

Ambition: To teach the heathen to make butter.
Failing: Inability to stroll.
Pet phrase: "I'll bet a cent."

Mabel Helen McKeen.

"You are the drollest thing alive."

"Oh, who is the new Seniorette?" "Mabel McKeen, from Vancouver—she has taken the rest of her course in McGill University, B.C." It seems hardly possible that these remarks were being constantly passed only last fall, for in the brief space of one term Mabel has won for herself a place in the hearts of all. In McGill she had taken an active part in every phase of college life, and especially in athletics, where she was President of the Ladies' Athletic Association, and also a member of all the teams. In McMaster, she has manifested the same interest in every society, and no one who has attended the inter-year games can doubt her interest in sports. As to her scholastic attainments, what need to mention these! Mabel hears naught but the voice of the West, and so, in obedience to that voice, she strenuously urges, "Come West, young man, come West."

Ambition: Principal of a Ladies' Boarding School.
Failing: "The Red Book" and Coles' peppermints.
Pet phrase: "Mrs. ——, I'm going to leave at the end of the week."

Eldred Leola MacLean.

"Much may be made of a Scotch lassie if she is caught young."

"Yes, that's right," the other half of the household of "Billy and Hannah"—the inseparables. As she aspired to teach, the subject of this sketch was born in Oshawa, where there is a good high school. This is an early example of the foresight that distinguishes Eldred. Her pedagogical and her intellectual bent were manifested in that she cut seven teeth (not all wisdom) before she was six months old, and topped the list at her Entrance examination. You simply couldn't keep Eldred from school; so when her native place had nothing else to offer, McMaster proved the magnet to draw her. Like her inseparable (the aforesaid "Billy"), she took both Modern Languages and History, and has proved herself a successful student. On her graduation she purposes going West to teach the natives how to talk German, and make love in French.

Ambition: To gain a man(sion) in the skies.
Failing: Stubbornness.
Pet phrase: "I dunno!"

William Harold Vale.

"And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand."

Harold arrived on the thirteenth of November, 1889. He says that he was received by the Mayor, the Corporation and the McMaster Brass Band; but of this there is no authentic record. At the mature age of 18 months, he became convinced of the iniquitous policy of the Liberal Party, and became a staunch supporter of Sir John A. Macdonald. After passing through various intermediate stages of scholastic activity, he at length registered at Harbord Collegiate. While there he was an active member of the Rifle Association and of the Cadets, and in his final year he was Lieutenant of the Senior Cadet Co. At present he works off his military proclivities as a Scoutmaster of a Boy Scout Troop. Upon his graduation from McMaster, W. H. intends to study law at Osgoode Hall.

Ambition: To be a lawyer.
Failing: Single tax.
Pet phrase: "Do you know anything about this Pol. Economy?"

Herbert Leslie Matthews.

"There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow that is mighty provoking."—*Sheridan.*

Years ago the town of Brockville became aware that it was in need of students for its educational institutions, to satisfy which lack Leslie was presented to this burg by his parents one April morning. After a triumphal march through the public school and collegiate institute, aspirations to something higher entered his mind. He therefore persuaded his parents to migrate with him to the Mountain City by the lake. Here, while doing all in his power to improve the agricultural technique of Canada, he laid the financial foundation for a university training. While attending McMaster, he specialized in English, which qualified him for the position of Bard of his class, but which, however, he did not allow to interfere with his prowess on the rugby field, where he led his year team in their last inter-year contests. Les. purposes leading the public school graduates through the intricacies of advanced education.

Ambition: To take his proper place in society.

Failing: Excuses to the Profs.

Pet phrase: "Where do we begin to-day?"

Ada Wenhennick.

"She is fair, and fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues."

At Ingersoll Ada decided to take up her abode, but, finding it not entirely to her liking, went to Galt, where she remained a number of years, completing there her public school course with honors, standing second in the county at her Entrance examination. There, too, she attended collegiate for a time. Thence she went to Hamilton and later back to Ingersoll, where she wrote for her Honor Matriculation, capturing firsts in everything. After receiving her Model training, she proceeded to put into practice her theory of education, but in due time McMaster stretched forth her hand and beckoned to Ada, who answered the summons and joined that original Year '11. Two terms' work she has done extra-murally. Throughout her course, she has left behind her a long line of firsts. Not only has she shone in her work but also as Editor of the Woman's Department of The Monthly and as President of the Woman's Student Body. Her winning manner and ready sympathy have endeared her to the hearts of all. She has specialized in Moderns, skating and climbing Western strawstacks.

Ambition: To climb to the top of the Singer Building.

Failing: A place for everything and everything in its place.

Pet phrase: "I've an idea."

Mayme J. Montgomery.

"Eyes that say 'You never must,' a nose that says 'Why don't you?' and a mouth that says 'I rather wish you would.'"

Our Mayme was tired of high school, as she paced the collegiate halls;
She was tired of her peaceful home town, and she longed for our College walls.
So her father felt in his pocket and gave her a cheque to go
For the space of four years to Toronto, where her intellect might grow.
Her many friends and companions bade her a fond farewell.
And McMaster men were ready to give her their college yell.
Then at last there came exam. time, a season of weariness.
And she carried off two prizes. In Latin and German? Yes.
And in every single class function and at every rugby game
Our Mayme was always present and cheered, lose or win, just the same.
As Junior she graced our big Lit., and wrote for the Double Eye,
She made us a banner for Field Day, she worked for the College "Y."
And now that her course is ended and she leaves McMaster Hall.
Many are the ones who will miss her at Commencement in the fall.

Ambition: Designer of Home Decorations.

Failing: Chocolates and bows.

Pet phrase: "Oh, capital!"

Gladys Helena Murray.

"She's just a jinkin', bonny, blinkin,'
Hiltie-skiltie lassie yet."

Gladys was born in this city, in Parkdale, a few summers ago. On her first day of school the little maiden tripped along to the Parkdale public school. In a few weeks and months, she found herself in the Parkdale Collegiate Institute, where she soon mastered all she found there. Other members of her family had taken university courses and at McMaster. A university course must Gladys take and at McMaster, too. So one morning nearly four years ago McMaster saw among her new children a merry, active little one, and since then Gladys has pursued her Arts course, specializing in English and History. In music she is particularly gifted and many times has she graciously discoursed sweet music for the enjoyment of McMaster audiences. Gladys, too, has shown her interest in all the academic functions of the School. Her sweet, sunny disposition has won for her her place in the life of the School.

Ambition: To be a great pianist.

Failing: Love for 8.15's.

Pet phrase: "Oh, I think that would be great."

Evan Thomas Newton.

"Whatever skeptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore."

In Liverpool, on a foggy morning in October, this Welshman sang his first tenor solo. Discontented with an island kingdom he came to Canada, and after obtaining a public school education in Toronto he moved to St. Thomas, where the operation of a railroad claimed his attention. Evan's accomplishments in scholastic circles are varied. At Woodstock he won the Senior Athletic Championship and the McLay Prize in Bible. As an aggressive member of Year '11 at McMaster he has also been a loyal supporter of College institutions. The Debating Union claimed him as President, he served the Literary Society as Secretary, and for three years led the College Quartette. Fond of a fight? Yes, he proved it with persuasive words in debate and with naughty limbs on the rugby field. Our friend has specialized in History, Economics and Philosophy, seeking earnestly the secret of life, but some say the Eastern Star points thitherward. He will return next year for M.A. work in Sociology.

Ambition: Avoca—list.
Failing: Breakfast at 8.03.
Pet phrase: "I don't agree with that at all."

Eric R. O'Brien.

"Morning her face is, blue seas her eyes,
All of earth's sweetness in their light lies!"

"Small and indignant to Mother she came—
"Tempestuous and stormy" they say means my name.
"It was appropriate," Mother recalls—
"Lake Erie is given to sudden squalls!"
In Aylmer she swept thro' the public school,
With spasmodic industry learning each rule;
In the A. C. I. she was brilliant they claim,
And straightway a Model pupil became.
O'erburdened with knowledge she started to teach.
(They lowered the boards so the teacher could reach).
Then down to McMaster for Year 'Leven's goal,
Entered a Soph., and answered each roll—
Never skipped lectures, at chapel each day,
Clever indeed—and her part well to play.
With Irish lightheartedness, will be her aim,
And richer all those who her friendship shall claim.

Gertrude Pratt.

"To be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour."

This blithe young lady was born and bred among the derricks of Petrolea, but for the past few years has been at McMaster, a shining example of the fact that those oil-fields can produce brilliance of more kinds than one. Little indeed of the full and varied life college days offer has escaped her. To her class-work she has brought the same appreciative and active interest (almost) as to "Little Vic." on good skating nights. The religious organizations of the School have found in her a sincere and ardent supporter. In "Open Lits." and as holder of Literary and Class offices she has shone, especially as Second Vice-President of the General Lit, as senior, when she responded to the toast to the ladies at the Lit. dinner. Indeed, all phases of college life, social, religious, "industrious," might well join hands with her schoolmates in the affirmation, "She's a jolly good fellow."

Ambition: Teacher of voice-culture to the Hindus.
Failing: Meetings.
Pet phrase: "Let's go and see!"

Vincent Walter Price.

"Oh, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!"—*Romeo and Juliet.*

"Rummy" was born in Kingsley's country, received his secondary education at Meaford High School, and in the fall of 1907 was found settled in Room 16 under the careful tutelage of three revered seniors. Drinking cider with "Deac." Long was responsible for the name "Rummy" that stuck. Everybody liked him. As a musician he has been the *maker* of many a popular song in the Reception Room. He has been Secretary of Committees and Treasurer of the Lit. and Secretary-Treasurer of the Athletic Association. In his fourth year he was a winner in the inter-year debating series, Editor of "Athletics" in The Monthly, toaster of the ladies and an honorary member of Walmer Road Choir. In athletics he figured upon every Year Eleven team and played full back on the rugby team. "Rummy's" time and effort have been demanded by the School in large numbers and have been willingly and effectively given. He intends to study law.

Ambition: Judge of the Supreme Court.
Failing: Popular songs.
Pet phrase: "Now, fellows, there's no use of talking."

William Garfield Ramage.

"What a pagan rascal is this!"

This youth hails from the Ottawa Valley. With many misgivings the guardians of the public school at Clarence and of the collegiate at Vankleek Hill saw him pass beyond their vigilance. In the autumn of '07, after spending a couple of years on the prairie, he returned East to McMaster and enlisted in the ranks of Year '11. His sophomore class chose him as President and at the helm of their barge he proved as efficient as he did at that of the steamer "Victoria." In athletics he represented his Year on the track, in soccer, and in rugby fought with the Kakiak; to The Monthly he rendered excellent service as Advertising Manager and as Business Manager; and in scholastic training he evidenced some interest by carrying off the First Year Scholarship in Mathematics. His greatest *coup,* however, was the annexation of a member of Year Ten.

Ambition: To be a sea-captain.

Failing: Carrie—ing on.

Pet phrase: "What could a fellow do?"

George Readdie.

A native of Markineh, Scotland, G. R. received his early education at the village school, and was prepared for the university at Stewart's College, Edinburgh. A graduate of Edinburgh in '90 he spent the next eighteen months as resident tutor in the Channel Islands, and amid a population speaking a patois resembling the text of the Chanson de Roland he took a new interest in French. On his return to his native heath he took up high school teaching, and has had considerable experience as English and Modern Language master. He has spent numerous summer vacations studying the French and German languages where they are spoken, and was initiated into Reform Methods of Modern Language Teaching at the well-known Tilley Institute, Berlin. He has found his travels in various European countries useful both in teaching and in commerce. Wishing to enter the teaching profession in Canada he has come to McMaster to qualify for specialist standing, and is sorry that he did not sooner come under the genial influence of Canadian university life.

Ambition: Professor of Romance languages at the North Pole.

Failing: White magic.

Pet phrase: "I've a 't-l' for you."

Herbert Dixon Smith.

"True as the needle to the pole,
Or as the dial to the sun."

Smith says he happened on the scene in Staffordshire, England, on the edge of the "Black Country." He endured a private school education until fourteen, when he was set to work in a hardware factor's warehouse. At twenty-two he came to Canada and spent the next three years and a half in taking his weekly wages from the Canada Foundry. But Smith felt he had to preach, and after a course at McMaster received the degree of B.Th., winning a scholarship in English Bible. With his characteristic ambition he joined Year Eleven when juniors in pursuit of a B.A. During his course here, "H. D." has written many of the debating songs which have helped bring victory to McMaster. Besides being a good soccer half back and a member of the Year rugby team, he has been a loyal supporter of the Class in all its activities. To realize that he is endowed with a natural artistic gift one needs only to look at his many character sketches in the present number of The Monthly. "H. D." will be married this summer and is under appointment to sail for India next fall.

Ambition: To be a minister.
Failing: Bursting into verse.
Pet phrase: "A yawn."

Gertrude Steinhoff.

"She should never have looked at me
If she meant I should not love her."

The shade of Homer was lurking around when Gertrude announced to the world that she had come to stay. For a few years she contentedly made mud pies and played with her rag doll, but one day the lust for learning seized her and very soon she had acquired all the knowledge that Simcoe had to offer. Naturally her footsteps then turned toward McMaster, where her father's, twenty years before, had been irresistibly drawn. Here she specialized in Classics, and distinguished herself in various ways—in her third year winning a scholarship in Special Latin, and a special prize in Theology. In her senior year she very ably filled the position of President of the Y. W. C. A. and the society flourished under her care. After graduation she will probably take up Home Mission work in the West.

Ambition: A double course in Household Economy.
Failing: Fondness for the Epistles of John.
Pet phrase: "Bless his dear heart!"

Allan L. Tedford.

"Thou art no Sabbath-drawler of old saws
Distill'd from some worm-canker'd homily."—(*Ex.*)

Ted is a restless soul. His wanderings to and fro in the earth are surprising to a degree. He was born in New Brunswick, but it's so long ago that the grey very generously besprinkles his bushy brown hair. Ted's been a "blue-nose" lumber-jack and a "fish-eating" regular. He knows the taste of the real sauerkraut of Iowa and Massachusetts. McMaster was simply one of the incidents in his travels when he joined "Naughty-Eight" in 1904. Since his early boyhood the wilderness has fascinated our Ted, and in 1907 he was lured away north into the silver belt of the Ontario highlands. There he endeavored to blaze out a safe trail to the higher life for the bushmen and rough fortune-seekers of Cobalt and Haileybury. However, typhoid is no respecter of persons and Ted's next journey was to the Toronto General Hospital; but he pulled through and convalesced while on a jaunt to Nova Scotia, New York and Boston. Ted graduates this spring and is contemplating the jungles of Africa as the scene of his future peregrinations.

Ambition: The girl who makes that cream cheese.

Failing: Working till morning.

Pet phrase: "Plug-hours!"

Dalton L. Twiss.

"He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

Above the whistle of a chill November wind sweeping around a large farm house near Tillsonburg was heard the voice of a little stranger. It was Dalton. Time passed quickly and scarcely had he learned to chase the hens and frighten the calves when he decided to move to Tillsonburg, taking his parents along also. Public and high school work at Tillsonburg, in conjunction with baseball, soccer and music, occupied his waking hours until he felt the call of McMaster and joined Year Ten as a sophomore. After watching the brilliant strides of Year Eleven for two years, Dalton decided to wait a year for us. Since last fall he has acted as Demonstrator in Physics to the Sophomore Year, played rugby and taken special work in Physics. Dalton's keen interest in the Year's welfare, his cheery smile, his musical ability and his sterling character have won him many friends. We wish him success.

Ambition: To teach.

Failing: Has anybody here seen Twiss?

Pet phrase: "That's pretty nice."

Evaline May Wagstaff.

"I stood
Among them, but not of them: in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts."

Came into this weary old world with the tired feeling, from which she has never yet fully recovered. Her early education was received in numerous private schools and the Provincial Model. Later, on entering Parkdale Collegiate, she combined study and pleasure. When it came to real genuine fun Eva could always be depended upon to be there, and to her bright and friendly ways she owed much of her popularity. Matriculating from the Collegiate she entered University of Toronto, where her stellar career rivalled in brilliancy Halley's comet. At the end of her third year, although she had formed a strong attachment for Varsity, she tore herself away and entered McMaster in the autumn of 1910. Compared with her last year at College, her first three years, although holding much of importance, were relatively uneventful. However, Eva is a firm believer in the safety of numbers.

Ambition: To go West.

Failing: Doing nothing and doing it well.

Pet phrase: "Run and see if there is a letter for me."

Frederick William Waters.

"A strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'."—*Tennyson.*

"Bill" first disturbed the waters at Ingersoll. At first he hung pretty well in port, and received his home training, primary and secondary education, and spent one year in business in Ingersoll. In the fall of 1907 he set sail for McMaster and has here braved the storm successfully. His record as a student is an enviable one. He is an athlete, and has always entered heartily into the life of the University and shared the responsibilities of student life. The following is taken from the log of Bill Waters: First year, J. W. Knott Prize in Bible History; second year, Governor-General's Silver Medal and "Rep." to the Y.M.C.A.; third year, Teetzel Prize in Special Philosophy, champion inter-year debater, Editor of "Athletics" in The Monthly, Corresponding Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., and "Rep." to Debating Union; fourth year, first in one-mile race, successful inter-college debater and Managing Editor of The Monthly. He will return next September for theology and hopes in the near future to do service as a foreign missionary.

Ambition: Professor of Philosophy in the University of Pekin.

Failing: Risin' early in the marnin'.

Pet phrase: "Let's go down to the 'Y.'"

Alexander Wordsworth Wilson.

"Hold; arrant knave, know'st thou aught of the athletic paper?"
—*Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing."*

"Shakespeare" Wilson, or "Shake," as he is familiarly known, was born with an all-compelling determination to secure a university education that no circumstances could balk. He chose McMaster because of its residence and curriculum, and Sherbourne Street Methodist Church because of its choir. He joined Year 'Eleven in its sophomore year and soon became one of its most valued members —the life of many a movement and the mover of many a motion. In athletics, he played upon the Year's soccer, rugby and hockey teams, and the School soccer and second rugby teams. In his fourth year he was Business Manager of the Athletic Association and won his athletic emblem. His record includes a scholarship in Special Political Economy, appointments as inter-year debater and reporter on The Monthly staff, and a prominent position in the Delta Society.

Ambition: To beat "the game."

Failing: For Victoria.

Pet phrase: "Professor, may I ask—."

Madeline Claire Young.

"Whence that three-cornered smile of bliss,
Three angels gave her at once a kiss."

There's a story told in Trenton of how on a starlit night,
Sliding down upon a moonbeam, came an elfish little sprite,
Soon as ever she had landed, gazed about with eyes so keen,
Dancing up to James P. Young, she said, "Sir, I'm Madeline."
Soon, oh, how soon! she grew weary of the quiet little town.
Gazing sadly all around her, with her face knit in a frown,
Her fond parents watching fancied that she surely must be ill,
But all that the dear child wanted was to go to old Belleville.
Here she early went to day school, all her lessons learned with ease,
Then she hied her to McMaster, a bunch of I's with joy to seize.
Her ready fingers stories write as clever as can be
And pouring over "Service" she sits smiling blissfully.
As the years roll quickly forward, see her gaily flaunting red,
And in inter-year debating her classmates on to victory led.
Here by virtue of her wisdom she was chosen for our "Vice."
And as such proved most efficient, planning all things in a trice.

Ambition: To be an authoress.

Failing: Mice.

Pet phrase: "Wait for me, girls!"

A Trip to the Land of To-Morrow.

Scenes Serious and Frivolous from the Lives of the Great and the Near-Great.

"Come Josephine in my Flying Machine,
Going up, she goes."—Popular Song of 1911.

It was the 11th day of May, 1911, a warm, sunshiny spring day, a day in which dreams are born and grow miraculously into realities. I stood at Weston gazing wonderingly at the air-ships flying above me. I was lost to the world about me and seeing in fancy into the future, when flying would be common to all. Suddenly I turned at a touch on my arm and saw an old friend and well-known aviator standing beside me.

"Have you ever been up in an aeroplane?" he asked.

"No," I confessed.

"Well, come, jump into mine and we'll take a trip into the Land of To-morrow. We'll look in and see the graduates of 1911, your friends who won the ermine last night."

I stepped in half fearfully and away we flew up through the bright spring air. One by one the years flew by; but it was not until a mile post with 1920 on it was passed that I began to take interest in the world so far beneath. Way down below, I saw the

broad Canadian prairies dotted with growing towns and cities. The aeroplane dipped as we flew over a large church in one of the finest sections of a big city.

"Look down," said my friend, "and you will learn about one '11 grad."

I obeyed and saw a number of women gathered in one of the church parlors. I leaned as far out as I dared, to listen.

"Certainly, she is the best assistant a minister ever had," I heard one of the women say. "Things have to hustle in this church since she came and she has a perfect genius for bazaars. She used to be Gertrude Steinhoff of '11, McMaster."

Not far from the church I saw into a cosy flat. A McMaster pennant on the library wall had attracted my attention in passing. Just then the door opened and Edith Chidley and Eldred McLean entered. I learned from their conversation that they were both teaching in a high school and judging from appearances they were fast becoming opulent.

Soon we were skimming over another large city.

"That is Brandon College," said my friend, pointing to some stately buildings below us.

Throngs of students were passing along the spacious campus. Scraps of their conversation drifted up to us.

"Isn't she a perfect dear? I never knew anyone so hospitable," said one Co-Ed. to her tall companion. "Yes, she entertains us royally and I think her home is ideally happy. Commend me to college girls for A1 home-makers," and he looked meaningly at his companion. "She used to be a college girl, you know, Ruth Denovan of McMaster."

In an incredibly short time we had crossed the ocean and found Europe beneath us. We stopped at Vienna and alighted to buy a morning paper. Here we met Erie O'Brien. She said she had been studying and practising medicine since her graduation. We knew she had acquired a great interest in medicine during her last year in Arts and weren't surprised. We didn't stay long on the commonplace earth but up in the clouds we opened our German newspaper. In deference to Germany we read the musical columns first.

"In the world of music Miss Gladys Murray's name is on everyone's lips. The Toronto Globe, of Monday last, gave an

account of her concert tour throughout the Dominion of Canada. This tour has been attended with unparalleled success. Miss Murray played last Friday evening before the McMaster Literary Society and received a great ovation. This august gathering is regarded by musicians much as Boston is by actors. Since Miss Murray has received only the highest praise from this critical assembly, we predict a brilliant career for her."

Further down the column, I came upon another name well-known in the Class of '11: "Miss Evelyn Kellock, the popular soprano soloist of Walmer Road Church, Toronto, is said to have a hobby. She makes a cake every two months 'just to keep in practice, don't you know.' "

"Mr. Halbhaus, the celebrated violinist, is now champion of the world as short distance runner. The versatility of this young gentleman is amazing."

Perhaps the paper might have contained other interesting items of news but I was getting a headache translating German, which had ever been my star subject, and I put the paper down. Immediately it blew overboard. Looking down, I saw the direction of the aeroplane had changed. My friend said that was India beneath us. I looked down with interest, expecting to see many familiar faces.

Sure enough, there was Gertrude Pratt initiating the natives into the mysteries of skating. The little Hindoos cast adoring looks at her as she pulled them round and round the ice, made after her own recipe.

In another part of the Telugu land, Georgina McGill was instructing her little dark-skinned companions in work with birch bark.

I shrank from looking in a hospital we were passing, but something drew my gaze. Up and down the long wards, I saw Dr. Jeffery passing and the grateful smiles of the patients followed him. The Doctor looked radiant himself and one glimpse into his home across the way told me why.

As we flew above the largest university in India, I saw Mr. Waters seated in an office, whose door bore this inscription: "F. W. Waters, Chancellor and Professor of Philosophy."

By-and-by sunny France came into view. In front of the largest Parisian theatre I saw in bright electric lights the name of

Edna Batchelor. The billboard bore the announcement that she was starring in "The Merchant of Venice," giving the play in French, German and Italian, as well as English.

The lights of Paris dazzled me and I must have dozed for, when I looked earthward again, I could see the streets of old New York. Towering above the Flatiron Building was a skyscraper that the aeroplane almost grazed. It bore this inscription: "Co-Educational Journal, Established 1914, Miss Ada Menhennick proprietress and editor." A look into the editor's beautifully furnished office showed Ada busy as usual. On her desk lay some closely written sheets on the beauties of Chaucer.

In one of the large churches an International Convention was in progress. Among the distinguished ministers present we saw several Year '11 McMaster men. Rev. R. D. Dodge was addressing the Convention on "Woman's Place in the Church"; Rev. A. L. Tedford on "The Evils of Whistling in Colleges"; Rev. E. T. Newton on "The Relation of the Home and the Church"; Rev. H. D. Smith on "A Woman of Greater Value than Precious Stones." Rev. H. Wood preached on the text, "And there came to me the vision of an ox sitting on the grass."

On one of the largest Broadway drug stores we read the name, "R. F. Bennett, Physicist, soda-water on tap."

We bought a Saturday Evening Post and under "Who's Who and Why" we read:

"Miss Young, psychic palmist, asserts violently that she also sings. She has written a scathing article to the daily press about the inefficiency of Canadian vocal teachers. She says she has studied with at least twenty of the most prominent and they all have failed to recognize the peculiarly beautiful quality of her voice."

"Miss Montgomery has refused an offer of Worth's. She is certainly an artist in designing dresses. Her specialty is bows and her favorite color pink. The reason for her refusal is that she is a great traveller; wherever Miss Young goes she accompanies her on the piano."

"Miss Gladys Jackson has just published a new book entitled 'Calvin, The Man.' Miss Jackson is a talented writer and this is the best book she has yet written."

In Boston, flaring posters anounced that Miss Bessie Arkell

would address the first meeting of the great campaign for the extension of the suffrage to men.

We could not leave Boston without pausing at Harvard University. Here we found a great crowd assembled to witness a Harvard-Yale football match. The Harvard coach proved to be none other than Leon McCrimmon, the famous McMaster long-distance punter, now Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University.

The beauty of the Ottawa Valley encouraged us to follow the course of the river, and when the new and wonderful craft, the Victoria, hove into view, we descended to her modern landing deck and made our way to the bridge, where Captain Ramage awaited us, his hand on the whistle rope. It was so good to see a McMaster man once more, and he had much to tell us of other members of Year '11.

Mr. J. E. Anderson, a prominent Toronto barrister, he said, had been elected to a seat in the House of Commons and was now in Ottawa attending Parliament.

Mr. A. Affleck was now Principal of Woodstock College and domestic felicity had evidently claimed him for her own—here Captain Ramage beamed understandingly.

The talk of the Capital centred around a wonderful dinner to be given by Mrs. —— (nee Etta Davis), the popular leader of Ottawa society.

Sadie Iveson was leading her usual busy life. The office work in connection with the presidency of the Metcalfe Woman's Club for Social Improvement demanded much of her time. Her spare moments were given to tennis, golf and skating, and her evenings to orchestra practice.

There was much excitement in Parliamentary circles over the sensation Mr. Evan Gray, the Liberal member for Thurso, was making. Mr. Gray's speech on "Compelling the Board of Governors of all universities to procure adequate athletic grounds" brought down the House. There is no doubt but that this able young politician will yet hold an important office.

We hated to bid Captain Ramage good-bye, but I felt I must hurry back home.

In Toronto we flew at once to McMaster, which was now in the far north of the city and grown beyond our wildest dreams. Residences for women and men students, a fully-equipped gym-

nasium, a campus and athletic field far bigger than 'Varsity's delighted our hearts. We had come at an opportune time. The Annual Literary Dinner was in progress. We could hardly realize that Messrs. Gilmore, Twiss, Fockler and Matthews were all staid professors, but there they sat. We heard them respond to several toasts before we flew on.

In one of the Rosedale homes I saw a dainty tea-table set for two and her whom I used to know as Eva Wagstaff waiting for Mr. Who?

Not far from this home I saw Miss Mabel McKeen playing parchesi. As the third finger of her left hand was encircled by a plain gold band, she couldn't have Miss any longer, but we couldn't pause for details.

In Osgoode Hall an interesting trial was in progress. Mr. Dwight Gray, owner of the Toronto Street Railway, versus the City. Mr. Gray had initiated a Pay-As-You-Leave system which was not satisfactory to the citizens. We stopped the aeroplane to listen. Mr. Male was in the judge's chair, Mr. Price was acting as lawyer for the defendant, and Mr. Wilson on behalf of the City. The air-ship began to behave in a queer manner and just as Mr. Wilson was saying, "Your Honor, may I ask?" it fell to the ground.

I sighed. "We're actually down; but what a fall to commonplace things once more."

Gone were the scenes, the years; gone with the aeroplane and my friend the aviator.

MADELINE YOUNG.

THEOLOGICAL BIOGRAPHIES

"He travels safe and not unpleasantly who is guarded by poverty and guided by love."

—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Ralph Gilbert English.

"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

A new constellation appeared in the heavens in old Vermont. Its brilliant glory was seen as it led the Class in general proficiency during the four years of high school course in Uncle Sam's Woodstock, graduating as valedictorian. The North Star attracted it, and so Ralph came to Queen's, where he shone in the inter-year debates. After two years, veering westward in his course, he arrives within the precincts of McMaster. Here he glows with radiance and enthusiasm as he explores the lore of the Greek and Roman writers, capturing all the scholarships in Classics, and graduating in Arts with the Class of '08. Pursuing its heavenly course, this star then enters the ranks of Theology, at the same time shedding its rays of light and truth upon the churches of Markham and Brougham. Ralph is now an ordained minister of the Ontario Christian Conference, and is considering the advisability of taking unto himself a permanent assistant.

Absalom Essu Rochaly.

"He was the noblest Persian of them all."

Some twenty-four summers since, in the land of the Lion and the Sun, the village of Wolfhill, in the Province of Droomiah, was made famous as the birthplace of one who was to play no small part in the affairs of that Oriental nation. He spent his early days upon the native soil, receiving elementary education in the public and high schools, and graduating from the American Presbyterian College of Droomiah. The knowledge thus acquired was skilfully imparted for a brief space to the youthful generation of his day. But the lure of the Occident overcame the charm of the Orient, and Absalom crossed the wide waters, landing upon the old Ontario strand. In him the Upper Canada Bible Society was well represented at Fort William in 1908, and in the autumn of the same year, having heard good things of McMaster, he registered in the English Theological Course. In addition to his regular course he has taught under the direction of the Toronto Board of Education. Summer vacations have been spent in giving to the people of Western Ontario a glimpse of his native land. Absalom will be back to complete the B.A. course before returning to the pedagogical arena in Persia.

James LeRoy Sloat.

"Rotundus et profundus est."

(Continued from volume XVIII, page 370.)

If Roy were a Yankee, instead of a near-Blue Nose, he would surely be a senator. He has the capacity: his girth—no aldermanic three-foot-nine, but a sworn four feet—is all but presidential. He has the courage: who else, while yet a freshman, dared woo a fair junior? Yet so much dared Roy; if he *blanched*, he did not falter, and won, if not his spurs, his *shield*. He has more than senatorial ability: for what senator could hold a six-years' pastorate in Weston, and make a Methodist layman—a Methodist mark you—declare him head and shoulders above any other preacher in the town? After graduation Roy goes as pastor-elect to the First Baptist Church in Fort William. May he soon return to discard his B.Th. for the ampler D.D.

James Strachan.

"Ye are sae grave, nae doubt ye're wise."

Gin ye'd see this James Strachan about the Ha', ye micht be for thinkin' him only an ordinar' man. Yet Jim's story is an unco bright ane—and a lang ane. Whaur he bided as a bairn, we a' ken—that wiz in Victoria; but how lang since he wiz a wean—that naebody kens. We daurna say muckle o' our suspicions, but—weel—he'd been daein a lot afore he cam to McMaister. Aifter stannin' ahint the counter a wee, Jim gaed awa' frae Victoria intae the Klondyke. His disapp'intment in the search fur gowd seemed to mak' him sad eneuch tae fill a poupit, and so he set himsel' tae be a meenister. Sune aifter this lad o' pairts gaed tae Woodstock; then he preachit a wee mair. When he landed in McMaister in 1908, they gied him a' kinds o' wark—he gabbed for his Class in debate; three times mair he focht for his Schule in debate; he made a guid Secretary for the Y.M.C.A., tauld braw stories for The Monthly, an' sat wi' The Monthly Board for a while. Last year ilka lad in the Schule thocht o' Jim Strachan fur tae be the High Kakiak. Richt weel did he tak' hand o' us—an' we're the better for't.

Aubrey Burnett Vincent.

"Hear me, and mark me well; look upon me,
Directly in my face, see if one fear.
One shadow of a terror, one paleness doth appear."

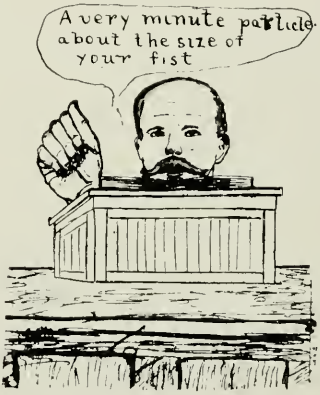
Aubrey's first appearance was in St. John, N.B., where by his eloquence he demonstrated the proverb that "The child is father of the man." In him action companied with eloquence, and at a very early age he moved to Brooklyn, N.Y., taking his parents with him. In 1905 he returned to Canada and worked under the Home Mission Board in Nova Scotia. There he discovered that his eloquence and action needed content and direction, and accordingly in 1907 he entered McMaster. In the first year he distinguished himself by carrying off the prize for "Life and Times," and in the third year the prize for Hebrew. For the present he remains at the Humber Mission, where he has already spent a time of very fruitful service.

Thomas Wearing.

"It is not good that man should be alone."

Tom was born at Wavertree, Liverpool, England, but soon felt the narrow limits of the Motherland. At the early age of twelve, he sought room for the expansion of his manly form and abilities in the land of the maple. After he had spent some time farming and lumbering, his intense desire for more learning led him to the Barrie and Napanee Collegiates. He then went to Quebec to seek a fortune—note later news. Soon the old craving for knowledge brought him westward again, this time to McMaster. His history here reads thus: Class President, Vice-Kakiak, Managing Editor of The Monthly, Welton Scholarship in Hebrew, Ryrie Medal for Oratory, Crawford Scholarship; a graduate in Arts in 1909. At the close of his first year in Theology he became Assistant Pastor of Bloor Street Baptist Church. This sudden change in circumstances proved too much for him, and an old disease, with which he had long been afflicted, broke out afresh and on September 24th, 1910, he succumbed. Obituary—*Dux femina facti.* Life in this new world has not been altogether inactive. He helped to win an inter-college debate in December last, cleaned up all firsts on exams., and is now ordained and settled pastor of Eglinton Baptist Church, in a rapidly growing suburb of Toronto.

The Caprice of Memory



The McMaster University Monthly

EIGHT NUMBERS A YEAR.

The McMaster University Monthly is published by the Literary Society of McMaster University, Toronto, Canada. Terms: One Dollar a year, in advance. Single numbers, 15 cents. Subscriptions should be sent to F. D. Weir. Advertising rates may be obtained from the Business Manager.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION

F. W. WATERS, '11 . . . . . Managing Editor.
W. G. RAMAGE, '11 . . . . . Business Manager.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

V. E. Gray, '11 . . . . . Around the Hall.
A. M. Menhennick, '11 . . . . . Woman's Dept.
A. I. Ogilvie, '12 . . . . . Here and There.
F. H. Jeffery, '11 . . . . . Our Graduates.
V. W. Price, '11 . . . . . Athletics.

CONSULTING EDITORS

W. S. W. McLay, M.A. | I. G. Matthews, M.A., B.Th.

REPORTORIAL STAFF

A. W. Wilson, '11. G. H. Thomas, '12. J. E. Howes, '12. Miss A. B. Turner, '12
A. E. White, Theol. F. A. McGregor, '13. A. R. Quirk, '13.

Marguerite Cole, Moulton College.
J. E. Anderson, Woodstock College.

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

F. D. Weir, '13, Subscription Department. | H. R. H. Silcox, '12, Advertising Department

Vol. XX. May, 1911. No. 8

Editorial Notes.

McMaster University has bidden farewell to another graduating class and sent them out into the world entrusted with the ideals for which she stands. The Monthly wishes for these new sons and daughters of McMaster true success in the battle of life. May they bring honor to their Alma Mater and happiness to mankind by discharging worthily the debt they owe to society. The Monthly offers to keep these graduates in close touch with the life of the University for only one dollar a year.

This issue of The Monthly has been wholly in charge of the graduating classes in Arts and Theology, which appointed a general publication committee, consisting of Messrs. A. A. Affleck, V. W. Price, W. G. Ramage, F. W. Waters. The following assisted on the various sub-committees: Miss R. Denovan, Miss E. Kellock, Miss A. Menhennick, Miss G. Pratt, Miss M. Young, V. E. Gray, J. L. Sloat, Miss E. Davis, Miss M. Montgomery, L. R. McCrimmon, F. H. Jeffery, A. W. Wilson. To R. E. Gilmore and H. D. Smith the Years are indebted for much of the work of illustrating this number of The Monthly.

Commencement Exercises

JUNIOR COLLATION.

On Monday evening, May 5th, the annual farewell dinner to the graduating classes in Arts and Theology was given by the members of Year '12 in the dining room of the College. The affair was enjoyed by all present and the hosts of the occasion have every reason to congratulate themselves on the success of their entertainment.

Mr. E. D. Campbell, President of Year '12, acted as toastmaster, and proposed the toast to the King. The toast to those graduating was proposed by Mr. Russell Wilkins and replied to by Mr. A. A. Affleck, President of the Arts Class, and by Mr. Thomas Wearing on behalf of the class in Theology. Mr. A. C. Bingham, in a speech that was full of "Life" proposed the toast to the ladies. Miss Madeline Young responded. Alma Mater was presented by Mr. W. B. Waters and replied to by Dr. Trotter.

Mr. James Strachan, retiring High Kakiak, installed Mr. A. E. Kelly, B.A., as his successor, and Miss Ada M. Menhennick, first Head-Girl of McMaster, introduced as Head-Girl the second Miss Maude McLaurin.

After the retiring officers had been enthusiastically cheered the very splendid function was brought to a close by all joining together in the singing of "Thy Praises, McMaster."

Never in the memory of any who were present had such an excellent menu been served. The menu card was especially neat and will serve as an appropriate souvenir of this very pleasant event.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

On Tuesday evening, May 9th, the Baccalaureate Sermon was preached in Jarvis Street Baptist Church before a large representation of friends of the University. Dr. Farmer presided in the absence of the Chancellor and was assisted by Rev. Dr. Thomas, Professor Matthews, Rev. Mr. Merrill and Dr. S. S. Bates.

Dr. Farmer introduced the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D., for forty years pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York. Dr. MacArthur chose as the subject of his sermon "The Quadruple Crown." In developing his theme the speaker made reference to four of the crowns of the Lord: the crowns of Creation, Revelation, History and Salvation.

The Lord's Crown of Creation was the stars (His brilliant thoughts), the mountains (His majestic thoughts), the flowers (His beautiful thoughts). Neither the theory of Natural Law nor the theory of Evolution served to eliminate God from creation. Law is a name we give to the manner in which we have observed a force to act. Back of the law there is a Law-giver. The theory of Evolution merely puts God a little farther back.

The Crown of Revelation is the diapason in God's great "Oratorio." The Crown of History belongs to Christ, since about the cross centre the streams of Hebrew, Greek and Roman History. History must include the story of Christ. The Crown of Salvation belongs to Christ and could not be obscured or neglected by any creeds. Creeds made by men in one generation can be remade or unmade in another generation.

Dr. MacArthur showed ability to hold the attention of his hearers and he commended himself to all present as a man of deep thought and a preacher of exceptional power. The service was concluded with a selection from the "Oratorio of the Messiah" by the regular choir of the church.

CONVOCATION.

On Wednesday, May 10th, in the absence of Chancellor McKay, the Annual Convocation for the conferring of degrees was presided over by Dr. Farmer. Castle Memorial Hall was crowded with friends of the University long before the opening hour. When those graduating had filed in, the opening prayer was delivered by the Rev. Dr. Thomas. Professor McLay conferred the degrees upon the graduates in Arts and Dr. Farmer upon those in Theology. Dr. Ten Brocke pronounced the invocation. Dr. Trotter addressed the newly-graduated classes on "The Debt of the College Graduate to Society." Rev. Dr. MacArthur, of New York, delivered the educational address, referring to the true functions of the student as being three-fold, namely, to study the Truth, to declare the Truth, and to impersonate the Truth.

In securing these speakers the University was very fortunate and the whole audience listened to both with rapt attention. Dr. MacArthur more than upheld the goodly reputation he had gained for himself the previous evening when he delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon. At the close of the programme the graduates gathered together in the hall and in the Ladies' Room and received the congratulations and farewells of their friends and classmates.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

A very pleasant joint banquet of the Alumni and Alumnæ Associations was held on the evening of May 8th, to which the graduating classes were invited. The toast list was of a high order. Rev. A. L. Brown eulogized Chancellor McKay, who was reported to about to resign. During the evening $2,500 was pledged to establish a lectureship in English. The annual business meeting resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Mr. J. B. McArthur, B.A.; Secretary-Treasurer, Professor I. G. Matthews; Vice-Presidents, Dev. D. E. Grigg, Rev. J. M. McLean, and Mr. A. E. White, B.A.

The Alumnæ Association met on the afternoon of Monday, May 8th. Mrs. W. R. Lang, B.A., of England, gave an interesting lecture on "Woman Suffrage." The following officers were elected: President, Miss Jacqueline Norton; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. C. B. Lewis and Miss Hope Gray; Secretary, Miss Ruth Denovan; Treasurer, Mrs. W. L. McKinnon.

CLASS ELECTION.

On Tuesday afternoon, May 9th, the Year '11 girls gave a tea to the boys of their Year on the roof of the Science Building. Before tea was served the business of the year was discussed and concluded. The Class History was read by Miss Ruth Denovan, after which Miss Madeline Young read the Class Prophecy. The Class elections resulted as follows: President, Mr. V. W. Price; Vice-President, Miss Evelyn D. Kellock; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. L. R. McCrimmon. These will hold office for a term of five years.

The Class have decided to donate a certain sum each year toward the lectureship in English which is being established by the Alumni Association.

LE
3
M35M25
v. 20

The McMaster University
monthly

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY